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DR. GRANVILLE'S  
SPAS OF GERMANY.

—

VOL. I.



THE  
SPAS OF GERMANY

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "ST. PETERSBURGH."

( Dr. Granville. )

VOL. I.



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I INSCRIBE THE PRESENT VOLUMES  
IN REMEMBRANCE  
OF MY ELDEST AND BELOVED SON  
**Charles Robert,**  
WHO, HAVING ATTAINED, BY HIS PRIVATE VIRTUES,  
AND  
PROFESSIONAL WORTH,  
( BEFORE HE WAS TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF AGE )  
THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT  
IN HIS LATE MAJESTY'S EIGHTY-NINTH REGIMENT,  
WAS, DURING MY ABSENCE FROM ENGLAND,  
SUDDENLY REMOVED FROM THIS LAND OF PROBATION,  
ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER 1856:  
JUST AS RETURNING HEALTH SEEMED TO OPEN  
THE FAIREST PROSPECTS  
ON HIS PATH.



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## Preface.



It does not often fall to the lot of a writer who undertakes to add a fresh work to English literature, to light upon a subject absolutely new. Still less often does it happen, that what is new, shall prove, at the same time, useful and amusing.

To two of these qualities, the subject I have selected on the present occasion may lay indisputable claims. Whether the third or last of them may, with the like justice, be ascribed to it, depends on the manner in which the subject has been treated, — and of that the reader alone must judge.

The very motive which induced me, in this instance, to compose and publish a work on the Mineral Waters of Germany, — namely, the total

want of such a book in the English language, — shows that the subject, in this country, must be new ; — I mean new, when treated, as I trust it has been in these volumes, in the character of a general, full, extended, and practical account of the principal and most celebrated of those waters — an account that shall leave no particle of the necessary information respecting them untouched ; and new also, as resulting from recent investigations of the places themselves, instituted in every case by the author in person.

The previous existence of a well-known humorous narrative relating to two or three mineral springs in Germany, — and likewise of two other works, purely professional, on the mineral waters of every part of the world, one of which is a mere geographical indicator of the places it mentions, — does not detract from the accuracy of my assertion, that the subject I have selected is new.

That it is also calculated to prove highly useful, requires scarcely any demonstration. There may be people in England who are sceptical, as to the alleged virtues of mineral waters, in curing diseases. Such scepticism, however, has not deterred, and never will deter, thousands of invalids from resorting annually to the natural sources of those waters, in the hope of there finding that relief to their sufferings, which they had failed to receive from medical skill at home. If, therefore,



in writing a book that shall assist such persons in every respect, during their peregrination and use of the waters, I facilitate their object, — the work which performs that task will be justly entitled to the character of a useful publication.

That the subject may be made amusing, too, is a self-evident truism, and that I have done my best, throughout these volumes, to render it so, I will frankly confess; whether successfully or not, remains to be seen. The only difficulty on this point I shall have to contend against, will be that of reconciling the gravity of the writer's profession and the importance of the subject, with the light and varied style in which I have endeavoured to treat that subject.

The public have shown, by the very flattering manner in which they were pleased to receive a former publication of mine, — the title of which I have placed as my only distinction in front of the present work, — that they did not consider a narrative of travels, in which useful, and even medical information, was mixed up with entertaining and lighter matter, incompatible with the severer studies and pursuits of my profession. Encouraged therefore by such a precedent, I have, on the present occasion, adopted the same, nay, a more discursive manner of imparting knowledge; and I have only to express a hope that my motive for so doing may be attributed to the right cause.

The composition of a purely professional treatise

tise on the Mineral Waters of Germany, would have been a matter of no great difficulty, to one who for years has paid much attention to them, and who has recently examined them in person, But the sphere of utility of such a work would have been very circumscribed. The medical profession in this country, now-a-days, would scarcely care anything for a dry technical treatise on foreign mineral waters.

A full proof of this exists in the fate which a work of infinite merit on the mineral and thermal springs of the four quarters of the globe, published in 1832, by Dr. Gairdner, of Edinburgh, met at the hands of the profession. So little was that book read, that the copies presented to the library of the Royal Society, and of another scientific institution, — both of which profess to afford the facility of circulating works among their members, many of whom are medical men, — have been actually found with the leaves uncut in March 1837! And yet the work of Dr. Gairdner is not more excellent as a technical, scientific, and philosophical work, than it is extraordinary as a specimen of industry. As such, it was recommended by the vigilant editor of an old-established quarterly medical review, who never fails to point out to his brethren what is deserving of their patronage — who is himself a successful author — and who has ventured, on one or two recent occasions, to convey professional information

to the public generally, stripped of the stiffnecked pedantry of his art, in the manner that I have endeavoured to adopt in the following pages. Who can doubt that the failure of the book in question has arisen from the circumstances of its being addressed solely and specially to men of science, and of its being totally unsuited to general readers?

To eschew, then, such a fate, and the cause that led to it, I have attempted, in these volumes, to combine all that a practical physician can impart of information to general readers, with as many curious and miscellaneous details of cities, institutions, scenery, buildings, mines, customs, persons, and manners, as offered themselves to my notice. I have adopted the form of a narrative for the vehicle of whatever knowledge I had to communicate respecting each of the mineral springs, in preference to a mere methodical *catalogue raisonné*, in which numerous technicalities would have deterred the reader from proceeding in his perusal of the work. Finally, instead of strictly limiting myself to the many points of dry matter-of-fact, which the subject naturally involves, and the application of which is decidedly useful — I have introduced matter which, however irrelevant it may at first sight appear to the principal subject of the work, will nevertheless, on the ground of variety, serve the purpose of inducing many to consult these volumes, who might

otherwise have been deterred from so doing. Thus, for instance, the reader will find frequent descriptions of dinners, etc., in the course of the narrative, which some persons may view as being out of place in a book of this character: but on further consideration their introduction will, I hope, be deemed desirable: first, because it is essential to show the injustice of the prevailing fashion among English travellers, of complaining that on going to Germany an adieu must be bidden to all the comforts of the table; secondly, because to an invalid, who is to travel abroad under the guidance of the present work, in search of health, it is of some importance that he should know beforehand, what and how many, different species of *cuisine* he is likely to encounter in each division of that empire.

Whether I am mistaken in the estimate I have formed of what is likely to please, time will show; but I feel confident of having, at all events, discharged the whole duty voluntarily imposed upon myself, by conveying to the public, in a popular form, a fuller, a more minute, and a more practical account of the mineral springs of Germany, than has ever before been attempted in this country, or, I may safely say, in any country — considering the manner and form of the book, and the general collective character of its details.

Germany boasts of some hundreds of publications on mineral waters, not a few of which are excel-

lent. Many of them are of a purely local character; others are wider in their sphere, and embrace the consideration of every mineral spring throughout the country. But a work presenting the narrative of a Grand Tour to all the most celebrated and fashionable mineral watering-places of Germany, in regular succession (except Pyrmont and Aix-la-Chapelle, the latter of which I had already described in a former work), a tour in which amusement is blended with information, and descriptive sketches of the “humours and fancies” of each Spa, are mixed up with the accurate details, collected on the spot, of everything that is useful in a medical and social point of view; — such a work, I believe, does not exist in any language. Yet no one can doubt that a work of this nature is sought for by all those who wish to visit the Spas of Germany. I have only to hope that the present one will be considered as having accomplished that desideratum.

I have just mentioned the word SPA, and I have adopted it throughout the present work, instead of the more ordinary expressions of watering-places, bathing-places, etc. The reason must be obvious. It was necessary, where a constant repetition of it was likely to occur, that the word employed to signify a mineral source, at which people assemble, to drink as well as to bathe in the waters, and at which gas-baths and mud-baths are also administered, should be brief, and equally



applicable to all of them, without affecting any exclusive meaning, except that which, in common acceptation, it is understood to imply. The word SPA was ready at hand, as a generic appellative, of the sort I wished, and the authority of the great English lexicographer left no doubt, in my mind, of the propriety of using it.

With respect to the classification which I have adopted for the several Spas I visited, and which differs from all the classifications generally employed, — it was a necessary consequence of the narrative-form of the work itself. In travelling from certain Spas to others, I could only view them geographically, according to the part of Germany to which they belonged; and I therefore divided them into geographical groups. Had I taken the more usual mode of grouping them according to chemical distinctions, I should have had, in the course of the narrative of my recent travels, to jump from one place to another, the most distant and apart, and frequently back gain to the same spot, in order to give an account of the various springs, agreeably to the inconvenient, and I must say incorrect, arrangement usually observed, of “sulphurous,” “saline,” chalybeate,” and “acidulated” mineral waters.

In conclusion, I may state that the reader will find the many and various topics connected with the subject of the present volumes, not arranged in a methodical and dry manner, but interwoven

with the continuous narrative of my travels, under the following heads :

A. The geographical and local position of the Spa.

1. Its ancient and modern history.
2. Its physical, statistical, municipal, political, and social description.
3. Its present condition.
4. Climate, temperature, meteorology.

B. Accommodations — minutely describing.

1. Hotels.
  - a.* Mode of living.
  - b.* Expenses.
2. Lodgings.
3. Places of amusement.
4. Comforts and discomforts.
5. Promenades and public places.
6. Assemblies and society.

C. The springs.

- a.* Nature of the water.
  1. Mode of using it.
  2. Internally.
  3. Externally. Baths. Gas-baths. Mud-baths.
  4. Disorders for which it is recommended.
- b.* Classes of persons who assemble at the Spa.

D. Anecdotes of the sort of life led at the Spas.

1. Examples of extraordinary cures.
2. Sketches of the inhabitants.
3. Medical attendance. Physicians.

E. Best mode of reaching the Spas.

1. Routes for travelling thither.

2. Posting diary.
3. Information respecting conveyances of every sort.
4. Season for visiting the Spa.
5. Incidental information.

F. Analysis of the several mineral waters.

1. The best works written upon them.

G. Statistical details in support of what has been advanced.

1. Tables of thermometrical differences.
2. Table of German posts and distances.
3. List of prices and charges.
4. Statement of the total expenses incurred by families and single individuals at each Spa, including the journey to and from the place.

One perfectly novel and original feature in the present essay, is the general and comparative chemico-pneumatic table, placed at the end of the second volume. That table was compiled, arranged, and calculated by myself, at considerable trouble and expense of time, from the most undoubted authorities; and it embraces the chemical analysis of all the springs I have described in the body of the work. The idea of devising something of this kind, arose in my mind pretty early in the course of writing the work, when I found that the insertion of every analysis at full length, with the continual repetition of the names of each ingredient in each spring (as they are generally given in other works,) would be tedious and irksome to the reader, and would interrupt and detract from




the interest of the narrative. I therefore constructed the table in question, which speaks for itself, and the use of which cannot fail to be of considerable service, not only to the public in general, but to professional men in particular, — very few of whom have the means of applying to the original works for information, or are likely to avail themselves of such means, if they had them within their reach.

The great advantage of being able, at one glance, by means of such a table, to judge of the relative composition of any two, or more, particular springs — of seeing, at once, the most prevailing and characteristic ingredients in them — and of summing up the respective quantities of solid substances held in solution by the several springs, in one and the same measure of mineral water, to which I have reduced them all, — is another and not of the least important features of the present volumes.

A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D.

16, Grafton-street, Berkeley-square,  
June, 1857.







## POPULAR CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

USE AND POWER OF MINERAL WATERS.



### I. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

If the present were only a work of imagination, or a mere book of travels, I should esteem any introduction or preliminary observations unnecessary. But the volumes which I lay before the public on this occasion aim at something more; for their intention is, to convey practical information on a great variety of topics connected with the principal subject of the work. Hence, as it would ill suit the narrative style adopted in the following pages, to have it interrupted by the constant recurrence of those topics, however useful, it becomes necessary to refer to them, and treat of them, once for all, under the head of "General Considerations." These will be brief, yet full and explicit, in the hope that the reader may be tempted to peruse them. It is indeed of some consequence that, ere he proceeds farther, the reader should properly and deliberately digest such general considerations; as, with-

out them, it would be a matter of difficulty fully to comprehend the meaning of many passages and allusions in the body of the work.

I shall arrange what I have to offer, on this part of my subject, under a few clear and short sub-divisions; pre-facing them by a declaration, that I do not profess to indite an essay, still less a treatise, but simply to give a few general views, of a popular as well as practical character, upon the use and power of the German mineral waters.

## II. PREVAILING IGNORANCE RESPECTING FOREIGN MINERAL WATERS, AND EFFECTS OF IT.

There is no doubt that the great blessing offered by Providence to man, suffering under bodily disease, in the sanative power of mineral waters, particularly of those of Germany, has been withheld from the people of this country longer than from any other nation. A resource so efficacious, so ample, and I might add, so general, for combating disease, — as the continental physicians have long since proved, — has been to England almost as a sealed book. The leading medical men in London — those who are most likely to be consulted by such patients as can afford to, and would willingly, leave their home for a season to seek health on foreign shores — are avowedly little conversant with the subject. Neither by travels, nor by the perusal of foreign works, have they had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with it.

Were this the only obstacle to the dissemination of practical knowledge in this country respecting foreign mineral waters, the difficulty would not be unsuperable. But with a want of knowledge, there unfortunately exists also a singular scepticism on the part of medical men, as to the power of mineral waters in curing disease; and such a scepticism, — carried to the extreme of poh-pooing every

suggestion, which has for its object the sending of an invalid to a foreign Spa, — has often prevented a salutary excursion of that sort, and has deprived the patient of its beneficial results.

Examples of this kind have occurred repeatedly in my own experience. They in fact occur almost daily. Last year a patient of consequence, under my care in London, was recommended, on account of a complaint which was of frequent recurrence, to go to a Spa of great celebrity, as the only likely means of strengthening the system, and rendering the constitution invulnerable to future attacks. A metropolitan physician of the first respectability, who acted in consultation at the time, did not actually deride, but seemed to hold very cheap, the alleged efficacy of foreign mineral springs. Upon being questioned as to any practical knowledge he might have of them, he candidly admitted that he possessed none. The recommendation, however, was adopted, and the result has answered every expectation.

I was conversing a short time ago with a law officer of the crown, with whom I was proceeding on a visit to a near and invalid relative of his in the country, when the subject of foreign mineral waters was accidentally introduced. On hearing my opinion of them, my travelling companion smiled incredulously, and assured me that his medical attendant, a general practitioner of vast practice and popularity, considered them as little short of “sheer nonsense.” — “Has your medical friend,” observed I to him, “ever had occasion to treat you, during any protracted ailment or chronic disorder, whether of the stomach or otherwise? and if so, did he find it necessary to send you alterative powders, saline draughts, and purgative or strengthening mixtures, without end, containing some one or other of the preparations of soda, lime, potash, magnesia, or steel, etc., with a view to restore you to health? If he did, and he relied, at the time, upon

the efficacy of those preparations for your recovery, why should he deny the same efficacy to the very identical ingredients disseminated through that universal and potent element, water, by the hand of nature, with a chemistry far more cunning than his, assisted, moreover, by a caloric he cannot imitate? But the truth is, that your medical friend is wholly unacquainted with the constitution, and consequently the power, of such natural agents—else he would not deride them."

Sometimes ignorance of this important subject, acts as an obstacle to the diffusion of knowledge respecting it, not from the incredulity which it gives rise to, but in consequence of the mistakes it occasions. Thus, upon being consulted as to the propriety of proceeding to some particular Spa in Germany, a medical practitioner in England has been known to advise rather a watering-place at home, as equivalent in his estimation to the foreign one. A case of this kind, which is not of rare occurrence, came under my notice this spring. Having recommended Kissingen to a patient, as the only gently aperient saline chalybeate that was appropriate to his disease; another physician, who had never heard of the place, being told that it was a chalybeate, assured the patient that Tunbridge would do just as well. Now, no two mineral springs can differ more widely in every respect than Kissingen and Tunbridge.

At other times, the non-acquaintance of the most influential medical men in London, with the nature and use of foreign mineral waters, leads to more serious mischief, than that of simply impeding the progress of knowledge respecting them. Forced "by the pressure from without," or by the influence of fashion, to concede a point to their patients, who have made up their minds to visit a foreign Spa in the summer, because some friend or acquaintance had recovered the year before by so doing,—they have occasionally undertaken to choose the place for such



patients, and have, not unfrequently, directed them to precisely the wrong spring. Without alluding to any of the instances of this kind which have come to my own knowledge during the last twenty years that I have been practising in the metropolis; I will refer my readers at once to the cases mentioned by the best foreign writers on mineral waters, of patients who had been sent to particular Spas, but who ought never to have left home; — and of some who were directed to watering-places in certain parts of Germany, when they ought to have been sent to Spas placed in totally different situations.

Nor is the testimony of such medical men liable to suspicion; since, in most cases, the opinion they expressed, to the effect just mentioned, was in direct opposition to their own interests. Thus Dr. De Carro, in his English manual of the Carlsbad waters, states distinctly, that patients had been sent thither, and with specific instructions too, whom he was obliged to send back again. "Such mistakes," he says, "caused by an imperfect knowledge of the effects of our waters, are but too frequent. Supported by hope, the journey to the wells was at least tolerable; but, deprived of all further illusions, the way home is dreadful." Dr. Heidler, of Marienbad, Dr. Bischof, of Toeplitz, and Dr. Peez, of Wiesbaden, made similar observations to me, and they have recorded them in their respective valuable works on the Spas at which they practise.

One or two other examples of less importance might be adduced, of the general want of knowledge in this country, on the subject under consideration. The existence of what are called *Seidlitz* powders, is one instance of it. These effervescient salts, although not in the least resembling them, are, nevertheless, sold to the public, bought, and used, as "possessing all the efficacy and sanative power of the celebrated springs in Germany," of that name. Another instance is, the application made to the able che-

mist who superintends the German Spa at Brighton, by medical practitioners in London and the country, for a supply of salts “to make the Marienbad and Carlsbad at home!” as if such things could be.

Strange as it may appear, there is another and a last proof of the accuracy of my present proposition, which is of quite a different description from the proofs already adduced; and that is the hasty and eager manner in which people set off from England for Schlangenbad and Schwalbach, (places before unknown to them), the instant they had read the captivating volume, which a man of sense and keen observation, but not a medical or a scientific man, had published on those two German watering-places. Away went the two or three thousand invalids, at full speed, to bathe in the *Snakewater* and to drink the bubbling *Paulinen*, immediately after the appearance of that book, and every year since, without knowing why or wherefore, and without being certain that either the one or the other of those springs was suited to their constitution, and likely to relieve their complaints. Credulity, in this instance, demonstrates want of knowledge, and, therefore, supports my argument.

### III. EFFICACY AND POWER OF MINERAL WATERS.

It would be late in the day to undertake, at the present time, to prove the efficacy and power of foreign mineral waters, were it not that the want of knowledge of those qualities, just demonstrated, renders such a task on my part necessary.

There is a *primâ facie* line of evidence to prove the efficacy and power of mineral waters, which it is almost needless to hint at. Simple and natural, though it be, I hold it, in my humble opinion, to be the best. Books have been written by authors of great celebrity: to prove that which, of itself, carries conviction to common sense. In



what other way does the human body shake off disease, whether spontaneously or while under the action of remedies, except by means of secretions of some description or other? What disorder has ever been cured without some striking (insulated or continuous, it matters not), but at all events, critical discharge from the excretories of the body? In other words, without either perspiration, expectoration, or salivation; increased action of the intestines or of the kidneys; suppuration, boils, or eruptions; deposition of gouty matter, or discharge of hemorrhoidal blood?

Well, then, — mineral waters most unquestionably exist, which, when taken internally, or used as baths, can and do produce, sooner or later, one or other or all of these several effects. No one has ventured to deny the fact: it is the successful application of the fact, alone, to the cure of disease, that has been doubted. But it is rather too bad logic to admit that certain effects, acting on the human body under disease, would lead to recovery — to admit also that mineral waters can produce such effects — and yet, to deny that those effects, because produced by mineral waters, can cure disease!

The next argument to prove the efficacy of mineral waters, I would deduce from the admitted fact, that bountiful Providence has not placed a single natural agent within our reach, which is not possessed of some property calculated to benefit us. The vegetable and mineral world sufficiently testify to that. Next, after them, in degree of general diffusion throughout the universe, come the natural waters, bubbling or boiling out of the earth's bosom, charged with many of the principles which belong to the mineral world, and a few which belong to the vegetable world also. Are these waters, then, likely to have been bidden to flow for nothing? Look round Germany alone, and you will find that country teeming with mineral springs. I have placed at the head of these volumes a map

indicative of not less than three hundred such; and they have all been frequented, from the earliest periods, by invalids who have found in them a successful termination to their sufferings. Do not these results attest that there must exist some virtue in such springs? But let us confine our remarks to those springs only, of major importance, which have been well studied by men of eminence. Does not the testimony of the latter go to prove, most indisputably, the power and efficacy of mineral waters?

Again, if we view the question in reference to the quantity of mineral water, constantly flowing from the natural sources with a regularity which is never interrupted, in a condition as to constituent principles, which is permanent, and endowed with a resisting and unconquerable power against all disturbing elements, when everything else around seems to obey the influence of those elements; — is there no force in that argument? The reader will find, in almost every chapter of this work, authentic statements of the prodigious quantities of mineral water discharged from the several hot and cold springs I visited; and if he turn to the pages of the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, he will find, in an ably written article on mineral waters generally, that the Sprudel, according to Reuss, Fuhrmann, and Mitterbaeher, gives  $192\frac{2}{3}$  millions of cubic feet, or 12,008,000,000 pints avoirdupois of hot water per day! As there are  $51\frac{1}{3}$  grains of sulphate, muriate, and carbonate of soda, in every pint avoirdupois of the Sprudel water, besides other solid ingredients; if the quantity of water just mentioned be correctly quoted, we have mineralising agents of acknowledged power thrown out of the bowels of the earth to the stupendous amount of 376,250,000,000 grains daily by that one spring alone. Surely the presence of such a quantity of effectual agents in water, must secure certain effects on the constitution when that water is applied to it. This consideration, of the solid contents of mineral waters, is so important,

that it has induced me to give, in the body of this work, the quantity of them in each pint avoirdupois of the water respectively, as a more useful fact, than the mere quotation of its specific gravity.

All these facts being well established, and the efficacy of mineral waters in the removal of complaints being as manifest as the presence of the numerous agents, to a large amount, which chemistry has detected in them; how could a system, I would ask, of theoretical medicine, be permitted to hold sway for a single moment, which, like that of the so-called *Homœopathists*, proclaims as its standard principles, that nature selects only the most simple means of curing disease, and that the minutest, indeed an *infinitesimal* particle of medicated substance, is the only dose she will admit in effecting a recovery!

#### IV. TEMPERATURE OF THE MINERAL WATERS.

If the prodigious quantity of mineral waters discharged daily from the bowels of the earth, and the equally astonishing amount of mineral substances they contain, be matters of deep reflection, and be calculated to demonstrate the efficacy of those waters, how shall we ever cease to marvel, when we turn our consideration to the degree of heat with which those waters come charged out of the secret recesses of the earth? The *Rycum* in Iceland, and the *Neu Geyser*, those stupendous Sprudels of the northern regions, throw up water literally boiling. *Piscarelli*, near Naples, and *Abano*, in Lombardy, are within twelve and thirty-one degrees respectively of the boiling point. ALBERT reports the same fact as connected with the water of *La Motte*, in France; and BRONGNIART quotes the mineral springs at *Vic* as actually boiling. The Sprudel at Carlsbad comes next in order, after those hot springs, with a temperature which is only forty-seven degrees below the boiling point. All these mineral waters, but

especially those with which philosophers and physicians on the continent are best acquainted, present certain phenomena, respecting their different degrees of capacity for heat, which are deserving of the best attention.

If common water be raised to the boiling point by exposure to regular heat, we know what length of time that phenomenon will require, before it can take place. When we withdraw the source of heat altogether from it, we know in what time the heated water will return to its former and natural temperature. Now, upon watching the manner in which the thermal water, of Carlsbad, Gastein, Toeplitz, Baden-Baden, and Wiesbaden respectively, parts with its caloric, when kept in a bath or a reservoir, a notable difference is observed in the time required to descend to the ordinary temperature, as compared with all other simple waters around. A like dissimilarity in the length of time employed, has been observed between ordinary water which is made to ascend to the boiling point, from a certain given temperature, and a thermal mineral water placed exactly under similar circumstances. It is found that the latter requires a longer time to be raised to the boiling point than common water. LONGCHAMP, according to Dr. Gairdner, asserts this to be nearly a general maxim with regard to the many thermal springs he examined between the extreme west and extreme east of France, in the southern provinces. Most of the present Spa-physicians are of the same opinion. KASTNER, also, the very able chemist, who has so recently and so successfully analysed most of the German mineral waters, shares in the belief of their singular capacity for thermal or telluric heat. Others, on the contrary, deny it; and they bring forward, in support of their denial, a few experiments made with such trifling quantities of mineral water, that no reliance can be placed on the results.

As yet no *experimentum crucis*, no decisive and formal experiment, has been made, and the question remains as

much unsettled as ever. All the experiments that have been cited to me, have been, in my opinion, imperfect. The fairest and only decisive mode of comparison would be, to charge ordinary water with the same quantities of saline ingredients known to exist in the mineral spring to which it is about to be compared in reference to heat, — to raise its temperature to that of the mineral water, — to place both under like circumstances, and then mark the time employed by each in assuming the ordinary temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. Let us suppose, for instance, that it be intended to ascertain whether the Sprudel water, at a temperature of 165° of F., will mount to the boiling point by the application of the same degree of heat in the same time with ordinary water, already raised, by a similar application of heat, to 165° of F.; it is evident that in order to settle the question as to the existence of any distinction between thermal or telluric and ordinary heat, it is not sufficient to raise the common water to the natural degree of heat of the mineral water, as a starting point from which the experiment is to begin; — we ought, also, to dissolve in the former the same quantity of ingredients which the latter is known to contain.

It is possible that the difference observed by some of those who have studied this subject, has arisen from their not having attended to that condition of the common water which is here insisted upon; for it is a well known fact, that water charged or saturated with saline particles, is slower in cooling, as it is also slower in acquiring heat. One large experiment, or at least part of an experiment, of which no one seems to be aware, is going on daily during the season at Gastein. There the water from the *Spital-Quelle*, after serving several purposes of health and comfort at Gastein, is transmitted, at the rate of fifteen cubic feet per minute, through a series of connected wooden pipes, to Hof-Gastein, a distance of three quarters of



a post, or seven English miles; during which *trajet*, as I have remarked in the body of this work, the water loses only two degrees of heat. Now, if a similar line of pipes were placed near to that which exists at present for the mineral water; and common water, previously raised to the temperature of the Spital-Quelle, and charged with the same substances, were made to pass through them as far as Hof-Gastein,—it would then be seen what length of time the cooling down of the latter would require, and how many degrees of heat it would lose in that time, compared to what takes place in regard to the real mineral water.

Be this as it may, the consideration of thermal or telluric heat is one of intense interest, and ought to form, in my opinion, a leading feature in the estimation of the power of a mineral water. I am one of those who, having experienced the effects on my own person of thermal heat, in the case of six or seven mineral springs, firmly believe that ordinary water raised to a similar degree of temperature, does not produce the same effects. Gastein and Wildbad, the one at 97° F., the other at 120° F., are the very antipodes of warm bathing, in their results. The first excites, disturbs, agitates the nerves, though its temperature be allowed to cool down to the same degree as that of Wildbad, before it is used. The latter, on the contrary, soothes, softens, and tranquillises every part of the animal frame. Yet neither holds in solution more than four grains of solid and active ingredients; and the water which is exciting, namely, that of Gastein, contains by far the smallest proportions, of the two, of those ingredients; but its temperature in a natural state is much higher. Heat, therefore, here, would seem to be *specific* in its action, and therefore dissimilar from ordinary heat.

Whence this peculiar heat is derived, no philosopher has as yet satisfactorily explained. Many theories have been formed and conjectures hazarded for that purpose;

but they all fail in one respect, that individually they do not account for every fact connected with the question. The one which seems the most plausible, and indeed almost conclusive, is that which supposes the existence of a fire in the centre of the earth; but nothing very convincing or new has been alleged on the continent in support or illustration of such a theory. In this country the question of central heat once occupied the attention of geologists; but for many years past men of science in England have not even alluded to the question, as it relates to hot mineral springs. Indeed, so far have they been from doing anything of the sort, that the two most esteemed works on geology, of Lyell and Professor Buckland, are positively silent on the subject of hot mineral springs.

The appearance of a philosophical work in three volumes, from the pen of one whose name, whether alone or in conjunction with many curious scientific speculations, has often been before the public, — at the very moment when, occupied in composing the present work, I frequently sat at my desk absorbed in the meditation of this singular phenomenon of “thermal ealoricity,” — led me to hope that I should find in it the solution of that mystery.

The author of that work is not only a philosopher in the general sense of that appellation, but a mathematician also, an astronomer, and, above all, a geologist. He is an ostensible instructor of young men devoting themselves to the study of abstract sciences in one of the universities, and he presides occasionally, *in loco presidentis*, with a becoming knowledge of the importance of his station, at the meetings of that society, which, in England, is looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of scientific academies. A work from such an author was likely to contain, I thought, the key to the riddle, and prove an OEdipus to my puzzling Sphynx, in respect to the great question of *permanent* heat in mineral springs, such as the Sprudel, Baden-Baden, Gastein, Toeplitz, Wiesbaden, Ems, etc.

I looked, therefore, with eagerness for information on the subject in question, through the volumes of "the history of inductive sciences" — a work which is a highly creditable specimen of laborious industry. I glanced first at that general subdivision of the work, which was likely to contain an allusion to the question; namely, the history of geology. I particularly studied the section on the doctrine of central heat, and looked afterwards into what the author has called physical geology; but neither in the general nor in the special department, has the author of "the history of inductive sciences" even so much as hinted at, still less explained, that curious and interesting phenomenon. Indeed, throughout the whole work, which professes to touch on every subject connected with the scientific study of nature, not even the slightest allusion is made to the interesting topic of hot mineral springs, or to the still more interesting subject of the origin of their perpetual calorificity! Yet in speaking of the theory of central heat, — which he does not absolutely reject, but seems inclined to consider as a plausible mode of solving the question of "volcanos, earthquakes, and great geological changes;" — the author was (one could fancy) on the very brink of adding, "and of hot mineral springs;" but he did not do so.

#### V. MODE IN WHICH THE MINERAL WATERS ACT, AND HOW THEY OUGHT TO BE EMPLOYED.

In endeavouring to show that mineral waters are actually endued with certain definite medicinal powers, I almost anticipated what I had to say under the present head, when I enumerated the several tangible effects which they produce upon the human frame. Those effects are *perspiration, increased secretion or excretion* of every sort, *stimulation, sedativeness, and invigoration*. But these effects, which our ordinary senses can carefully appreciate,



are not the real exponents of the manner in which mineral waters act on the human constitution, in the removal of disease. They only afford as many proofs of the reality of the action of those waters, without explaining in what that real action consists.

Disease is a violent disturbance of some or all the normal conditions of the human body. Its removal, therefore, implies a restoration of those conditions to their natural state. Hence, if such a removal, or restoration, has been effected by the use of mineral waters, the process could only have been brought about by an *alteration* in the state of things existing under disease — by a change, in fact, from a state which was anomalous to one which is “normal.” Mineral waters, therefore, when acting successfully on our system, act as *alteratives*; and whether they do so by changing the character and composition of the fluids of the human body, or by effecting an *alteration* in the solids, it is not less true that it is only as *alteratives* they have been acting. This is perfectly intelligible, although it may seem, at first view, in opposition to some of the tangible effects I have before enumerated. Thus, for example, a patient may require to be strengthened, in order to regain his ordinary state of health; and a course of the Bruckenan water will accomplish that object. Another, on the contrary, is in a state of excitement, and requires, for the purpose of getting well, tranquillization; and this he finds in the thermal baths of Wildbad. Now, it is evident, that what was required in each respective case, with a view to restore the equilibrium of health—namely, *invigoration* in the one, and *sedativeness* in the other—was a *change* of some sort or degree, which the mineral waters produced. They have, therefore, acted in both instances as *alteratives*. In this word, then, lies the whole secret of the mode of action of mineral waters. But mineral waters do not act only as *alteratives*—they also exert a

solvent power over the constitution, and may, therefore, be considered as “*resolvents*” as well as *alteratives*. Indeed the one seems a necessary consequence of the other; for after producing a change in the human body, it must very often be necessary to separate, detach, and resolve, the matter resulting from that change, before perfect health can be restored.

The manner in which mineral waters ought to be employed, with a view to obtain such *alterative effects* on the system, is various. They may be taken internally, or they may be used externally as baths. Very often both methods are employed simultaneously. Again, of external application there are several kinds. The water may be applied to the whole surface, or to one part only of the body. The gaseous emanations only, from the various waters, may be preferred for general or local application. Lastly; the earth itself, through which the mineral water issues, and which it pervades, may be used to surround the body with—a mode which constitutes what has been called the Mud-bath. This and the Gas-baths, are peculiar to the continent, and not employed at any of the bathing or watering places in England.

Although the application of the mineralising mud itself of a spring be unknown in this country (as far as I am aware of), and is of comparatively recent introduction at the different Spas in Germany, the use of mud-baths in disease is of great antiquity. In some parts of the continent such baths are the only ones used,—as at *St. Amand*, for example, and *Abano*. In the gospel of one of the evangelists, we find evidence of the practice of using mud-baths having existed in scriptural times, for the cure of the “*impotent folk, the blind, the halt, and the withered*” (paralytic). “*The angel who went down at a certain season into the pool to trouble the water*” before the sick could enter it, is evidently figurative of the periodical or occasional muddy condition of the pool of Bethesda,—at

which time, probably, experience had shown that the water was in the best state for medicinal and sanative purposes. “ Whosoever then first, after the troubling of the water, stepped in, was made whole of whatever disease he had. ”

The practise of using gas-baths ( as will be seen in the sequel of this work ) is almost entirely modern, and, with that of the mud-baths, is likely to lead to some extraordinary and beneficial results. Both, indeed, may be viewed as very powerful medicinal agents.

## VI. AUXILIARIES TO THE POWER AND VIRTUES OF MINERAL WATERS.

There have been at all times persons who have esteemed the mineral waters of no more efficacy than ordinary spring water, and who have attributed the cure which results from drinking the former, to the many accompanying circumstances attending their use. The journey is placed at the head of the list of these favourable circumstances; a change of air, and a difference in the previous mode of living, are two other circumstances which follow next; a release from laborious occupation, and a leaving behind of every worry and anxiety of mind, come in for a share of the merit in producing the desired effect; and, lastly, the gaiety of the Spas, and the constant amusement to be found there amidst agreeable society, are viewed as additional causes of the recovery.

Now all these circumstances attendant on a cure by means of any one of the numerous mineral waters described in these volumes, would never of themselves remove the tithe part of the severe, protracted, and often puzzling maladies, especially of a chronic character, known to recover at the Spas. They act, I grant, as *adjuvants* in the cure, but never as principal agents. A proof of this may be deduced from the many cases of disease which

are cured by the natural or artificial mineral waters, drunk by the patient without either leaving home, changing the scene, or being released from business and anxiety.

It cannot be denied, however, that such *adjurants* serve to hasten the recovery, and render the treatment more pleasant. In many cases, indeed, they seem to be essential to the developement of the power of the waters. Hence we see how important the German Spas become, as agents of cure, from their peculiar constitution and arrangements; since we find in them, and in their locality, as well as in their various appurtenances, and in the society there assembled, all the auxiliary elements of the description alluded to, which can tend to shorten the treatment, by rendering it more efficacious as well as more agreeable.

In this respect the difference between an English and a German Spa is very considerable, and the balance greatly in favour of the latter; as all those persons who have had occasion to frequent both may testify, and as the perusal of the following pages will more than sufficiently demonstrate.

## VII. SPECIAL OBJECTS IN USING MINERAL WATERS.

If it be true that mineral waters possess great medicinal powers, their use must pre-suppose a serious purpose. That purpose is of a threefold nature. It is either to cure a present disease, or to mitigate it, or to prevent a threatening one. The greater portion of those individuals who submit to a course of mineral waters, do so with the intention and in the hope of freeing themselves from a disease actually existing. They use the waters therefore as a *means of cure*. Of the rest, some have recourse to the waters in expectation of a mitigation of their sufferings—having previously been told, or having learnt from

experience, that their disorder is not susceptible of a radical cure; while others apply to the mineral spring, simply because they imagine that the introduction of fluids largely charged with medicinal principles into the system about to succumb to disease, will prove effectual in dispersing and destroying the threatening evil. Fortunately, nature, acting under the general laws imposed upon it by Providence, has dispensed the gift of mineral waters not only with abundance, but with such a variety of inherent properties dependent on their chemical and other circumstances, that the threefold object of the several classes of invalids who visit the Spas (especially in Germany), can be equally satisfied.

In curing, mitigating, or preventing disease, we have often need of more than one mode of action, on the part of the agent employed for those purposes; we require either a purely restorative, or a purely corrective agent; or both modes may be necessary at one and the same time, either in equal or in differently proportioned degrees. Hence three classes of mineral waters may be established at once, founded upon these three modes of action, which shall meet every case likely to present itself at a mineral spring. The first will contain all those waters which restore lost vigour, or impart a new one to a diseased constitution. Bruckenan, Boeklet, Deinach, Gastein, will find place in this class. The second embraces a large number of mineral waters, namely, those which effect a change and improvement in the character of the fluids of the body, either by means of external discharges of the offending matter, or by restoring a free circulation in the general mass of fluids. Carlsbad, Schwalbach, and Ems, are of this class. Lastly, the third class will reckon among its mineral springs all such as exert a mixed action on the system; — as Kissingen, for example, and Marienbad, or even Egra, — waters which act as correctives, and at the same time as roborants. It scarcely need be



stated, after this brief and popular exposition, that mineral waters should be used not only in accordance with the advice (and only with it) of a physician well acquainted with their nature and effect; but also agreeably to the long established rules that exist at all the Spas (both of diet and regimen), for their administration or application.

“ Experience teaches us that mineral waters,” says Dr. Kreysig, “ sometimes prove to be active and violent remedies, and that, when improperly prescribed, they become dangerous.” The annals of the numerous mineral springs, existing in England as well as on the Continent, recount every year the most melancholy consequences of the unadvised use of the mineral waters. Such cases I have narrated or alluded to in the body of this work. Many of my readers, I dare say, recollect the case related by Dr. Falconer, of a noble lord who died from the improper use of the Bath water. Cheltenham and Tunbridge supply similar examples. Dr. Ammon, of Dresden, has reported an instance of a young man, who fell into a state of idiotey, owing to the unadvised use of a strong chalybeate water. People in high life in England have been told of one or two fatal cases occurring from the ill-advised use of the Sprudel recommended at home. Dr. De Carro says, “ The worst part of our functions is to be consulted by patients sent to Carlsbad for diseases which Carlsbad can only aggravate.” How often does it not happen that strengthening or roborant mineral waters do not agree with the patient, even when required by the pressing nature of his case? because the nerves of the individual, being exquisitely susceptible of every impression, impede the digestion of the water when received into the stomach, and spasm of that organ, or of the whole frame, will ensue. But this is not all. Many of the mineral waters act through a succession of crises, which must be well understood and watched. The Gastein Baths

are of this sort, and still more so is the Carlsbad water,—which produces so great a disturbance in the system during its first operation, that the name of “Bad Sturm” has been given to it. Dr. De Carro has described most forcibly this “sturm,” as occurring in his own person, upon the occasion of going through a course of the Sprudel, for the removal of a serious disease, from which he happily recovered. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary, when we undertake a cure by means of mineral waters, to do neither too much nor too little; above all, to do nothing without good reasons and sound advice.

An absurd notion prevails in England, that physicians on the continent are inferior in talent and education, as well as in tact and vigour of practice, to those of this country. Hence, invalids, who are about to visit the Spas of Germany, will rather run the risk of taking the advice and directions of a medical man at home, who is totally unacquainted with the nature and character of the German mineral waters intended to be used, and still more so with the locality and other collateral circumstances belonging thereto, than to fall into the hands of a German doctor. I am not going to stand up for every physician I have met at the several Spas recently visited; but this I will say for the majority of them, and still more so for the larger number of the leading practitioners resident in the principal cities through which an invalid has to travel on his way to the Spas,—that a more learned, or better instructed class of medical men is not easily to be found, either in England or elsewhere; that they are as deeply versed in the science and philosophy of medicine as any of their brethren on this side of the channel, and even often much more so; and that if they exhibit a degree of feebleness in their practice, compared to the bolder and more confident treatment of English physicians, it is because the constitutions with which they have to deal seldom require very active measures. The medical treatment,

such as it is, of the patients in Germany, is evidently suited to their constitutions; as we find that the people there enjoy as good health as in this country, recover as fast, and do not die in larger numbers under ordinary circumstances.

#### VIII. RULES FOR THE USE OF MINERAL WATERS; REGIMEN, AND DIET.

Having once determined, with the assistance of his medical adviser, to which of the Spas he shall proceed, the patient should endeavour to procure a brief and clearly-written statement of his case, for the physician of the place to whom he may be recommended, or whom he may prefer to consult. On his arrival he should not follow the example of those who, the instant they alight from the carriage, run to the springs in order not to lose a moment. He should, on the contrary, give his body time to recover from the fatigues of the journey, and, in the meanwhile consult the physician of the place, if it be only for general and local information. The intercourse between physician and patient at the Spas in Germany, is placed on an easy and most convenient footing—as I have explained in more than one part of the work—and none need hesitate in consulting them.

The best season for the use of mineral waters is from May to September at some Spas, and only from June to the end of August at others. At many of the hot mineral springs, patients often remain during the winter months. Those afflicted with gout will be wonderfully benefited, by a residence at Wiesbaden or Toeplitz during those months; bathing in moderation at the same time.

Persons who are inclined to perspire and are liable either to catch cold, or to be exhausted from that circumstance, will find the mild spring or autumn months preferable. In the spring, the crisis is brought about more



quickly. Sometimes the case requires two courses in a year. In that case the first begins in May, and the second in August, with an interval of a month or six weeks.

The best time for drinking the waters is early in the morning. The heat is then not so oppressive, and the body and mind are refreshed by sleep; the stomach is also empty. But some patients cannot leave their bed at so early an hour, owing to the nature of their disorder. Such patients should drink the water in bed, under proper restrictions, which are best learned on the spot.

The patients should be careful how they dress at a Spa. The best rule that I can give on this head, is to observe the clothing worn by the inhabitants of the place, who are acquainted, from experience, with the variableness of its temperature, and wear, accordingly, something consistent with it. Visitors at some of the southern Spas, for instance, are often surprised to see a countryman, on a hot day, coming in with his cloak on his arm: but he knows from experience that in his country the hottest day is often succeeded by the most piercing cold evening.

Gentle exercise between each glass of water is necessary. It should last about a quarter of an hour. But such patients as are not much accustomed to walking exercise should not force themselves to follow the above rule; for fatigue is the very worst concomitant of waterdrinking.

Mineral water should be drunk like other liquids; not gulped down in a hurry, for the sake of the gas or any other reason. Such practice is injurious; it either produces cramp or oppresses the stomach, distending it with flatus. The warm water should be sipped out of the glass — the cold water should be drunk slowly, and at several draughts. Trifling as these rules may appear, the power of digesting the water often depends on their observance.

It is best to begin with half a glass of the cold water at a draught (the glass contains about four ounces), and

to proceed, for the first two or three days, as far as two or three glasses, not more, — until the expiration of a week or ten days, when the quantity may be augmented.

If it be a cold mineral water that the patient is using, he should take care never to drink it while he is himself heated; for, by that means, he avoids the chance of obstruction and inflammation of the bowels.

The general rule with respect to the proper quantity of mineral water, of a corrective nature, to be drunk, is to take as much of it as will pass off by the kidneys, or the pores of the skin, and ease, at the same time, brisk action of the intestinal canal daily.

Constipation will, occasionally, tease a patient at the Spas, notwithstanding the quantity of resolvent water drunk. In such a case it is advisable to increase the laxative power of the water, by adding Carlsbad salts, or cream of tartar, *bitter wasser*, or any other gentle or saline aperient. Dr. Malfatti, the great leading physician at Vienna, recommends as a proper means of opening the bowels in case of costiveness during the use of hot mineral springs, half a glass of lukewarm new milk, taken half an hour before the use of the water.

It becomes, at times, necessary to warm the cold mineral water before it can be drunk; this is done very readily — each Spa having for that purpose a little stone kettle of the natural mineral water, simmering over a charcoal furnace. By this addition the purgative properties are generally increased.

Most of the mineral waters contain a quantity of free carbonic gas. Some patients cannot bear the action of this gas on their nerves, if the quantity be considerable. They become giddy, flush a great deal, have a congestion of blood in the head, and feel altogether uncomfortable — particularly if they happen to be inclined to apoplexy. Such patients should drink each glass of the mineral water, not at a single draught but in divided portions, and wait

a few minutes to allow time for the escape of the gas. On the other hand, there are invalids who find the gas beneficial to them. In that case they should drink the water without waiting long; drinking that which is in the upper part of the glass, and which contains most gas, and throwing away the rest; repeating this every six or eight minutes.

I have elsewhere given the necessary rules for bathing, and I need not repeat them in this place.

After drinking the water, a little gentle exercise in the open air, if possible, should be taken, in order to effect the complete digestion of the water. At some of the Spas, the patient, after bathing, is desired to retire to his bed for a short time, but not to go to sleep. It is better however, when it can be done, to walk a little instead.

Breakfast follows, but I recommend the patient to complete his toilet first, and above all, never to omit cleaning his teeth with a brush and some proper tincture, burnt bread, or sage-leaves, in order to remove all vestige, as well as the taste of the mineral water. The most appropriate time for breakfast is about an hour after drinking the last glass of the mineral water. It should consist of one or two cups of coffee, with white bread. There is a particular sort of the latter article prepared at almost all the Spas, which is excellent, and should be eaten without butter. Chocolate is also admissible, or cocoa and milk, or a basin of broth with bread in it.

After breakfast the invalid may take a little more exercise, either on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage; pay his visits and attend to household affairs. The hours between breakfast and dinner should be so engaged, that neither the head nor the body shall feel fatigued. Every severe exertion of the mind is forbidden, and no sleep must be suffered to intrude on the hours between breakfast and dinner.

One o'clock is the usual hour for dinner at the Spas. A

moderately-nourishing and easily-digested dinner suits all patients. For the quality of the food, I shall refer to an alphabetical list I have herewith subjoined, of the several articles of diet allowed or disallowed at the principal German Spas, for which, as well as for many of the preceding rules, I am indebted to Professor Ammon, of Dresden, a gentleman who has deeply studied the subject of mineral waters.

I may as well state it, as a general rule, deduced from my own experience, that fruit, raw vegetables, and many of the flatulent *légumes*, particularly potatoes, should be carefully excluded from all repast, by such as drink mineral waters. The contrary practice exposes the offender to the penalties of incessant rumbling and noise in the stomach, and to pains likewise, which will often last the whole day.

It is not judicious to drink mineral water as a common beverage at meals. Wine is permitted, but in moderation, and if it produces heat after dinner it must be omitted. A light and sufficiently fermented beer, with plenty of hops in it, is a preferable drink, but not what is called porter, stout, or double beer.

Opinions are divided as to the propriety of sleeping after dinner. The celebrated physician Plater was present one day at an assembly of doctors, who discussed the question of napping after dinner, and most of whom condemned it. “Eeee homo,” said the old Esculapius, “I am seventy-six, have never been ill in my life, and I have always slept after dinner.” If the patient goes into the open air directly after dinner, the weariness and drowsiness which are apt to come on at that time, wear off, and thus the patient secures to himself a more refreshing sleep at night.

The supper should be very moderate, and the time for it about eight o’clock. I found a basin of light soup with bread in it, the most suitable food for me at that hour.

Every species of amusement, card playing, dancing, etc., must be regulated by the inclination of the invalid, and the circumstances of the place. In general, social intercourse with a few choice spirits during an hour or two, previously to retiring to rest, is the most proper and agreeable mode of passing that time of the evening.

Everybody retires to rest by ten o'clock at the Bohemian, Austrian, and Würtemberg Spas—not so at those of Bavaria, Baden-Baden, and Nassau; there, night is turned into day, and invalids often destroy at night, the good they had done themselves in the day by drinking the water.

In conclusion, I would say to such as are able and willing to try the effect of some one of the German Spas, in hopes of casting off any disease under which they may have laboured at home with little hope of a recovery, — “Haste away, and make the trial by any means. Do not waste your life and your purse in swallowing cudless drugs, and ringing the changes of remedies and doctors, pent up in a hot house in London during the summer months; or in being lifted in and out of the carriage, the prey of some chronic and insidious disorder, which baffles your vigilant physician's skill; or in being sent from Brighton to Tunbridge, and from thence to Leamington or Cheltenham, merely to return again to Brighton or London, exactly as you left it; having in the meantime tried as many doctors as places, and as many new places and new remedies as doctors, to no purpose. Fly, I say, from all these evils, proceed to some spring of health, and commit yourself for once to the hands of nature—of medicated nature—assisted by every auxiliary which an excursion to a German Spa brings into play; and depend on it, that either at the first, or at the second or third occasion, of visiting and using such Spa, you will have reason to rejoice that you exchanged art for nature.”



Let no physician, however high his claim may be to public confidence and support, but who is not acquainted with the wondrous and striking effects of mineral waters on the human body in a state of suffering, set up, for one instant, his individual negative to a course such as has been advocated in these volumes; for there are arrayed against it the affirmative and approving voice of many centuries, of many physicians of the first eminence, and (what is better still) of many patients who have been cured by the mineral waters, after having in vain tried all the resources of art.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ARTICLES OF FOOD PROPER AND IMPROPER FOR THE PATIENT.

Beverage Allowed.	Beverage Forbidden.
Bavaroise.	Beer (strong or new).
Barley-water.	Lemonade.
Beer (table) which has done fermenting.	Liqueurs (of all sorts).
Broth (not too fat).	Mulled wine.
Chocolate (in very small quantity without spice).	Punch.
Cocoa.	Tea.
Coffee (in small quantity and not twice a day).	Wines (all heating).
Milk of Almonds.	Warm beer (except in small quantity).
Milk (not too rich, and not as usual drink).	Water (iced).
Negus (only at table).	
Sugar-water.	
Articles of Food Allowed.	Articles Forbidden.
Asparaguses (in small quantity).	Apples.
	Apricots.

## Articles of Food Allowed.

Beans (when quite young ).  
 Bread (white).  
 Beef ( much to be recommended ).  
 Cauliflower.  
 Chicken.  
 Carp.  
 Cucumber ( stewed ).

Eggs (soft boiled).  
 Fish (tender).  
 Fowls.

Greens (in very small quantities).

Hare.

Meat ( except salted and smoked ).  
 Mutton (not fat).  
 Mustard.

Oatmeal groats.  
 Pike (in moderation).  
 Parsnips.  
 Partridge.  
 Pigeons.  
 Peas (green, quite young and in small quantities).

## Articles Forbidden.

Anchovies.

Cabbage.  
 Cake.  
 Capers.  
 Carrots.  
 Cheese.  
 Cherries.  
 Cray fish.  
 Cucumber (as salad).  
 Ducks.  
 Eels.  
 Fat ( all kinds of animal fat ).  
 Fruit (raw).  
 Goose.  
 Garlic.  
 Gooseberries.  
 Herrings (pickled and red).  
 Heath-berries.  
 Husk Fruits.  
 Herb Salad.  
 Horse-radish.  
 Ice (of all kinds).  
 Lampreys.  
 Lentils.  
 Mushrooms.  
 Melons.  
 Medlars.  
 Morels.  
 Museles.  
 Onions.  
 Pears.  
 Peas (dried).  
 Pies.  
 Parsley.  
 Plums.  
 Pork.

Articles of Food Allowed.	Articles Forbldden.
Purée of peas.	Potatos.
Strawberries (with moderation). The wood strawberries only.	Quinees.
Salad (boiled, not green with vinegar).	Raspberries.
Spinach.	Radishes.
Trout.	Spiees.
Venison.	Salmon.
Veal.	Salad (green with oil and vinegar).
	Sorrel.
	Stockfish.
	Sausages (of all kinds).
	Turnips.
	Truffles.





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## SALTZBURGHIAN SPAS.

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FIRST  
GEOGRAPHICAL GROUP.

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**BADEN - BADEN**  
AND  
**WÜRTENBERG SPAS.**

- |                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. BADEN - BADEN. | 4. LIEBENZELL. |
| 2. RIPPOLDSAU.    | 5. DEINACH.    |
| 3. WILDEBAD.      | 6. CANNSTADT.  |
| 7. BOLL.          |                |





# BADEN BADEN AND WÜRTTEMBERG. Spas.



Blue Cold Springs.  
Yellow Thermal Springs.  
Red Author's Route.



## CHAPTER I.

### Baden-Baden.



French Frontiers — German Douane and Postillions — Road and approach to Baden — Topography — Etching of its ancient and modern history — Climate — Meteorology — Thunder-storms — Modern Improvements — Street-panorama — Locality of hotels and principal buildings — The *Sonne* — Affluence of strangers — Difficulty to find house-room — A secret on that head — *Bureau des Renseignements* — The *Blatte*, or public register — Curious calculation — Where are the invalids?



The open britschka has just rolled with a drum-like noise over the bridge of boats on the Rhine, and reached KEUL, driven by the last French postillion whose services we shall require on the road from Paris to Baden. He was but an hour performing the distance from the *Maison Rouge* at Strasburg to the first German douane, notwithstanding many interruptions from the inspection of passports

at the land and watergates of the Alsacian capital — our subsequent examination at the ducal military outposts — and the payment of heavy tolls at three different stations.

As the custom-house at Kehl, thanks to the recent confederation, is both the first and the last place of the kind where we shall be worried with that precise, phlegmatic, and minute peeping into every particle of our *pacotille*, which none but a German douanier knows how to perform; we gladly submitted to the ceremony, and saved the few florins with which, in former times, we should have felt disposed to purchase exemption. This arrangement, truly, is a new and no mean source of comfort to the traveller who makes Germany the object of his excursions, and who, two or three years ago, would have been called upon at every town, and at every post almost, to produce his keys, and *dévaliser* the contents of his portmanteau. But I am anticipating observations which I have set aside for another opportunity, when I shall have acquired a little more insight into this remarkable system of mercantile conspiracy against England, — as some people are pleased to consider it. To us simple travellers, the thing works delightfully; and beyond this what cares more a *roya-geur en poste*, — who, by necessity, becomes egotistical?

The gay blue jacket turned up with scarlet, and its hundred little silver buttons, were now chan-



ged for one of sober yellow with red cuffs; and the heavy jack-boots, as insignia of office, gave way to a more old-fashioned and significant token of postilion dignity — the twisted horn, dangling with tufty tassels behind the back of our driver. And what a driver! He had to take us to Bischofsheim, the first stage, on the great *chaussée* leading to Rastadt and Frankfort, and from which a cross-road branches off to Baden-Baden. Caring more for his cattle, than for his passengers, he leisurely paced the distance of *one* post in about two hours, stopping to take breath midway! The sun vertical, the thermometer in the shade of the carriage at 82°, and out of it at 106°; day of the month 13th of August; road flat, narrow, sandy, and particularly devoid of interest!

This was a sad and discouraging beginning of an intended long journey into the heart of Germany. Recollecting my former sufferings in that way, under nearly similar circumstances, I summoned all my stock of patience to my aid, in hopes to bear them meekly, if inevitable, on the present occasion; yet hoping, that as almost everything had kept moving in the course of the ten years which had elapsed since my last visit to the continent, the post-boys would be found to have done so too, and would give me the benefit of a radical reform in their way. In the meantime, I applied myself (and my readers, if they travel the same road, will be wise to do the same), to get a lesson by heart on the

posting-tarif; for the change in this respect, from the country we left, to that we have just entered, is abrupt; and also on the relative value of every species of thin base coin which was put into my hand, in exchange for the solid and glittering pieces of five francs I had brought with me.\*

Nothing can be more uninteresting than the whole road from Kehl to within a short distance of Baden. It lies flat and sandy, between the right bank of the Rhine, a glimpse of which is caught here and there, through long interminable distant rows of poplars on the left; and the lesser Swiss hills which, with those of the Schwarz forest, undulate in grey darkness on the right. Towards the latter ridge, at last, after crossing Stollhofen, we directed our course, passing through an indifferently cultivated country, with here and there a village, silent and deserted during the broiling hours of noon.

The very sudden manner in which this dull uninteresting plain rises into variously shapen hills.

\* As one of the objects of the present volumes is to acquaint the reader with everything which may prove useful, and is essential, connected with the mode of travelling to the several Spas in Germany; I shall, in a detailed statement of the route, and in the shape of notes, give, where necessary, all the information I have carefully collected and recorded in my posting-diary, — with the assistance of which any one will be able to proceed comfortably on his journey.

as we get nearer to Baden, is very striking, and equally so are the tints and figures of those which open to our view, in repeated successions, as we proceed. To their very top, they are clad in verdure, which a village, or a simple peasant's dwelling only, relieves with its stony whiteness. On approaching the lower range, planted with vine trees, through orchards, and fields richly strewed with harvest, the monotonous drive changes at last into a smiling and gladsome scenery. First, one range of hills, and then a second, and lastly a third which, as we pass in succession, close upon us,—form on every side, an amphitheatre on which nature has stamped a peculiar character of beauty. Our impressions would, with little assistance, become almost romantic, as the road keeps meandering farther and farther into the bosom of these valleys, were we not recalled to the contemplation of dull realities, by the appearance of two parallel matter-of-fact rows of fruit trees, laden with their treasures. Between these we posted along, while the eye was arrested by the ruins of the *Altes Bademer Schloss*, perched on a hill a little way from, and on the left of, the town. This we entered at last, through a long avenue of poplars, terminating in a shaded road, the sudden freshness of which was particularly delightful.

If a circle be drawn with a line half a German mile long, around the celebrated *Ursprung*, or hot-spring of Baden, this delightful summer retreat of

the sick and the healthy will be found to lie in the bosom of a most enchanting mountain scenery, formed by a succession of circular ranges of hills, rising one above the other; and each more lovely, as it rises higher, and is farther removed from the centre. The nearer and smaller, like the loftier and most distant ranges, are covered with verdure, and bear on their sides and projecting edges, the detached villas of the more opulent and pretending inhabitants of Baden, who speculate on the arrival of princes and potentates; while the more humble and crowded houses, old as well as new, of the ordinary dwellers of the place, and the hotels, the springs, and the baths, together with all the places of amusement, are gathered in irregular and concentric streets, which occupy the narrow valley of the *Oosbach* (or *öhlbach*, as some call that minor river), and not a few of which creep up the sides of the surrounding acclivities.

Here then is BADEN, at the distance of five English miles from the Rhine, and Rastadt; thrice as far from the bijou town of Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy; and on the skirt of the far-famed Black Forest and the Bergstrasse, or high road from Frankfort to Switzerland. It would be difficult to find a more favourable situation for a bathing-place; and Baden-Baden is therefore justly considered as the queen of the Spas of Germany; CARLSBAD claiming to be the monarch of them all.

The ancient history of a Spa—the first discovery

of its springs — the names under which they were first known — and other equally learned and recondite subjects of information, might well be spared in a work like the present; but their explanation admits of being dispatched so briefly, that to remind the reader of what is known and said about them, is a more expeditious proceeding, than to apologise for omitting them altogether.

The Germans changed into that of Baden the former name of *Civitas Aurelia aquensis* (tout bonnement, “a watering-place of the family of Aurelius”), by which it had been known to the Romans. In the seventh century, Baden, with its newly acquired name, passed, luckily, into the hands of monks, by royal concession; and, like all domains of the church, it acquired not long after, much greater importance than it had ever before possessed. Counts palatine, French kings, and German emperors, became afterwards, in turns, suzerains of the place; and some erected castles near it, others lived and died in it, and many sought health of body from the Springs, whilst, at the same time, they secured the safety of their souls, through the intercession of the ghostly fathers.

The reputation of Baden, however, did not spread generally in Europe, as affording efficacious means of curing disease, until the place became, by marriage or inheritance, it matters little which, the patrimony of the Margraves, about three hundred years ago. Many of these princes were excellent



creatures ; while others proved egregiously the reverse. Some willing to lend an ear to the Reformists of the Church of Rome ; others equally eager in maintaining the powers of the Pontiff in their dominions , and importing , for that purpose , from wherever they could be procured , whole congregations of Jesuits. French and imperial strifes once more desolated , after a long season of tranquillity under the Margraves , the Baden territory , in which the leaders of the Gallican forces suffered atrocities , and horrors , and profanations to be committed by their troops , such as even Attila , in his devastating progress through Germany , had never ventured to perpetrate. The tocsin of “ la St.-Barthelemy ” sounded even in this sequestered spot !

In more modern times , Baden has been the theatre of dreadful vicissitudes. Revolutionary France spared it as little , as the royal chiefs of that nation had done before ; and it was not until after the celebrated congress , which was held in the neighbouring town of Rastadt in 1799 , that Baden acquired that repose of which it stood so greatly in need ; and that renown as a bathing - place , which in latter years has been progressively increasing. Since that period Baden has passed from the rule of a sovereign prince , controlled by Napoleon , and consorted with an adopted daughter of that monarch , to that of a collateral member of the dynasty of the Margraves , now represented by Charles Leopold , who generally resides at Carlsruhe. Next to Aix-



la-Chapelle, Baden is the most historical bathing-place in Europe.

I am assured by Dr. Kramer, one of the resident physicians in Baden, and who for many years has been an inhabitant of the place, that its climate is exceedingly temperate, and one of the most healthy in Germany. The town is protected from the east winds by the hills called *Grosse Stauffenberg Mercurius*, and the smaller *Stauffenberg*. On the opposite side, the hill of *Fremersberg*, equally defends it from the westerly gales; while, on the north side, the protection against high winds is even more complete, owing to the greater elevation of the mountain range in that direction. There are, in consequence, some few degrees of thermometrical heat in the valley of Baden, more than in the flat country near and out of it; and vegetation begins at least two weeks sooner in it, than in the neighbourhood. The elevation of Baden above the level of the sea does not exceed a few hundred feet. At this moderate height the air is dry and very pure,—exerting, as Dr. Kramer observed, a happy influence on the moral, as well as the physical part of man. I feel disposed to think, from the effect which the air had upon myself on my arrival, and on two of my sons, that the representation of the worthy doctor, in this instance, is not one of those exaggerations which physicians of watering-places indulge in, in behalf of their favourite spot of residence. I have met with a great many strangers

who visit Baden during the summer, and prolong their stay in it through the autumnal months, solely on account of the air, from which they have derived considerable benefit. Indeed, several families, and among them not a few English, make Baden their *séjour* throughout the winter. The amiable widow of the late Doctor A —, who has never quitted Baden since the death of her husband, and with her young family resides in a favourable part of the town, — has confirmed to me this information.

Like most of the mountainous districts, Baden is often visited, during the summer months, by thunder-storms. One of these, magnificently terrific, hovered over the town on Sunday, the 14th of August, threatening for an instant to annihilate it. The peals first muttering behind the mountains, then rolling forward with a louder noise until they echoed from mountain to mountain, and lastly, with a tremendous crash, bursting in the hollow cup formed by the surrounding hills, — were almost too appalling for nerves of an ordinary stamp; but the oldest inhabitants viewed the awful phenomenon with complete indifference. I was assured by one of them, that after threatening greatly, the storm would pass quickly over to the other side of the hills, opposite to which it seemed suddenly to have risen: an effect attributed to the action of the peculiar arrangement of those hills on the wind. The direction given to the wind

by that arrangement is such, that even the heaviest clouds, as soon as they are gathered over the town, are driven beyond it.

Some critics will be inclined to smile at the importance attached to a circumstance of so ordinary an occurrence; but addressing, probably, readers who are likely to visit Baden; and knowing, from professional experience, how many invalids there are, who could not possibly live in a place subject to frequent thunder-storms, unless so modified, harmless, and of such short duration as the one I have just alluded to; the few words of notice I have bestowed on them will not be considered superfluous.

It rains but seldom during the bathing season at Baden, and then mostly in showers, the effects of which are very soon obliterated every where.

Within the last fifteen years, Baden has been greatly embellished. Some of the best *hôtels garnis* and new houses (among which there are a few not unlike palaces), have been erected on the old Stadtgraben; and the *Fossés* of the old fortifications have been converted into Boulevards. On the one side of these, some of the best *hôtels bourgeois* are to be found, as well as the most dashing *marchandises de modes* and *boutiquiers*,—many of whom seem to address themselves to the English only; the indication of their respective trades and wares being all, *tant bien que mal*, written in that language. By following this line of promenade, with

a slight deviation occasionally at the back of it, the visiter will, at once, view the best as well as the most modern parts of the town — cross the great square—pass by the entrance into the great public gardens,—and examine, one by one, the principal hotels, some of which stand in situations particularly eligible. A walk of this kind, from the Armenian Bad, at the north extremity of the town, to the last bridge over the Oosbach, — going out of the town in the direction of Rastadt at the south-west end of it, would extend about a mile.

The very pretty pavilion belonging to the grand dutchess dowager Stephanie, and the new palace of the grand duke Leopold, are on the line of the Boulevards (Redig). So is the new and extensive hôtel d'Angleterre, which has another advantage, besides its contiguity to royalty, — that of being close to the entrance of the grande promenade. But these attractions to the Hotel are not without an inconvenience, which more than counteracts them, in the shape of a sluggish and shallow stream (a part of the Oosbach), charged with much of the filth and stench of Baden, passing immediately under the principal windows of its lateral apartments.

By following a similar line from north to south, in the rear of the former, and consequently more in the centre of the town, the traveller, who is looking out for a residence, will first meet with the great hôtel du Saumon, at which there are excel-

lent baths, and a still more excellent table d'hôte. The hotel of the Dragon, and that of the Sun, also those called the Hirsch, or Storeh, the Zähringer-Hof, and the Badischer-Hof, lower down, and nearer to the promenade, — particularly the latter, which lies at one of the extremities of the great promenade, — have the accommodation of mineral-water baths supplied immediately from the springs.

Scattered here and there, in this and other parts of the town, are other hotels of no less repute; but they are not all equally possessed of the advantage of being at the same time *Bad*-houses. I will mention the Cour de Darmstad; the Ville de Paris; the Ville de Strasburg; the Star; the Chevalier d'Or (Ritter); the Cerf d'Or; L'Esprit (Geist); and the Crown.

On our arrival, we selected the *Sonne* (Soleil d'Or), which stands very convenient at the foot of the hill on which is the principal mineral source, and to which there is an ascent by steps cut or built in the rock; as is the case in many other parts of Baden, where two lines of streets often stand at two unequal heights. The master, a very civil person, and his *factotum*, a still more courteous *sub*, bargained, before they would suffer us to alight, that we should be satisfied with rooms at the very top of a large, lofty, and straggling house, with many more stairs than it is always convenient to mount. Every other hotel was full, and the Sun was full also. Carriages, conveying fresh visitors equally eager for house-room, were pressing upon



us so hard, that we gladly acceded to any condition, and up we mounted to a *quatrième*, to rest from a fatiguing journey of three days and two nights since we had left Paris. It will not do to be squeamish on such occasions as these. That which you refuse will be eagerly caught by ten people after you; and in this instance we should have found it so; for on the same day, nay on the very same morning, fifteen other inmates were added to the first arrivals; and the Grants, and the Hydes, and the Taylors, and the Meyers, and Krieger, and Herrmann, with a Graf this, a Baron that, and a Marquis withal (the English always two to one *bien entendu*), shared among themselves the few atties of the Golden Sun which remained yet unoccupied after our admission.

The reader has now an idea of the bustle of this watering-place at the height of the season, and of the difficulty there is sometimes of procuring good lodgings. What happened to us at the Sonne, occurs daily at all the other hotels; and even in the twenty or thirty principal private lodging-houses (*Privathäusern*), the same difficulties are met with. As there are some hotels more eligible than others, in which a person or a family, knowing them beforehand, would wish to reside (and I have mentioned such hotels as among the first on the list) the most convenient mode of proceeding would be to write a few days beforehand to their proprietor, and secure a stated suite of rooms for

a stated time. To accomplish this, I think the information I have here given, though some may think it *homely*, may prove of essential service. I have heard more than one family regret that they had not been able to adopt a plan of this kind for want of proper information. Once for all, it may be laid down as a *canon*, that at all the German Spas, at which a long and comfortable residence is desirable, the plan of *anticipating* lodgings by letter, is the best, and in the end the cheapest.

If we reflect for a moment, that from the latter part of May, the ordinary time of the opening of the season at Baden (although in the present year, visitors did not begin to assemble until much later), to the day of our knocking for admission at the Golden Sun, on the 13th of April, 10,278 *personen* (as the *Badeblatt*, or Register calls them), had entered the town in search of similar accommodation; and that the whole quantity of house-room in Baden, with the exception of a few palaces, is calculated for its ordinary number of inhabitants only, amounting to little more than 5,000; we shall be puzzled to understand, how such a sudden influx of strangers can be conveniently admitted. The existence of huge hotels, containing two and three hundred sets of apartments, all of which are deserted in the winter, will explain part of the riddle. But the real secret lies in the intense determination of *all* the natives, who possess anything in the shape of a dwelling, to make money by surrender-



ing to strangers what little house-room they have to spare, for a period of about six months in the year; although by so doing, they and their children, and their servants, and their domestic animals, are often compelled to huddle together at night, in some little avenue or passage, or upon and under the stairs of their dwellings. What can be the incitement to all this sacrifice? The desire to share in the two millions of florins (170,000 *l.*) which are yearly scattered by the visitors, among the members of this little community.

Being tolerably well housed, the traveller's next step should be to visit the publisher of the *Blatte*, or list of strangers, already alluded to, and from his books learn, by virtue of six kreutzers each, the names and addresses of all those friends or foes whose presence in Baden it may be desirable to ascertain at once. Mr. Scotzniovsky (*dolce nome!*) the *rédacteur* of that periodical, is a courteous and well-informed person, who has for many years kept an alphabetical register of all the arrivals in Baden. He begins his cataloguing occupation as soon as the first three or four visitors arrive, in which operation he is assisted by the police. His surest guide, however, for considering the season as actually begun, is the opening of the *Grand Salon de Jeu*, which takes place the moment the first half-dozen of *pigeons* arrive at the close of May, to announce the coming of the season at Baden. The shelves of Mr. Scotzniovsky groan, at this moment, under a

collection of short, thick, fat, firmly-bound volumes, the repositories, for a succession of years, of the comings and goings, the ins and the outs, at this gayest of the gay watering-places of Germany. I took up Vol. 1835: Arrivals, 15,513! I looked into that of the year preceeding, 15,226! We are now only about the middle of the bathing season of 1836, and there are upwards of ten thousand registered. Prodigious! But at Baden, a little trickery has been resorted to in this matter, just to raise its character, by showing that a larger number of visiters flock thither, than at any other Spa. In the said alphabetical register, the names of the master or mistress of the travelling party being inserted, all the *suitors* accompanying them, no matter in what capacity, are numbered also — nameless, of course, but still numbered in the sum total. We shall see hereafter, that at the other Spas of Germany such a mystification is not practised. See how it works here. On the 11th of August, 1836, the *Blatte* reports 9,831 persons as having arrived since the close of May; at the conclusion of that day, this number swells into 9,948. On that day, therefore, one hundred and seventeen visiters had arrived; but of what was this battalion made up?

Where names are given (little as the genius and orthography of the twenty divers languages in which such names are printed, find grace at the hands of Mr. Scotzniovsky), one can judge of the

materials. Such materials, however, are too scanty to make up the prodigious number said to come to Baden for the benefit of its waters. By far the greatest portion are domestics, menials, hangers-on, and others, who may add to the crowd and bustle of, but cannot shed lustre on, this famed Spa. Thus we find in the Englischen-Hof, for example, a "Herr Luigh aus England" (probably a Leigh); a "Herr Bunburg" (Bunbury?) with a "G. Entn, aus Irland", and E. Sadlern aus Dublin" (*query* Eaton and Sadler?), registered with *tolerable* perspicuity; and they make "two and two are four." Good! But then turn to the next hotel, and see what takes place at the *Hirsh* or Storeh on that same day. There, a Ritter, and a demoiselle Ullmer, and a Frank, and a Steinman, and a Humann, and a Marcus, all come in, one by one, on that day, and are distinctly entered; at last a Herr Graf de la Ferrière, with his Frau and Bediente from Lyon, in all *eleven persons*, enter the hotel, and all these go to swell the arrivals, the general total of which is to stamp the immense worth of Baden! In good truth, the 15,000 arrivals may be reduced to about two-thirds of that number; and even then we shall be puzzled to know what ten thousand any-bodies, having money, time, and their free will, can come to Baden for? To drink the boiling water? certainly not; for on three successive mornings of watching at the great spring between five o'clock and nine, I never

could count more than 150 creatures daily, who partook of that blessing, and many of them were country people. It must be to bathe in the salutary stream. Yet here again I found my calculation at fault! There are 208 *baignoires* in all the hotels put together. These are used by both sexes. The physicians seldom recommend bathing more than once a-day, and that only between five and ten o'clock in the morning: the cases requiring a second bath in the evening (generally between six and eight o'clock) are rare indeed. Each bath occupies half-an-hour at least; and as there can be no more than ten baths in the five hours for every *baignoire*, it follows that 2,080 baths only can possibly be taken on each day. Assuming even that people bathing for their health do so only every other day; not more than 4,160 individuals will be able to have recourse to that remedy, among the 15,000 who are reported to arrive at Baden; or, at the utmost, 9,000 of them will find the means of bathing, if we suppose farther, that during the six months of the season, there are two distinct sets of invalids who bathe on alternate days for three months, — that being the usual length of period for bathing (forty or forty-five baths) recommended by the faculty. This number is probably the correct one, and not the pretended much larger number of such as seek health in Baden, reported by the *Blatte*.

But *where* are these thousands of invalids? At

some period or other of the day, the whole congregation of visitors make their appearance in the streets, or at the promenades of Baden; and I will leave it to others, who must have made the same remark, whether they have been able to recognise, either by his gait or his countenance, one in a hundred of the many people they meet out of doors who can possibly have the excuse of ill health for resorting to this place. Baden, in this respect, stands unique among the Spas of Germany.

That there are invalids among the many thousands who flock yearly to this Spa, is undeniable. That the larger number of those who go thither have other objects in view than the pursuit of health, is equally certain. To distinguish the one class from the other in public places, where both congregate at stated hours, is not an easy task at Baden. It is so at Carlsbad; it is so at all the Bohemian baths; it is so at Wildbad, and at Gastein. The jaundiced, the paralytic, the gouty, and the nervous preponderate among the joyous and rubicund faces of those who have no grounds for lamentation. Yet even Baden-Baden has its patients, and many such there are who could not stay away from it, or change it for another place, without losing every chance of recovery. Baden, then, is a medical as well as a fashionable Spa. Let us view it under both aspects, and see what can be made of either, for the benefit of my readers.





## CHAPTER II.

### Baden — Continued.



The Pump-room, and Palcotechnicum — The URSPRUNG — Distribution of its stream — Temperature — Establishment of vapour and douche-baths — *Terrasse couverte*—View from it — A bit of scandal — Eleven other mineral springs — Principal and chemical characteristics of the Baden mineral waters — The BEST HOTELS for bathing — Charges and regulations — How to use the baths with advantage. — Rules respecting the hours, duration, and various modes of bathing—Who should and who should not bathe—Effect of the bath on the author—Hints and cases — What disorders will the Baden waters cure?



By the side of a central portico, is a small door, on the right of the spectator, which is opened to the curious on paying a trifling remuneration. A volume of dense vapour, as from a cauldron of boiling water, instantly issues from it, and for a time impedes the view of the interior of

a round tower, the rough walls of which, incrustated with reddish ochre, and stalactitious depositions of salts, still exhibit traces of Roman handiwork. At the bottom of this, through a white marble pavement, up springs in a never-ceasing stream, accompanied by bubbles of gas, the warm mineral water which has given to Baden its name and renown. By a pipe the water is conducted to the fountain under the portico, where female attendants distribute the salutary fluid to every applicant indiscriminately, who either brings with him, or borrows on the spot, a glass for the purpose of drinking the water. Within this portico, some fragments of columns and inscriptions, found in the neighbourhood which attest the presence of Roman masters in ancient times, have been arranged, with the sounding title of *Paleotechnicum* or museum of antiquities. From the spring the water passes under-ground, and is collected in a large square reservoir, placed inside of the chamber on the left of the portico. This reservoir is kept constantly brim full, the surplus escaping through appropriate pipes into the town, to be there received, according to certain ancient and indisputable rights, by the different hotels I have mentioned, which possess the privilege of having their baths supplied with the natural water. This distribution is greatly facilitated by the elevated situation of the spring itself, which stands adjoining the collegiate church, on a hill rising,



as it were, in the centre of the town. The supply of water collected in the great reservoir is constantly open to the public; and I have seen in the course of an hour, early in the morning, women and children flocking thither with their pails, their kettles, and every species of vessel they can muster, to carry the scalding water away, which they use for almost every domestic purpose, including every culinary operation. My thermometer denoted a temperature at  $153 \frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  F. Before it reaches the hotels it has generally lost two degrees of heat.

This, then, is the far-famed *Ursprung*, issuing from the crevices of a hard quarzy rock, at the rate of seven millions and a-quarter of cubic inches of water in twenty-four hours; having a temperature which is only  $58 \frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  short of the boiling point. The vapour rising from it escapes through a wide funnel built over the spring; but of late years, at the suggestion of Doctor Koelreuter, much of this natural hot vapour can, at any time, be conveyed to an establishment erected in the immediate vicinity of the spring, where it is applied by various contrivances to the whole body, or to any particular region, including the ear, and the eyes, in diseases of those organs, with surprisingly good effect. The interior arrangement of this place is perhaps susceptible of some improvement; but such as it is, the object of it is praiseworthy, and it may do much good if properly managed. It is much frequented

every morning. There are several *cabinets*, some without and others with beds, for such as require that accommodation, after taking the vapour-bath. The rooms, the beds, and the linen, are all very clean, and the mattresses are changed the moment a patient quits the bed, in which he has been lying in a profuse perspiration after the application of the vapour. There are male and female attendants; and the charges for the baths are very moderate, being only twenty-four kreutzers for the first, and thirty-six for the other, or eightpence, and one shilling, besides a kreutzer or two to the attendant.

I saw a case or two of a peculiar complaint of the eyes benefited greatly by the daily application of the natural vapour received from the spring, through a very small aperture placed almost in contact with the diseased organ. I am assured that certain degrees of deafness have also given way to similar applications; for which there is, as I before stated, every needful contrivance.

If the weather be fine, the assembled number of water-drinkers at the *Ursprung* walk outside of the Museum, in the open street, or in front of the church, and return to repeat their doses at stated periods. But if the weather be unfavourable, they pass over from the Museum to a covered walk opposite, called *la Halle*, or *Terrasse couverte*. Here, under shelter, the water bibbers *par curiosité*, as well as the invalids, can keep in action the requisite

time, on a terrace, the roof of which, on the side looking towards the country, is supported by a colonnade of twelve pillars with a balustrade in each intercolumniation; and, at the back, by a wall pierced with several windows, through which there is a view of the Museum, and of every new arrival at the spring. The space is sufficiently ample for their perambulations, being twenty-five feet wide, and one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, with here and there seats for the wearied. Such an accommodation, however, is in good truth thrown away at Baden; for those who attend every morning, between five and ten o'clock, to drink the water, are very few in number.

From the above-named terrace the observer commands a view of the opposite hills, the principal of which bears the auspicious name of *Mercure*; and another, rising higher, and in a more northerly direction, is crowned with the Castle of *Eberstein*. Among the pretty villas which appear scattered on the lower swells of these hills, surrounded by picturesque groups of trees, and connected with each other by serpentine foot-paths, the eye rests with pleasure on that which the grand *Duchess Stephanie* enlivens, almost every afternoon, as she comes in from the *Royal Schloss*, with her presence, and that of her select and assiduous visitors. The garden, which is skilfully laid out in front of it, stretches down to the edge of the *Boulevard*; and at the close of a sultry

evening the Dutchess, surrounded by many of the principal visitors to the Spa, of every nation, is seen quaffing a cup of that most delightful beverage which refreshes in summer, and warms one most comfortably in winter. But the Chateau of Mons. Priasch, a rich *maître maçon* (who, as soon as the Dutchess had purchased her present habitation from a Strasburg merchant, Mr. W——, erected a more superb edifice immediately adjoining to it), attracts the attention of the traveller. On inquiry it is found that this individual is the owner of the best and most costly houses, occupying all the eligible situations; and that other houses of a similar description, but erected in some of the new streets branching off from the Boulevard, belong principally to hotel and *cabaret* keepers. These people are in reality the house-owners of Baden, and with the wealth which enabled them to build houses, they accumulate, with a rapidity not common even at watering places, far greater fortunes. Some of the principal dwellings let for 800 or 1,000 florins a-month during the season: the one for instance, in which Lord and Lady W. R—— resided, on the verge of the great Boulevard, and two others lower down, in a short street very advantageously situated, one of which was occupied by the queen of Bavaria, and the other by a family of distinction. They resemble some of the *hôtels des Seigneurs* in Paris, of the second class; but of a lighter and more pleasing architec-

ture. Indeed, the general aspect and tone given to the modern part of Baden, by the numerous buildings which rise in all directions in the valley, or on the acclivities by which it is surrounded, with their delicate and subdued tints, are at once cheerful and very pleasing. Not so with regard to the older buildings, many of which, placed in the streets below, offering their ugly gables to the beholder stationed on the *Terrasse couverte*, give but an unfavourable idea of the place.

As I stood contemplating this contrast, a chatty old gentleman, who had just been swallowing his last draught of the boiling stream, and to whom I had responded with a similar bumper—pointing to an old and common-looking house in the huddled group beneath, said, “That building with the bright and yellow side, was for many years the residence of the late king of Bavaria, who occupied it during the bathing season, and now a ducal mistress lives in it. A late Margrave, whose reign was but brief, chanced to behold, in one of his walks through the streets of Carlsruhe, a lovely young woman selling fruit. Being a bachelor, and a great admirer of the beautiful, he forthwith had her summoned into his presence by one of his domestics, and raised her to the rank of his mistress. Like some other potentates, both east and west of the Rhine, the Margrave conferred on the partner of his joys, titles, and wealth. He gave that house to her in perpetuity as a free gift, with



an estate near Fribourg where she generally resides—being still a comely and buxom woman of forty.”

Although there are not fewer than eleven other springs of the same hot water in Baden, called the *Kühlen Brunnen*, the *Büthe*, the *Judenquelle*, the *Klosterquelle*, the *Brühbrunnen*, and the *Hellenquelle*, the two latter only are worthy of being especially mentioned; one of these furnishes the water which is publicly used in troughs, to scald, pluck, or strip hair and feathers off the dead fowls and pigs (an operation never permitted during the season). The other bears the terrific name of *infernal* spring, from the figure of the rock out of which the water issues, so hot, that the hand cannot be kept under the stream; and from its reddened and fiery aspect given to it by the heavy depositions of oxide of iron. The mineral water, however, used *par excellence* in Baden, is that of the *Ursprung*, already mentioned, and that alone must be understood to be spoken of in all that follows.

The water is perfectly clear, has a slight faint animal smell, a taste somewhat saltish, and when drunk as it issues from the spring, approaching to that of weak broth. But this taste becomes less pleasant by the mixture of either cold water with it, or any other ingredient, such as milk, whey, etc.,—a practice I saw followed in the Pump-room.

Its specific gravity is 1030, that of distilled water being 1,000. It is therefore  $\frac{3}{1000}$  heavier than the

latter. The most recent analysis of it is that by the Professor of Chemistry of Carlsruhe, Dr. Koelreuter.

A pint of the water weighing 7,392 grains, contains  $23 \frac{3}{4}$  grains of solid matter, the principal ingredient of which is culinary or common salt — there being not less than sixteen grains of that substance present. Next in importance are the sulphate, muriate, and carbonate of lime, which altogether amount to six grains and a-half. The remainder consists of a small portion of magnesia and of traces of iron, with about half a cubic inch of carbonic acid gas in addition.

This gas is not the only one present in the Baden water, if, on the authority of Dr. Giggart, we admit the fact, that from the *Hellenquelle*, or infernal spring, bubbles of azotic gas have been collected by himself and carefully examined. Some people have imagined that the *Ursprung* contained small particles of sulphur. This is an error. The peculiar smell perceived on entering a bath-room is due to the presence of the extractive matter mentioned in the analysis, and also to a peculiar substance called *Badeschlamm* (bath-slime), a species of vegeto-animal matter, which all hot springs deposit at the bottom of reservoirs; as we shall see when we come to examine the hot springs of Gastein and Carlsbad.\*

\* As it is my intention to collect under one general view,



In the first chapter we were in search of the invalids of Baden; and in this we have found a few of them modestly drinking health at the principal source. Let us now follow the course of the water itself, and see whether it will guide us to the abode of the sick? One stream points to the *Hôtels du Saumon*, and of the *Dragon*; another pipe carries the water to the *Hôtel de la Cour de Bade*, and to the Court of *Zähringer*, and not fewer than nineteen *baignoires* are supplied also at our hotel of the *Golden Sun*. Truth compels me to acknowledge, that the arrangement of the baths at the *Cour de Bade* and the *Cour de Zähringer* is the most perfect, and offers every luxury a patient can desire. At all the hotels, cleanliness and good attendance may be expected by the bathers; but the luxuries of a hot bath are to be found at the two last-mentioned hotels only; though even these are surpassed by what I afterwards found at *Töplitz*, *Marienbad*, *Wiesbaden*, *Ems*, *Brüchenau*, etc. All the baths are placed under the superintendence of a physician, and the surveillance of the police. There are certain regulations respecting them, whether in reference to the proprietors and attendants of the baths, or the bathers themselves, which are strictly enforced.

at the end of the Second Volume, the complete, as well as the most recent analyses of all the mineral waters described in this work, I shall only refer, in the text, to their chemical ingredients generally, in order not to interrupt the narrative with technicalities.

ced. The charges, also, are fixed and moderate. Taking those of the Cour de Zähringer as an example for all, we find that an ordinary bath costs 24 kreutzers, or a little more than one-third of a florin (8*d.*) and 36 kreutzers the Douche. The situation of this hotel, by-the-by, at the entrance of the town on the chaussée to Rastadt, is truly beautiful. Extensive gardens and walks spread upwards, and to the very summit of a hill situated immediately behind the house, with terraces, sloping parterres, and resting-places, offering to the convalescent every temptation for taking exercise.

Here then, at these hotels, which have the accommodation of mineral water baths at the very threshold of your bedchamber as it were, we find the true invalids who are to add to the renown of Baden. It is seldom that persons who have no excuse for using the hot bath, choose either of these hotels for their permanent residence; or if they have chanced to land at one of them on their arrival, think of remaining.

The operation of bathing in water endowed with much power, from heat and other circumstances, is not to be viewed lightly. Much mischief has arisen — nay, fatal results have followed — from its indiscriminate adoption. A rich merchant, who, but a few hours before, had been noticed on the public promenade after dinner, on the day after our arrival, was found dead in a bath at eight o'clock the same evening. A lady was pointed out

to me, who had lost the use of her limbs, after using three hot baths, without having first considered the nature of her case or followed the instructions generally given for using them. There are certain conditions of the body which render these hot baths inadmissible; in such cases, to attempt them, or to persevere in their use, is to rush into danger. Such as have a full, heavy, and distended liver; others who possess very weak powers of digestion, and at the same time suffer from accumulated phlegm in the stomach, and crude or foul secretions in the intestines; a third class, whose strength has been wholly annihilated by a long and dangerous illness; lastly, people naturally inclined to collections of blood in the vessels of the head, and subject to giddiness, palpitations of the heart, or who have had a threatening of apoplexy: all these must abstain from the hot bath at Baden, if they care for their safety. There are means of removing the peculiar obstacles to the use of the baths, even in such cases; but it requires a steady medical investigation, and the application of suitable remedies, to put such patients in a condition to derive every possible benefit from a trip to Baden.

In all other cases, there is hardly any necessity for preparatory measures, and the baths may be had recourse to, either as *bains entiers*, or *demi-bains*, — as general baths, or purely local applications.

Once a day is considered sufficient for bathing. Few cases require two baths daily. A Baden warm bath is exciting : two of them in one day would be productive of dangerous irritation. To such as are by nature or indisposition already prone to irritability, it is recommended to use the bath every alternate day only. It happens occasionally, that some patients are obliged to suspend the use of the bath, in consequence of its producing excessive depression, head-ache, or fever. In such cases proper steps must be taken to remove these symptoms, before the bath can be resumed.

The time of day considered as the best for bathing during the season, is between five and ten o'clock in the morning. Five o'clock is the "very wakening time," when all bathers at the German Spas are stirring about : some return to bed after the bath, others do not. I found a good breakfast, in my own case, to be the best follower to the bath; but have a care that such a meal, or any other meal, ever precedes it. I can hardly state how many have suffered from neglecting this brief injunction. When in a state of perspiration, or under the influence of moral excitement, eschew bathing. Let the temperature never exceed  $100^{\circ}$ ; and oftener let it be between  $94^{\circ}$  and  $98^{\circ}$ . At Baden, they regulate the temperature of each bath by suffering the natural water to cool down to the desired degree. The Ursprung stream is let into the *baignoire* at nine o'clock the night before, and

by five in the morning it is found to have the proper degree of heat. In many cases, the unmixed or undiluted natural water proves too irritating, and it becomes necessary to mix with it one-fourth or more of ordinary cold water — an operation which greatly hastens the preparation of the bath. Those who are not ill, and merely wish for a *bath*, had better not trifle with the *Ursprung*. A fulness in the head, for which I was obliged to have recourse to the application of cold water to it while in the bath, and a *démangeaison* of the skin during the whole day after, were two, only, of the ill consequences of my trying the *Ursprung*, without any other reason for doing it, than that I wished to ascertain, on my own constitution, the effects of that water. I followed the same method at all the hot-springs, in the course of my long and widely extended peregrinations to the German Spas; and the impression left on the constitution must have been striking, when a noble patient of mine, whom I had occasion to meet at one of the most distant of those Spas, wrote to her friends at home that *the Doctor* had tasted of so many mineral waters, and bathed in so many hot-springs that he looked as if he had been, first parboiled, and then broiled. It is not necessary that every layman, or even a professional man, who happens to visit a hot-spring, should make the same experiments.

One of the first effects of the hot water bath at Baden (and indeed I may, *en passant*, say the



same of that at Gastein, Töplitz, Carlsbad, Wisbaden, and Ems), produced on me, was an almost irresistible inclination to fall asleep. To resist this is of the utmost consequence; and therefore I employed myself, all the while, in rubbing the surface of the body with a large piece of flannel, and in shifting my position from one side of the bath to the other. Their construction fortunately admits of these movements. I think a patient, unless exceedingly feeble, may remain in the water from half an hour to an hour. But it would not be prudent to begin at such a rate. From twelve to fifteen minutes is a safer experiment at first. Few people bathe for a shorter period than four weeks. Many extend the course of bathing to six weeks or two months. They then suspend it, and after the lapse of one month, they begin a second series of baths, of three weeks' duration.

There are other modes of application of the Baden water to the body or its various parts, which are adapted to particular cases only, and require special consultation, and therefore cannot be mentioned in this volume, — which is intended to convey a general and popular view of the principal Spas, quite sufficient to guide the patients, and benefit them in their visit to those springs of life.

We have now traced the Baden invalids to their very haunts. There they are: some at the Pump-room, *drinking* at sunrise; others in the Bad, and Gasthouses, *bathing* before noon. And what are



the complaints they carry thither, of which they hope to be cured, by one or other, or both of those operations? — That we shall see presently.





## CHAPTER III.

### Baden-Baden — Concluded.



Life at Baden — CONVERSATION — HAUS — Theatre — Library — Grand Restaurant — Promenade — Boutiques — Environs — Early and late dinners — Table d'hôte everywhere, and table d'hôte at Chabert — The Room — The company. — *La Cuisine* — The Baronne de S. — The Dutch family — A striking cure — Evening moralising among the strangers at Baden — The Grand Duke de H. — C. — The Gaming tables — A Bal paré — The Grand Dutchess Dowager — The Princess Marie — Jargon — Dancing — Mrs. M. — Sir John F. — Curious dialogue all on one side — The Countess Gulceloli — The theatre — Dr. KRAMER — Virtues of the Baden waters — Cases — A discovery spoiled — A pet physician — Description of one by a fashionable lady — A French dialogue — Visit to the general favourite — Opinions of Dr. Giggart respecting the water of Baden, and of English and French medical practice — The late Dr. Abbey — Dr. Hutton — Reckoning with the Host — Expenses of living at Baden — Prices — Roads to and from Baden.



Life at Baden, during the bathing season, may be best described by a short French phrase :

“ *C'est toujours jour de fête.* ” The very first movements of the throng, at the earliest part of the morning, are *gaiety*; and this presents itself, under some garb or other, at every hour of the day until midnight, to whatever part of this delightful place you may happen to wander. But the centre of attraction is the public promenade. Here a magnificent building, commanding attention by its lofty corinthian colonnade, affords a hundred excuses for the assemblage of the many thousand idlers, who devote just one hour, in every four-and-twenty, to the one great object, health; and two-thirds of the remaining time to pleasure and dissipation. As these, more than the operations of bathing and drinking the mineral water, are the motives which sway the majority of those who visit Baden, where they squander, among the inhabitants, two millions of florins in the course of the season, no means have been left untried by the authorities, to multiply them, and secure their attainment. To the late Grand Duke Charles the visitors are indebted for the largest share of their present gratifications. That Prince, having purchased a large tract of land to the south of the town, lying between the Öhlbaeh and the foot of the Friesenberg and other hills, erected the present *Maison de Conversation*, connecting with it on either side, a gallery terminated on the left, by a public library and theatre, and by a grand *Restaurant* and gambling-rooms on the

right. A gravelled terrace stretches in front of this imposing edifice, throughout its whole length of 140 feet; and before it, is a square lawn, with a circular sheet of water in the centre. Quadruple lines of chestnut trees encompass on three sides the grass-plot, and form as many shaded and well-frequented walks, along the exterior of which, ranges of little Bazaar shops, or light *boutiques*, have been established, filled with gewgaws of all sorts, and from all parts of the world, served out by smartly dressed, good-looking young women, clad in the costume of their respective countries. Behind, and near the western extremity of the Conversation-Haus, stretches the Park or Jardin Anglais, — as the Prince Founder desired it might be called. Pleasing and agreeable promenades are formed through this labyrinth, which insensibly ascend the nearest acclivities, and lead to many resting-places, particularly the *Sokraterhalle*, or Hut of Soocrates. From this spot a most enchanting view is obtained of the town, stretched in the shape of an amphitheatre before us; with the dark forest and the ruins of the old Castle, as the left proscenium, and the valley of Lichtenthal, with its Cistercian abbey, as the one on the right; while the *Teufelskanzel* or Devil's chair, forms the vanishing point of this beautiful vista.

The reigning Duke, unwilling to be behindhand with his predecessor, in increasing the number of temptations for foreigners to visit Baden, has

expended, within the last six or seven years, eighty thousand florins to make an easy road of access to the celebrated Chateau, both for carriages and pedestrians, in behalf of whom, he has, moreover, contrived, best part of the way, a covered walk which shelters them equally during a sudden storm of rain, and in the hours of intense heat.

To this region, then, earlier or later, once, or oftener, every stranger dwelling in Baden for a season, flocks during the day, and on all days. Here everything wears the aspect of a holiday rejoicing, of a *fête champêtre*, of a *reunion* of all the pleasures of the world. Private as well as public reading-rooms afford a light occupation to some at eleven o'clock; while many more are busy in some adjoining apartments, discussing a *petit déjeuner à la fourchette*. At this time few ladies are to be seen in this place. They are otherwise engaged in sporting their persons on horseback, or in their gay vehicles; exchanging calls of etiquette, or assembling in coteries to run over the list of arrivals; descanting on the effects of their morning bath, and passing a slight commentary on the scandal reports, the duels, and the extraordinary adventures of the preceding day. At one o'clock, the streets and public places are deserted by the early dining class, who, at almost all the principal hotels, and at our own, the *Stux*, among them, for the moderate sum of forty-eight krentzers (one shilling and fourpence), have secured the right of sitting as a



part of the two hundred *convives*, of both sexes and of all nations, who partake of the few luxuries of a German table d'hôte — at which dishes are ushered in of all shades of colour and taste, and in the inverse order of that of any other national dinner. The *bonne bouche* of a small bottle of harmless white wine, may be added for ten pence more. This low price of the early dinners was only recently adopted at all the hotels, in consequence of an attempt made by the master of the *Saumon*, to secure to himself the largest number of customers, through low prices: but one florin a-head is the ordinary price of an early table d'hôte. It is during this temporary separation of the two classes, which an early dinner occasions, that the exclusives show themselves on the Boulevard and at the Promenade, until the hour of either a *dîner prié* (by no means frequent), or of the *table d'hôte par excellence* at Chabert's, calls them, in their turn, away. Five o'clock is the time; and the names of all such as desire to be at Chabert's at that hour, must be inscribed before noon. By this arrangement, all species of scramble for the best places is avoided; and on entering the great banquetting-room, a slip of paper, bearing your name, points out the place you are to occupy at the repast. The general coup d'œil of an assembly of 400 persons, a great many of whom are young and beautiful women, with their gay bonnets, and toilettes coquettishly *nonchalantes* (for a dressed



*toilette* would be voted ridiculous), sitting at each side of three long lines of parallel tables, as well as of a fourth, which is raised on a platform at the upper end of the room, must of itself be striking. But it becomes tenfold more so, when the lively and animated scene thus offered to view, is repeated on every side of this handsome and magnificently proportioned room (decorated and painted in etruscan colours), by large mirrors, cunningly arranged and distributed with no sparing hand in all directions. The charm of soft music, which plays during the repast from an adjoining room, adds to the inspiration of the moment; and there is at Chabert's, besides, what is looked for in vain elsewhere in Baden, even where the *cuisine* is nearly on a par with his—a neatness and dexterity in the arrangement and attendance, which render his table worthy the preference of all the best company in Baden. And yet, even this great leading feature of Baden, — this *prestige* of that bathing-place — when analysed, seems not to deserve the *issimo* of a certain fair authoress' eulogium. It is an objection, among many others, to such feasting, that so many fair ladies partake of it. Byron says that no pretty woman should ever be seen eating. What then, if not fewer than two hundred of them are exhibited, at one view, absorbed in that vulgar performance? On the day I attended at Chabert's, I had the good fortune to be seated next to a Dutch gentleman, inclined to

be more talkative than his countrymen have the reputation of being, and who with a mother and three sisters, *marquées au coin de leur nation* — that is, somewhat in the Ruben's style — also present, had been resident in Baden ever since the beginning of the season in May. The whole party were in high spirits at the recovery of their parent's health. The good lady had arrived at Baden a perfect cripple. Her limbs were lifeless — her power of feeling annihilated — all her internal functions damaged. Three months' bathing in the Ursprung, and *no medicine* (Oh! how she rejoiced at that!), enabled her to join her family at this festive board.

Such neighbours, to a traveller thirsting after the news of the place, are a positive treasure. Opposite, and a little to the left of us, a pretty smart French woman, bonnetted and rich in rings, took her place, between her husband, — whose stiff, pointed mustachoes, at right angle with his nose, lent him a look of mock-heroism, — and a sallow, tall, semi-aristocratic-looking youth, the few French phrases of whom soon betrayed him a dweller on this side of the *Manche*. Beyond the Dutch family appeared conspicuously the Baronne de S — whose piquante face, finely-arched eyebrows, and piercing eyes, harmonised with the character given to her countenance by the positive indication of the finest black down that ever shaded the upper lip of fair lady. Occasionally this

lively authoress, who has honoured the *alentours* of Baden with the effusions of her poetical pen, would utter a pretty nothing, with a smartness that excited a buzz of admiration. Curious coincidence! — (to call it design would be to libel the fair) — the Baronne and the *pétillante parisienne*, and fifty more ladies, who were, or thought themselves, handsome, had taken seats with their faces turned to the lofty mirrors, into which they cast a furtive glance, at no very long intervals of time, to see, no doubt what their fair *semblables* were doing, at the other ranges of tables placed behind their back. Before dinner had proceeded far, the empty seats on my left were occupied by a young Italian marquis, and the son of a celebrated Russian princess. With the former of these, and my worthy neighbour of Utrecht, I left the room at the expiration of an hour and a-half; after paying my two florins for the dinner, including the wine; and having, like most of the rest of the company, put a few kreutzers in the begging dish of the representative of the band, which had performed during the dinner. All the *convives* rose and separated nearly simultaneously, and afterwards mingled with the crowd already assembled in front of the building.

At this early hour of the evening the Terrace presents a most lively scene — such as no place but a German Spa of the first class can exhibit. Unquestionably the *distractions* of a scene like this

must materially assist the mineral waters of Baden, in the production of those salutary effects, which have been long attributed to them. Accompanied by my new acquaintances, I walked up and down the Terrace for some time, noticing, as we went along, the several remarkable persons whom they pointed out to me, and listening to the various anecdotes with which they garnished their observations. If these be founded on facts, the morality of many of the temporary inhabitants of this watering-place must be of a very low standard, and licentiousness would seem to be tolerated to a degree, surpassed only by that of the larger capitals of Europe. It is to be hoped, however, that in remarks so sweeping and so general, much may be exaggeration, and that my young informants converted private vice into public libertinism. The presence of the abdicated Herzog of H——C——, —whose countenance, overgrown in every part, except at its apertures, with frizzled hair of the greyest mixture, is so very remarkable, would induce one to believe as true, a portion of the general scandal. Sporting, as she languishingly leaned on his arm, the *maîtresse* for whose sake he surrendered his petty sovereignty, this German illustrious whiles away the early evening hours in promenading on the terrace, decorated with a knot or bunch of variegated ribbons stuck in the button-hole of his short *frac*, and jingling a pair of huge yellow spurs, until the time arrives for

losing his hundred ducats in one of the adjoining apartments.

As the evening advanced, I perceived that the throng on the Terrace was thinning fast; while numerous groups were seen to ascend the flight of steps, which lead to the large drawing-rooms, by the side of the Grand Salon. Here, men as well as women took their places at, or stood around, the several tables of *la Roulette*, and *Rouge et Noire*, which were in full play. One only remark I will venture to make in reference to this subject, —on which I shall not now dwell, as I did, and with justice, in a former publication \*; and that remark will be an expression of deep sorrow, at having observed the daughters of Englishmen, to all appearance, and according to report, highly respectable, joining the circle of such as pressed around the tables, to stake their *petites pièces*, and be elbowed by some rude fellow-gambler, who had probably as little character as he had money to lose.

A *Bal paré*, given in the principal Salon on the following night, brought under the same gilded roof for a few hours all the *beau monde* of Baden. It was the sixth since the commencement of the season, and a promise was inserted, along with its announcement, in the *Blatte*, that “*Les Valses et*

\* St. Petersburg, vol. i. Description of the Redoute at Aix-la-Chapelle.



les Galops seront exécutés par 24 musiciens du régiment en garnison à Rastadt, et les Contredanses par l'orchestre ordinaire de Bade." A servant out of livery, placed at the entrance of the Ball-room, within, and at the farther end of one of the gambling-rooms, receives three franks, as the price of admission from any one who presents himself in a costume deemed respectable. The power of exclusion depends on no other condition. The "external man" alone is considered, and the same of his fair partner. Hence it follows, that the assemblage within presents a coup-d'œil not easily defined. With the "*Sommités aristocratiques*" of almost every nation in Europe, one sees the *Zeros* and the *Rogues* from the same countries, in no inconsiderable numbers. The presence of the truly amiable Dowager Dutchess Stephanie, and of her daughter the Princess Marie is not always a guarantee that the purest of their sex, only, will be admitted. The *mélange* indeed is complete, and in this respect, Baden-Baden is inferior to Carlsbad and Bruekenau, at both which places impudence finds less facility of introduction. The Princesses kept aloof, under the gallery, seated on ottomans, and surrounded by their ladies of honour, and the officers of their household. Between each dance they advanced, and received such of the company as the *Chambellan de service*, thought proper to introduce. There is no other etiquette. All restraint is thus removed, and the affable



manners of the illustrious relatives put every one presented at their case. *Le Chambellan* is a quick-eyed man of the world, not easily imposed upon, I should think; and his judgment and discretion are seldom at fault. By this means, even in this motley throng of real and mock exclusives, a positive distinction is soon established, after all the presentations have taken place, which becomes curiously visible in the gait and conduct of the different classes towards each other, throughout the rest of the evening! The Princess Marie frequently joins in the dance, and sustains an animated conversation with her partners, on all the topics of the day,—making remarks which, in a young lady of nineteen, betoken talent and a careful education. Her countenance is prepossessing; she is not tall, but faultless in her figure. The *Crin d'oro* which falls in ringlets, defines the contour of her pale face, and gives to it that pleasing character so peculiar among the fairest of the fair in Germany.

Judging by the prevailing costumes of the people assembled, the epithet *paré*, as applied to this ball, would seem a misapplication. The ladies wore a *demi toilette*. Indeed the Grand Dutchesse herself set the example. Most of the gentlemen were *en bottes*, and *pantalons blancs*; except where the more gaudy apparel of various uniforms, and divers military ranks, afforded some distinction. In the midst of the Babel-like mixture of languages

which buzzed pretty loud throughout the *Salon*, both during and between the dances, one could distinguish the superior number of the English among the company. But the curious effect of many languages spoken at the same time, and by all aloud, which is only to be remarked abroad, and on occasions like these, is rendered still more ludicrous to the attentive listener in search of oddities, by the attempt, simultaneously made by two people, to address each other in the language of the country of the other party,—until each becomes quite unintelligible, and falls naturally into the use of the common currency,—French. Who has not on such occasions heard, for example, an Englishman and a German,—the one anxious to show off the few *Deutsch* phrases he has learned in his tour through Germany, and the other equally eager to prove that he has not forgotten the result of his studies in a London boarding-house,—address one another in Anglo-German, and Germano-Anglic idioms—broken English and high Dutch,—so emphatically as to become truly amusing and farcical? Fancy a hundred equally ill-assorted dialogues to be going on in a crowded room all at once, and an idea may be formed of the sort of language-music which meets the ear in assemblies like these.

But the real music, however, was exquisite; and as Lady B—— assured me, inspiring. Judging by what I witnessed, it must have been so. Away

whirled the Galoppe-danceers in giddy eircles, and prolonged skippings, until the very breathing of the fair partners became audible, and their countenance lost all traces of placid loveliness. Have the ladies no friendly mirror to tell them, after a galoppe or a waltz, how much their "human face divine" has lost of its beauteous type? And the rude grasp and *étroite liaison*, during such dances, —do they become the modest nature of an Englishwoman? or of any woman equally modest? Oh it grieved one to see the graceful — elancé — and exquisitely elegant Mrs. M——, at the slightest invitation from a booted hussar, or an embroidered *attaché*, or probably a disguised *raurien* of the lowest class, plunge with them into all the attitudes, now violent and now languishing, of a dance better suited for Bacchanalian or Andalusian representation. And she bore, on her alabaster and shining cheek, the deep round flush of consumption, which parched her throat, and dried up her lips, and made her fly, at the termination of each performance, to the refreshment-room with her partner, — there to quench, with perilous experiment, the inward fever, by an ice dissolved in freezing water; while the big drops of moisture stood on her forehead, or trickled down her face, increasing the general disorder of her appearance! On that night she wore a single blue flower in her polished ebony tresses, which were secured behind by a graceful knot of *velours ponceau*. *La belle An-*

*glaise* was the universal exclamation, on that night, as she attracted the general notice; and who knows but, on that very occasion, an impression may have been carried away to their homes by the foreigners of many lands there assembled, of the character of Englishwomen, which the subject of that impression would be the first to regret!

In this manner was I musing during one of those dead pauses which take place after a general dance, —directing my steps, at the same time, towards the seat of one of the numerous acquaintances I had recognised in the course of the evening, —when I perceived a little thin man walking on two inferior extremities, so sparing of flesh, that with the square shoulders at the upper end, they represented the sharp point of a pyramid placed upside down. A little head, with little features, little hair, and little sense (denoted by very little humps) appeared sunk, though it strove to be erect, between the two round knobs of the square shoulders. The spindle legs wore a flashy flesh-coloured hose, and the corresponding parts above them were *inexpressibly* clad in black satin, so amply, that the large folds hung like those of a topsail on the main-yard, before it is hoisted. An embroidered white waistcoat of silk encircled the *torso*, over which was thrown a species of courtdress that had seen glorious days. Under the left arm the sharp-pointed beaks of a cocked-hat projected before and behind, from each of which was suspended a dan-

gling gold tassel. This appendage of a *grande soirée* with some people, was borne by the wearer in such a manner, as not to conceal a dazzling star that covered the left breast of the coat, nor any of the numerous crosses which were appended to red, blue, and yellow ribbons. As he approached towards me, stalking with an affected importance which would have made him pass for the master of the house, had we not been in a public place, I discovered, in this theatrical figure, a once celebrated director of medico-botanical renown, whose name, by-the-bye, written in very large letters at the corner of a street, had been the very first object that had attracted my attention on entering Baden. I never had the honour of much personal acquaintance with Sir John —, and the little I had, was transitory, and at the distance of many years. There was no occasion, therefore, for any recognition, and I made up my mind accordingly, and at once :—the more so, as all eyes were upon him, and I had found myself, by the partial dispersion of the dancers into the refreshment and roulette rooms, nearly insulated. Sir J— “ Ah ! how do, Doctor?—Glad to see you in Baden. Been long here, eh ! When did you leave Lon'on. Going to stay, eh ! ” (The Doctor was mum.) Sir J—. “ Well, what's the matter? You arn't ill, are you? don't you recollect me? — why ! not recollect me ! Impossible ! long time since we met : how are you ? ” (The Doctor shakes his



head.) Sir J— (trying his French), “ Mon Diou ! il faut que je suis bien trōmpe dans votre p̄rsonne. Je pensais que vous êtes un de mes particuliers amis, le Doctor G——, un des celébres medecines de Londōn, que je connais beaucoup.” (Another shake of the head from the Doctor.) Sir J— “ C’est curioux comme je suis trōmpe, si vous n’êtes pas vous—je demande p̄ardon !” (The Doctor now shrugged his shoulders, as if he were dumb, as well as deaf to such French phrases.) Sir J— “ Eh ! vous ne parlez pas vous français ? Vous ne comprenez pas ?— vous êtes *Deutsch* ? So, so,—*Sie sind von Deutschland. Verzeihen sie mein herr ? Es ist schade....* mais je ne parle pas l’allemande. Gutten Morghen,” (it was deep midnight,) and away strutted Sir John. However, he spied my name in the *Blatte* the following day, Sunday, and I found his card ” Sir J— F—, M.D. ; K.S.S., at the *Golden Sun*,” on my return from attending divine service performed by an English clergyman—an accommodation very general now, not only at Baden, but at many other of the most frequented Spas in Germany.

The individual just described, whom I verily believe to be the most inoffensive creature in the world, has been labouring all his life under a delusion, a sort of monomania, which impels him to seek decorations and knightly orders from all the Sovereigns in Europe. At Baden he has been trying to practise among his countrymen—towards



ensuring which he published “ A few Observations on the Waters and Baths of Baden.” I was glad to hear one of the principal physicians of the place, Dr. Kramer, speak with great kindness of him, and express his wish to serve him; a feeling in which other highly respectable inhabitants seemed to participate, especially Mr. Meyer, the Banker of Rastadt, who visits Baden every Tuesday and Friday, and transacts business at the Badiseher Hof, for the accommodation of strangers, — towards whom he acts, I may say from experience, with the utmost politeness and urbanity. Mr. Meyer told me, that he had interested himself in getting subscribers to a popular course of Lectures on Botany, which Sir John was to give, in order to afford him pecuniary assistance in the most delicate manner; and I rejoiced to learn, afterwards, that these lectures, which I had seen advertised thus: “ An English *botanist* has been requested to deliver,” etc., etc., had proved as productive as the lecturer’s friends could have desired.

Shade of the Author of Childe Harold and Don Juan! What wouldst thou have felt at beholding the *divina Contessa*, with her round white arm, scarcely protected by a half drawn-up kid glove, linked within that of such an anti-poetical, anti-meridional, anti-inspiring individual, parading from room to room on that night, and exciting the smiles and sneers of those who made way for them, by the oddity of their association! Yet so it was!

Sir John and La Guiccioli, actually arm in arm, were seen and heard conversing sweet music that evening; and when, after paying the two small coins of six kreutzers each, as the price of an exquisite *glace* I had taken, I came out of the refreshment room, the fantastical and almost incredible apparition of two such beings, so combined in one group, stood before me in mocking reality! I had now seen enough of the humours of this place of amusement; and the last was too good to wish to destroy its impression by any other. Away, therefore I went; and passing through the principal room where the Rouge et Noire on the one side, and the Roulette table on the other, had attracted a perfect mob of gentility from the Ball-room, as well as from out of doors, all eager to improve their fortunes, I hastened homewards. Of these bals *parés*, there is generally one every Saturday in the Grand Salon. On Thursdays a bal *demi-paré* takes place in an adjoining well-proportioned room; and *soirées dansantes*, quite select, are not unfrequently held in the same locality. Dancing, indeed, seems to be the chief amusement of the evening at Baden, even in private houses; although it is impossible to have two balls in the same night, in consequence of the very small number of gentlemen who are admitted to the honour of private introductions, and of the want of a second good band in the place.

To such as are fond of theatrical amusement,

Baden, during the bathing season, offers some, though a slight, temptation to indulge in it. I can only speak from report as to the merits of the performance, which is sometimes operative, at other times dramatic, and much oftener, I apprehend, burlesque. The company is indifferent; but *stars* occasionally twinkle on the boards. Wilhelm Kunst is one of these, and he took his benefit and his leave of the gay folks of Baden in the *Grosses Trauerspiel*, in five acts, *nach*, Shakspeare: "Hamlet PRINZ VON DÆNEMARK," of which Schröder had supplied the translation. I presume that the *great actor*, as he styled himself, Herr Kunst, had been well pleased with his reception; for on the following day there appeared from him a most pathetic and touching address.

While others were thus whiling their evening away, I sought an interview with the principal physician of the place, whose name I have already introduced to the notice of my readers. Dr. Kramer, who is a *conseiller privé* of the Grand Duke of Baden, has, with the fruit of his practice during the summer months in Baden, erected for his own dwelling an exceedingly pretty villa, where I presented myself with the best passport on such occasions abroad—the character of a *confrère*—which in Germany, is always a direct introduction. Dr. Kramer is the only physician who has written very recently on the nature and virtues of the hot springs of Baden. I had perused his work, and

found in it evidence of sound judgment, amidst many peculiarities which are, however, no detriment to the volume. I soon ascertained that the Doctor, like many of his brethren who have been long in the profession, was less of an enthusiast respecting his “*chère source*,” at the end of twenty years’ experience, than he had been at the commencement of his career; when *la Source chaude de Baden*, in his opinion, would cure every complaint. It was now no longer his “main-spring;” for he acknowledged that in many instances he had been disappointed; and he smiled, as he detailed a few cases, in which foreign physicians, led away by hearsay evidence of the virtues of the Baden waters, had recommended their patients to seek health from them, when, in good truth, they would have done better at home. I mentioned to him two or three examples of disease, which I entirely removed by the application of the *Ursprung* in the simple form of a bath, three times a-week, and which had previously resisted every other remedial agent. They were peculiar cases of vascular obstruction in the other sex,—one of which had gone so far, as to endanger the life of the patient, besides occasioning the disappointment of the dearest hopes. Dr. Kramer admitted, that in all such cases, when properly investigated and understood, the application of the bath, at different temperatures and under suitable regulations, would always be

followed by beneficial results; for his experience in that respect coincided with my own. “But,” continued my worthy *confrère*, “much of the success depends on knowing the cause which has produced the obstruction; for if that cause be any other than what you have just alluded to, our waters will do harm. I may say the same thing with regard to several other complaints to which both sexes are liable, — particularly those of a chronic form, and which are rebellious to the ordinary means of treatment; such as *indigestion*, and many of its multiform varieties—some of the complaints of the organs of respiration, including even certain modifications of what is called consumption—affections of the glands—irritability of the intestines—tenderness and enlargement of the liver—and many forms of gout and rheumatism. In all these, let there be but the slightest vestige of fulness, or tension in the system, and instead of curing them, the use of the *Ursprung* will do mischief. Yet there are some cases, even among these, where external applications, will be of service at Baden, provided they consist of the *Badeschlamm* or vegeto-animal deposit, found at the bottom of the springs, made into a cataplasm.”

I saw, at once, that my friend was tainted with the mania of mud-baths, which at present prevails so intensely at all the Spas in Germany, and of which I shall have to say much hereafter. With



respect to the internal use of the Baden waters as an aperient, I concluded that Dr. Kramer, notwithstanding all he said in praise of it in his little work, places but small faith in its virtue, as a natural agent; since he advocates the mixing of some Carlsbad salts with the water of the *Ursprung* to be taken internally. This operation I saw performed one morning at the spring; and with my intimate knowledge of the difficulties attendant on the imitation of the real Carlsbad Sprudel, by Struve's admirable, though complicated process,—I must say that great must be the credulity of those who imagine, that to mix, in a vessel filled with the mineral water and placed inside of the *Ursprung*, sixty-three grains to the pint, of a salt, consisting of carbonate and muriate of soda and Glauber salt, is an effectual process for making the Sprudel water at Baden, *qui ne la cède guère à celle de Bohème*, as Dr. Kramer asserted. I am more inclined to rely on much of what this simple-minded and simple-mannered physician stated, of the effect of vapour-douche, directed by proper tubes to different diseased parts of the body; the more so as I had an opportunity of trying the effect of one mode of this class of applications in the case of Mr. V——, an old patient of mine, whom I found at Baden, taking the bath for rheumatism in his shoulders, and to whom I recommended, with immediate relief, the vapour-douche directed to the affected part alone, without any general bath.



I was in the act of taking my leave of my worthy confrère, when, with a radiant face, he announced to me a recent discovery that had been made in Baden, of a cold sulphurous spring, in a situation which he pointed out. "If," says he, "the examination of the water by the professor of chemistry whom the Grand Duke has ordered from Carlsruhe and Baden for that purpose, confirms the observations and report made by us, to whom the town authorities confided the task of drawing up a *procès-verbal* on the spot,—then Baden will become an epitome of almost all the mineral springs of Germany : for we have now the hot saline, and the cold chalybeate—and we shall then have the cold sulphur water; all from natural sources; by means of which, and by proper *mélanges* of them, we shall possess, within the limits of this thrice happy little city, Carlsbad, Töplitz, Wiesbaden, Ems, Aix-la-Chapelle, Gastein, and Kissingen." I shall not fail, said I in reply, to go and examine this newly-discovered spring, and report to you my humble opinion; and I then took my leave.

Not to return to this subject again, I may state, at once, that I proceeded the following morning to the spot indicated by Dr. Kramer, where I found a crowd of idlers and curious people, attracted by the public announcement of the discovery in the papers, tasting and smelling the limpid water. It seemed to rise through a lateral bank of sand, which divided a narrow stream, slow and shallow, from

the main branch of the *Öhlbach*, over which a new stone bridge was then erecting. It was while digging for the foundation of one of the piers of this bridge, that this supposed natural spring made its appearance, and attracted the notice of the workmen. They made the fact known to the Burgo-master, who, with physicians and chemists, and other experienced persons, repaired to the spot, and took notes of the fact. An accurate examination of the place at once convinced me, that this supposed sulphuretted spring was nothing more than the water from the shallow stream before mentioned, which filtered from its bed through the lateral slope of its sandy bank, charged with the sulphuretted hydrogen of the animal and vegetable filth and drainage from the town, of which that stream or branch of the *Öhlbach* is made the ordinary carrier, I stated as much to Dr. Giggart and wrote a note to the same effect to Dr. Kramer; but lest the error into which the public of Germany had been led should not be soon enough rectified, I addressed an official communication two days after my arrival at Stuttgart, to Dr. Von Ludwig, principal and body physician to the King of Würtemberg,—who had, like every one else, read of the alleged discovery at Baden,—requesting him to make a memorandum of my explanation of the phenomenon; as I felt sure that, when the professor of chemistry arrived from Carlsruhe to inquire into it, he would come to the same con-

clusion. For three months after this little episode, I had no communication with Baden or Stuttgart; but in November last, a letter, dated the 10th, reached me from Dr. Von Ludwig, in which, among other things he states, “ Vous aurez, sans doute, appris, mon bien honoré et très-cher confrère, par les feuilles publiques, que votre opinion sur l’origine et la qualité de l’eau soi-disant *sulphureuse* de Baden a été tout à fait constatée par le nouvel examen institué après votre départ.” This is gratifying — *C’est une petite gloriole* for a chemist.

“ I admit, it is all true, as you state it,” observed the Baronne de W——, with whom I had had the pleasure of conversing for half an hour the following day, on presenting a letter I had brought from Paris to her husband;—“ it is all true; but we ladies have more tact in discovering a good physician—one at least that best suits us—than the world will give us credit for; and although Dr. Giggart may be only a licentiate in pharmacy, as you have been informed, and though he may only have the experience of five or six years’ practice, we, who have had opportunities of knowing what he is worth, are all enchanted with him. *Puis, regardez*—all the world runs after him at Baden—he has not an hour to spare for his friends—all his time is taken up in seeing the numerous patients who consult him. Go to him at five in the morning, and you will find his ante-

room full—watch him as he rides or walks through the streets, and you will see him stopped at every step, by those who eagerly seek for his advice. I know he has not a minute to spare; still I shall have great pleasure in giving you a line of introduction; (and the Baronne sat down to indite four pretty phrases, on a fragrant sheet of *papier satiné couleur de rose*.) Here it is—you must know him, and he will tell you more about the waters, and so forth, in one minute, than the other four or five physicians of Baden, with Dr. K——at their head, can impart to you in a day.”

I received with becoming thankfulness the tendered note, and complimented the fair writer on the very pleasing demonstration of her physician's skill, which her whole figure, and animated countenance, enlivened by two piercing dark eyes, manifested. La Baronne, who is a Bavarian, is a most striking person, formed after the type of Juno, and with that air and manners which distinguish aristocratic blood all over the world. She did not appear to me to stand in need either of Baden or Dr. Giggart, and I ventured to say so. “Vous vous trompez (was the reply); il ne faut jamais se fier aux apparences. Telle que vous me voyez, je souffre terriblement au cœur, and am going through a course of the waters under Dr. Giggart's direction. Il m'a fait un bien infini. Mon mari a dû partir; mais comme mon médecin n'a pas voulu interrompre la cure, je suis restée.

Il a fait de grandes études, a beaucoup voyagé, et il est fait pour inspirer la confiance. Ses malades le suivraient au bout du monde!"—" Il doit être déjà d'un certain âge, sans doute?" I observed in reply to the Baro<sup>n</sup>ess. " Pas du tout. Il est tout jeune encore, puisqu'il n'a que vingt-huit ans; mais à quoi cela? Pour être bon médecin ce n'est pas l'âge, ni la longue pratique, qu'il faut—c'est le *génie*. On est médecin *né*, comme on est *né* poète. Mon docteur a l'œil perçant. Du premier coup d'œil il voit ce que vous avez, et vous indique le traitement qu'il vous faut."

The Baronne continued in this strain for some time,—allowing me just leisure enough to put a question or two respecting the effects which the waters, or the baths, had had on her complaint. She admitted that she had improved considerably under the judicious administration of the hot spring. She offered to send her *valet de pied* with me, to the doctor, that I might say I came from her, and thus get an easier access to him. But I excused myself, as my occupations would not permit me such an indulgence at that moment. " Vous avez tort (she observed), on ne l'a pas quand on veut : il est passé chez moi aujourd'hui me voir : c'est déjà une grande faveur. ON SE L'ARRACHE!" —Her ladyship concluded, however, by telling me, that her *pet* doctor dined always at one o'clock, at the *Saumon*!—a climax, which was rendered still more sublime, by my *domestique de place*



informing me, as I came out of the house, “ Le docteur loge ici près, chez le *Boucher*.”

I scrambled along a narrow wooden passage, at five o'clock next morning, between the open door of a room in which the master of the house was following his trade in flesh, and a huge wolf-dog that laid stretched opposite to it, “ gnawing and growling,” until I reached a small door on the first floor, at which my conductress, the butcher's wife, gave a gentle tap. A little page admitted me, and in two minutes I found myself in the presence of this youthful Eesculapius. I had had the precaution to send to him on the preceding evening; to ascertain whether it would be convenient for him to receive me; for as I had found, on my return home, that he had done me the honour, to call on me, my visit became then one of duty, as well as of civility.

Dr. Giggart was in his robe de chambre à *grandes fleurs*, drawn slightly round the waist by a thick cord with tassels, after the fashion of a capuchin friar, and was in the act of taking snuff out of a cubic tabatière of which he made incessant use when not employed in rubbing his hands, like one who is in the act of washing them. This action he accompanied with a knowing toss of the head, and a most significant hem, twice or three times repeated. “ Adieu, monsieur le marquis,” said he to a tall good-looking person who was in the act of quitting the room; “ prenez toujours deux



bains—et ne buvez que six verres de notre eau artificielle de Carlsbad, le matin. Votre mal de gorge disparaîtra.” He then welcomed me as his *très-cher confrère—enchanté*, etc., and we took our seats before his *secrétaire*, upon which lay, scattered, in indescribable confusion, — letters — pamphlets — books — journals — pipes — tobacco-bags, and the several piles of Thalers and *pièces de cinq francs*, which had been deposited there, I imagine, by the patients who had already consulted him at that early hour of the day.

Our conversation was long and at times animated. We discoursed on the nature and virtues of the waters at Baden, respecting which he informed me, that he entertained somewhat different views from those of his colleagues, even concerning their chemical composition; as he had analysed them himself; and in the *source du diable* he had found that azotic gas escaped—which had not been noticed before. I gradually discovered that he had, at one time, worshipped the idol Hahnemann, — whom he now repudiated for a mere diet and the *Ursprung*. On general medicine his observations were those of a well-informed and travelled physician; but he seemed to have culled little philosophy from all he had seen and all he had read, when, with a sweeping and unqualified sentence, comparing the German, the English, and the French physicians together, he asserted that “*les Anglais sont en arrière des Allemands, et les Français*

encore plus en arrière des Anglais." Against the *Système Cathartique* (as he called it) of the English practitioners, and the anti-irritation nonsense of Broussais, the young doctor inveighed in no measured terms; and he concluded by an allusion to several hundred cases of *Estomacs délabrés*, and ruined constitutions, which had come under his consideration, the result of French and English malpractices.

While thus engaged in a lively and instructive dialogue, a patient was introduced, to all appearance, *un homme du pays*. Dr. Giggart, after a slight "guten tag," beckoned him to wait in the room, — the only one at his disposal besides the bed-chamber, — the door of which, being wide open opposite us, exhibited its slender furniture, and all other utensils, including a huge plate-glass electrical machine.

In bowing to the new visiter, my worthy confrère made a slight movement of his knees, which showed that the most essential part of his garment had been left in the sleeping room. But the weather was intolerably hot, and no doubt the doctor fancied he could not be too lightly clad. My discovery, however, seemed to disconcert him a little; and as the patient, who had listened for a few minutes to our dialogue, appeared to grow impatient, I deemed it prudent to take my leave, not without expressing how thankful I felt for the information he had afforded me. I met Dr. Giggart

out in the course of the day, so smart. so brushed up, and so dashing, that I scarcely recognised him again. He looked in fact as if he might be a *pet* physician.

When the late Dr. Abbey, who had by his skill and attention secured all the practice among his countrymen visiting Baden, was taken ill of the complaint of which he died a twelvemonth ago, he sent Dr. Giggart to about a dozen English families, to attend them in his stead. The death of his patron left the field open to him, and from that time Dr. Giggart's career has been rapid and successful. I knew Abbey well. He was an excellent man, and it pained me to see his amiable widow, whom I had likewise known before her marriage, left unprotected, with three very young girls, one of whom is a most lovely creature, at an age and at a time when they had every reason to expect a continuation of fortune's smiles. I wish I could have added, from good information, that the successor to her husband's lucrative practice had proved himself as grateful as he had been successful.

Lately, a very able and skilful English physician, Dr. Hutton, has settled in Baden for the season; and having made himself properly acquainted with the nature of the remedial agents he has to deal with there, he will have it in his power to afford to his countrymen a combination of the national with the foreign advantages of medical practice.

It was now high time to come to a reckoning with mine host at Baden, and leave that “ Queen of the Spas.” The former operation was sooner settled than the latter. A few florins (at the rate of one shilling and eight pence for each dinner,—a shilling for each breakfast, consisting of coffee, butter, eggs, and ham, and twenty-pence a-day for a bed-room)—got us clear of mine Herr Stambach, of the Golden Sun, a good-natured, civil man, doubly lucky in having all his customers pleased with him, and a most active *factotum* into the bargain, who does everything to please his master’s customers.

My readers will be able to form an idea of the very reasonable terms on which a gay life may be led at Baden, from the few particulars I have just given, and which may prove useful. But in order that my information on this head may be more complete, I will detail the several prices at which necessities and comforts are to be had during and after the season at Baden. I preface my statement by reminding my readers that three kreutzers are equal to an English penny, and that sixty kreutzers make a florin. A bachelor, then, may procure an excellent bed-room in one of the principal hotels, for a florin-and-a-half, or two at most. With a sitting-room the charge is from three to four florins; but there are inferior apartments which may be had for forty-eight kreutzers, or sixteen pence a-day. A *déjeuner anglais* is thirteen pence;

a *déjeuner simple*, with coffee and bread and butter only, twenty-four kreutzers, or eight-pence. The early dinner at the table d'hôte is one florin, and four-pence more for half-a-bottle of Turbaehen, *vin du pays*. At four o'clock the table d'hôte dinner is three francs (2s. 6d.), with wine, and without it one florin and twelve kreutzers, or two shillings. Tea or coffee in the evening with *brioche*s, half-a-florin, or ten-pence. At the Great Chabert Rooms, everything is one-fourth dearer. A single night's lodging may always be had for forty-eight kreutzers, or sixteen pence, during the season, at an inn, and for one shilling and eight-pence in a private lodging-house.

I stated in another place that many families sojourn here through the winter. The expenses of apartments and living at that time, are one-half less than during the season. A family, consisting of six individuals, may get themselves superbly lodged for four months at the best hotel, the Golden Ritter, for instance, at the rate of 300 florins, with six beds (20l.); and they may have a dinner regularly served up, consisting of several dishes, for the sum of from four to five florins a-day (7s. 6d.). Or a family may procure apartments in a private house for 250 florins during the four winter months, and be supplied with a dinner of six *couverts* from au hotel, for a daily sum of three florins (5s. 4d.). The only other expense to be added of any importance, therefore, is fuel, which



must be provided extra, whether at an hotel or in private lodgings. Hard wood, which is principally used, sells from twelve to thirteen florins (1*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*) the pile, measuring six feet by three-and-a-half. The soft wood is much cheaper. The price for washing is regulated by a tariff. The most important article of the body linen is washed for four krentzers, or a penny farthing, and the other articles in proportion. Carriage expenses are also reasonable. A light caleche, with two horses, may be engaged by the day for four or five florins, and a saddle horse for two florins and forty-two krentzers. There are daily public conveyances to Strasburg and Carlsruhe; and the letters are despatched from Baden by the post twice a-day. Although out of the high road, Baden is linked by great facilities of communication, with all parts of Europe. There are four usual roads of access to it,—from France by Strasburg— from the Lower Rhine by Leopoldhafen— from Frankfort and the North of Germany by Carlsruhe— from the South of Germany, by Stuttgart, and the Black Forest. English travellers who ascend the Rhine from Rotterdam, will find a small steamer at Biberich, which will convey them to Leopoldhafen, where a light coach takes the passengers to Carlsruhe, from whence there is a daily diligence to Baden-Baden.

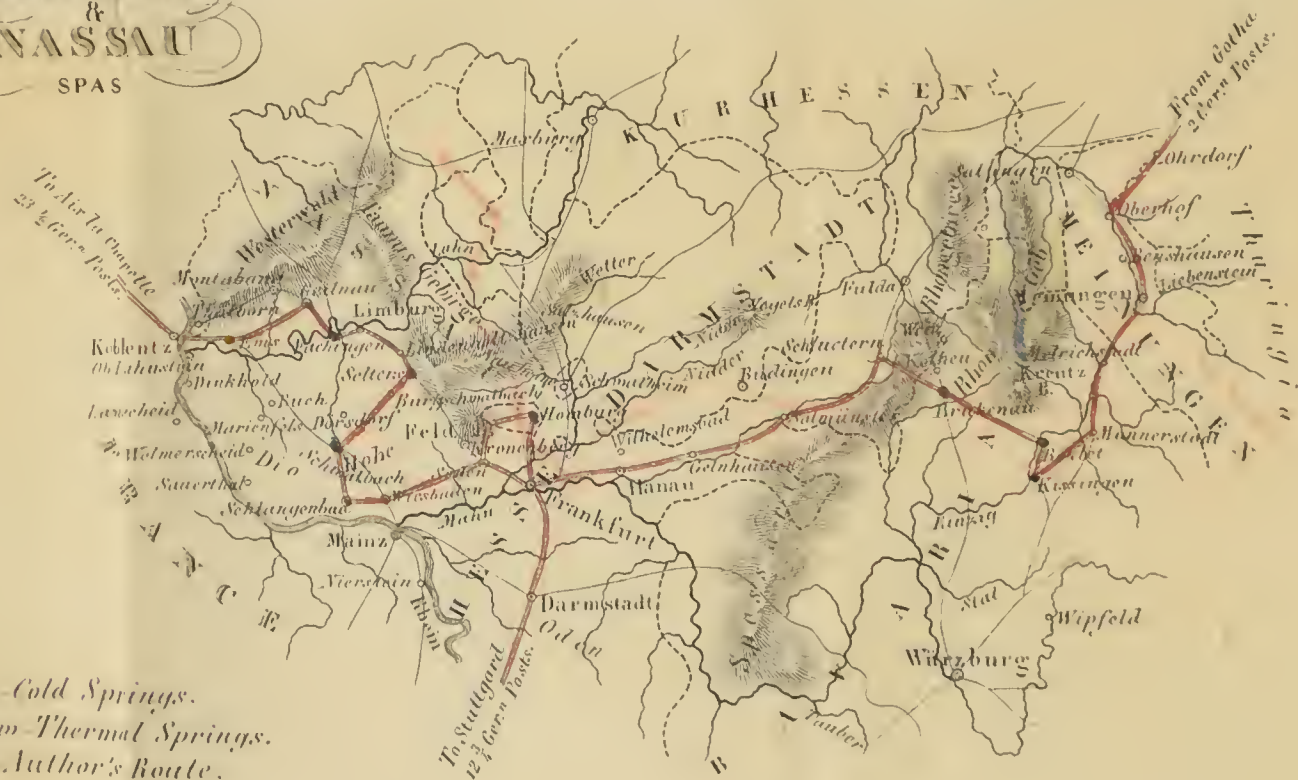






# Bavarian & NASSAU

SPAS





## CHAPTER IV.

### ROAD TO THE WÜRTEMBERG SPAS.

#### Stuttgardt.



Departure from Baden — Its environs — Ignorance of localities — *Cheval de renfort* — SCHWER SEHR SCHWER — German livre des Postes — Plateau above Baden — Magnificent panorama — THE BLACK FOREST — Valley of la Murg — Schönmünzach — RIPPOLDSAU mineral water — FREUDENSTADT — Vale of the Neckar — STUTTGARDT — Improvements — Supply of water — Cheap living — Ludwigsburg — Royal Military College — Sad recollections! — MY SON.



Schreiber, or Mons. Wolfrom, his translator, must be my reader's guide, if they wish to know anything of the environs of the delightful place I have just described. It would fill a volume, were I to attempt to give a graphic account of the romantic features of the Alte-Schloss, the subter-

rancous horrors of which have been sung, in prose as well as verse, by a hundred pens, that of the fair libeller of the Americans included — or of the delightful retreat of Lichtenthal, whither the gay throng daily, some for the purpose of using the chalybeate spring, others to withdraw awhile from the din and bustle of Baden — or in fine of the enchanting valleys of *Oberbeuern* and *Saltzgraben*, and the more terrific beauties of the *Ibourg*, *les Rochers*, *Eberstein*, and the *Teufelskanzel*. All these constitute as many points of rendez-vous for the Baden visitors, and contribute, no doubt, to hasten the recovery of such as are truly seeking health in the waters of that place. My object being that of reaching, with as little delay as possible, the next of the important Spas of Germany which I had previously determined to examine — I mean *Wildbad* — I consulted several persons, who ought to have known the readiest as well as the best line of access to that secluded spot (among others the post-master), as to the course I ought to follow. My informants, however, as is generally the case on such occasions, were absolutely ignorant of the matter, or gave me directions of a most contradictory character; so that I was left to pick out my way at haphazard.

*Wildbad* lies amidst the wilds of the *Schwarzwald* or Black Forest, on the eastern side of one of the numerous ranges of lofty hills which form one of the imposing features of that region. From

Baden no direct road leads to it ; but by proceeding first to Stuttgart , a direct line of communication is found to exist, which, being in itself a considerable détour to one who starts from Baden, I wished if possible to avoid. My attempt to reach my destination through a nearer road , only embarked me into another which was surrounded by many difficulties , and which I was , at last , compelled to give up. The country I explored, however, repaid me tenfold for my pains , by the beauty of the scenery it presented at every step; and if any of my readers should happen to be in a similar situation , I recommend him to persevere in the line of road I first took , through the valley of la Murg , — provided he sets off in time from the starting point , so as to accomplish the entire journey in one day.

The only genuine information I got from the post-master (who by-the-by is one of the handsomest young Saint Simonians I ever beheld ) was, that an extra horse from his stud became necessary, to ascend the hills, which begin immediately after leaving Baden at its north-western extremity. It is wonderful how tenacious of their purpose these German post-masters are , when the least apparent difficulty of the road supplies them with an excuse for tacking an additional hack to the usual number of those by which your vehicle is dragged , along good as well as bad roads , at the rate of five miles and a quarter an hour. Nor has



the traveller the least chance of redress against any possible imposition on that head; for there is that eternal “*Schwer sehr schwer*”, which the post and wagen-meisters, as well as the driver and the gaping mob around, are for ever hawling out, to silence you at once. These expressions—and they will apply them to every English carriage, no matter how light its construction—are considered by them a sufficient reason for interpreting in their own favour any ambiguous posting regulation enacted by the various states of Germany.

How much more agreeably are all such matters settled in France! The *livre des postes* there is your Koran;—out of it there is no safety; but in it every comfort lies. There is not a *liard* can be extracted from your purse by a greedy *maître de poste*, which is not marked in that useful indicator; and if the *cheval de renfort* is due—there you have it, either *réci-proquement* and *pour toute l’année* (an expression by-the-by that pretty plainly tells the traveller beforehand the sort of road he has to expect), or for six months, and in one direction only. Why should not Germany, as a nation, have its *livre des postes* arranged like the Custom-house tariff of its new “*Confédération des douanes*”—applicable alike to all the states; with the distances well defined by one denomination of measure; the price for the horses and drivers settled uniformly throughout; and the posting regulations made not only as simple as possible, but to be

equally enforced in every part of the country?

In the present instance I rejoiced at that particular regulation which compelled me to increase the moving power of our vehicle ; as I soon discovered that it would have been no easy task, without it, to ascend from the hollow of a valley, to a plateau at the summit of hills a thousand feet higher. Our course through a thick forest, with here and there a peep into the “ Devil’s bowl”, wound by the great *Mercurius Berg*, bearing still the *Ara* and image of that versatile deity just as the Romans left them ; and passed under the threatening ruins of Eberstein Castle. Here the many hundred peaks that rise in all directions seemed, by our movements, to arrange and present themselves like an immense mountain-screen which obliquely crosses the road, and in which are distinctly visible Gernsbach on the right, with Ottenau in front, and away to the left Gaggenau, and Rothenfels.

But a more charming view is obtained of the country from a still higher spot, called the *Neuhaus*, which we reached after many windings. Here opens the beautiful valley in which the Margravine Sibylla-Augusta, widow of Lewis William, conqueror of the Turks, erected *la Favorite* ; and the eye, after resting for awhile on the vast and rich theatre that lies before it, is carried on towards Radstadt, the entrance of the Murgthal, or valley of la Murg, and as far as the Region of the Rhine.

The hill on which we travel pushes forward into this Hesperian hollow, like a great promontory, and divides the *Favorite* from the valley in which Gernsbach is beautifully placed, surrounded by lesser hills, on the declivity of one of which our drivers slid with characteristic caution, to reach that village.

On our way thither — while making room for a post-wagen, coming in an opposite direction — we chanced to find the post-master of Gernsbach in it, who stopped us to inquire whither we intended to proceed when once at that place? From his observations on the respective conditions of the road, right across the mountains, which I intended to follow, and of that which he himself proposed in a more northerly direction, so as to double the northern extremity of the Black Forest at Neuenbürg and descend thence to Wildbad, over the summit of the hills — I gathered that I had to choose between travelling difficulties on the one hand, and only lengthened distance on the other. I made choice of the latter alternative; but instead of going northward, I preferred following the left bank of the Murg in a southerly direction as far as Freudenstadt, from whence I could either proceed to Wildbad direct, or reach Stuttgart after passing through one of the most enchanting regions of Germany.

Nothing can equal the succession of beautiful changes and ever-varying features which, at each

turn in the road, present themselves to the traveller who ascends the river Murg. Insignificant, like all mountain streams, at its double source, near the highest summits of the Black Forest, that river, gaining strength from every torrent that rushes down the rugged sides of the red sand-stone hills, becomes soon rapid and boisterous — winding its course along an extended valley, and sweeping by many a picturesque little town and village. Amongst these, *Langenbrand*, raised on a lofty granite rock, stands forward as a remarkable object.

As we directed our slow course towards that village, the character of the Black Forest became more and more striking. The traveller who is desirous to encompass all the varied beauties of this region, should not only catch those which lie before him, but look back, now and anon, on those he has just left, to see how the different parts of the landscape re-arrange themselves into exquisite pictures, as he changes his relative position in his onward progress. Fortunately he can do this at leisure, and right well; since the narrow, steep, and ever-ascending road from *Langenbrand* allows him full time for observation. On every hill the industrious hand of man has planted some hundreds of chequered and variously shaped fields, productive of alimentary plants of every sort, which the women are said to be especially appointed to take care of, while the men earn their livelihood

as wood-cutters and raft-conductors. The inhabitants of this midway region of the Black Forest are ugly, and many of them afflicted with the goître. One would imagine the system of “ allotment ” to have always been in full force in this place. Every montagnard has his little rood of land, and the many geometrically figured divisions of land property which appear on some of the faces of these hills — as high, and as far as eye can scan, and down to the very water’s edge — now that the season offers a differently coloured produce upon them, in every variety of yellow, green, blue, lilac, and almost red tints, — resemble the many patches which the good dames of old were wont to put together, for a warmer covering to their bed.

How different the opposite range of hills! Here huge Balder Stones mark the seat of that great commotion which made way for the passage of la Murg, whose tortuous windings in this part — more capricious than the coils of a great snake — increase the murmur of its course, and render it just loud enough to be caught by us, who are perched midway between its bed and the mountain-top. No spot in the world besides, reminds one of Switzerland like this : and between Gausbach and Forbach, the resemblance to that alpine country is still more striking. To reach the latter village on the left or opposite bank, after a rapid descent, we crossed a covered bridge curiously wrought in timber, the floor of which is laid with



loose planks, which dance under the horses' feet. Each side is guarded to the roof by heavy beams, disposed in methodical and symmetrical order, up to a point in the centre; strongly reminding one of the arrangement of poles and chains of an iron suspension bridge. This wooden bridge of Forbach has a single arch, and is a very creditable model of ingenious native mechanism. The river is here 160 feet wide. After again ascending a distance of about two English miles, the view of Forbach, as I turned to cast a last glance at it, before a great sweep of the road snatched it from our sight, had become far more interesting than at our first approach to it. This alpine village, marked by the spire of its Catholic church, seemed to advance before the screen of the opposite mountain which formed its back-ground.

The Murg here becomes more precipitous, and the turbulent roaring of its many tiny cataracts add much to the romance of the place. We here got out and walked; for the difficult ascent on the crest of some of the hills that jutted out from the rest, appeared almost to threaten danger to the carriage. At seven miles distant from Forbach, a short deviation from the high road to the right leads to a narrow valley, darkened by the gigantic rocks which rise on each side of it. Amidst some of these, an immense reservoir of water from the river Raumünzach has been constructed, the sluice of which is opened, whenever an additional quan-



tity of water is required in the Murg, to float the many rafts made of the timber which, rolling down the sides of the Black Forest, where it is yearly cut, and being collected artfully and opportunely on various parts of the Murg, is afterwards made to float down that stream as far as the Rhine, there to join those greater rafts which travel to Holland, and which I fully described in my work intitled "St. Petersburg".

The Raunmünzach itself crosses the high road beneath a bridge, and falls precipitously into the Murg. Beyond this spot the road is engulfed between approaching and almost perpendicular granite mountains, thickly clad to their very tops with dark firs and larches. Among the lofty trees innumerable fragments of granite and traprocks, some of them almost of colossal dimensions, appear strewn in every direction. The fall of the river in this part is more and more visible to the eye; and its roaring becomes louder as it frets amidst, and lashes against, the mighty rocks that lie prostrate in its bed, — obstructing, like rude intruders, the free passage of its stream.

At a post-station, called Schönmünzach, we reached the frontier of Würtemberg, from which Wildbad is distant two German posts. But the road thither is so indifferent, and the ascent so steep, that on the representation of the post-master, a very clear-headed, quick, active young man, I again, and finally, abandoned the

idea of going to that bathing-place without first passing through Stuttgart.

The king of Würtemberg, who frequently visits this part of his territory, aware of the importance of establishing an easy access to Wildbad from this place — for the convenience principally of such as come from Baden — has directed that the present post-road shall, in the course of next year, be put in the same excellent condition as the rest. His majesty loves quick travelling, and whenever he passes through this valley on his way from Baden, he expects to be driven in three quarters of an hour from Schönmünzach to *Freudenstadt*, — a space which we humble travellers did not pass over in less than two hours. It is well that travellers should know, that the post-master at Schönmünzach exercises a certain authority as police magistrate, and has orders to send back to whence he comes, any person who, having expressed his intention of passing through the Würtemberg territory for the purpose of proceeding into Bavaria, cannot produce a passport, or the *visa* from the Bavarian minister resident at the court of the nation to which the traveller belongs. We were luckily *en règle* in that respect; but an instance of rejection had taken place that morning, when the parties were compelled to retrace their steps to Baden.

Quitting, under the friendly guidance of the young post-master himself, the placid retreat of

Schönmünzach, we followed the road which ascends gradually to the elevation of *Schwarzenberg*, a mountain village, around which every characteristic feature of the Black Forest seems, more than anywhere else, predominant. Not far from it, the ruined castle of Königswart stands on the summit of an almost isolated rock, which frowns over the road; and as we proceeded towards the spot where the two rivulets, *Rothmurg* and *Weissmurg*, join the *Forbach* stream, to form the romantic Murg, at a short distance from *Reichenbach*, we could not help admiring the valley of *Baiersbronn*, surrounded by broken masses of rocks and lofty mountains — the wild cradle in which that river starts into existence.

Freudenstadt, our next station, is only a short league from this remarkable spot. The whole of this region — two thirds of which belong to the Grand Duchy of Baden — and its environs, abound in mineral springs. Those of *Griesbach* and *Rippoldsau* deserve particular mention, — the former as a medicated water charged with a predominant proportion of glauber salt; the latter as a pleasant beverage, resembling in a great degree, as to taste, Seltzer-water. Both these springs, however, are used as baths, by the people in the environs of the Black Forest, and other inhabitants of Würtemberg and the Dntehy, as well as by English families of late. Good accommodations for visitors, including gambling-rooms and

two excellent hotels, have been established within the last few years, which have at times been found insufficient for the numerous visitors who have applied for them. A large quantity of the *Rippoldsau* water is exported in earthen bottles : but little of it goes beyond the German frontier. Though highly sapid, and even piquante, particularly when mixed with the *vin du pays*, there is in the Rippoldsau water, an after-taste of astringency, which is by no means agreeable.

I will not detain the reader, in a work of this kind, with the result of any inquiries into the state of agriculture, the condition of the inhabitants, and the extent, as well as the manner of cultivating lands apparently so ungenial, which I made throughout the country I have been endeavouring to describe. These inquiries I extended to every other part of Germany that I visited, and I have collected in consequence a mass of facts, which I may some day be tempted to lay before the public—humbly conceiving them to be full of interest, novelty, and importance. If I venture to allude to the circumstance at present, it is in order that my readers may know that my information respecting the German Spas, was not the only one I went forth to collect in my recent tour to the Continent.

Night overtook us at Freudenstadt, and after travelling at a slow pace for about twelve hours more, we entered the capital of Würtemberg,

twenty hours after leaving Baden. STUTTGARDT may be reached by another road, which passes through Rastadt and Carlsruhe. It is easier and shorter than the one just described, but is devoid of that peculiar interest which attaches to romantic mountain scenery. To one who does not desire more than the gratification of his eyes, and checks not his course to seek and pick up information, the whole distance from Baden to Stuttgart, through the valley of la Murg, may be accomplished easily in a summer's day. I shall not soon forget the delicious sensations for which I am indebted to that charming excursion.

Few contrasts are greater than that which the sight of civilised, clean, well-built, half-modern, and half-ancient, Stuttgart presents to one who has just emerged from the wild mountain scenery of the Black Forest, at the very foot of which that City lies, in the bosom of a short, narrow, and very fertile vale, bordering on the more lovely valley of the Neckar. The many hills which crown, with their elevated summits of several hundred feet above the level of that river, this tranquil residence of the sovereigns of Würtemberg, may be considered, on the west and south side at least, as the first swells of the great mountain crest, over which is scattered the Black Forest. Instead, however, of the rugged sides and broken rocks; instead of the sublime sylvan character which the region just left presented;—these hills,



covered with vineyards and orchards, arranged in terraces to their very pinnacles, and studded, here and there, with a villa, a lodge, the spire of a hidden church, the gardener's cottage, and some more pretending objects of art—smile sunshine on the city; which latter contains dwellers as different from those we met through the mazes of the boundless Schwarzwald, as the inanimate objects are by which they are surrounded.

Business of importance detained me some days in this capital. Recollections of a pleasing cast made me linger in it, which a most awful calamity has since and for ever embittered. During my stay at Stuttgart I studied every part of it; visited the various institutions; became acquainted with some of the more remarkable persons; and learned to value and esteem the system under which so much that is excellent in a political, social, economical and agricultural sense, seems to have been attained. The countenance—the physiognomy of the inhabitants of Stuttgart, tell us that they are happy. A traveller may confidently rely upon such an evidence, in judging of the condition of the people he examines.

The building mania—that offspring of a long and profound peace—has reached the capital of Würtemberg, as it reached almost every town in Germany. Within the last twenty years Stuttgart has been greatly improved in appearance, by a number of new streets, long, wide, and



straight, that have been constructed, extending considerably the boundaries of the original city, which in its interior presents a very different aspect. Some of these streets, like the Königsstrasse or *rue Royale*, for instance, are lined with showy palaces and public buildings, and they give an air of grandeur to the place, which would otherwise, from its size and limited number of inhabitants, appear inconsiderable.

Stuttgart wants a river different from the Nesenbach, which makes the inner circuit of the town, at the back of houses of an inferior class. It is narrow and shallow, and looks much like a ditch between rows of ill-looking buildings, manufactories, and slaughter-houses. It is without quays, and performs the office of an open sewer. The latter circumstance, and the imperfect manner in which the old streets and houses are drained, have made Stuttgart, among the cities of Germany, proverbial for its unpleasant, though not unwholesome atmosphere. But, towards removing this inconvenience, much has been done by the city authorities, and much more is in contemplation. I may make the same remark respecting the supply of good drinking water, — which until within a very few years was complained of, but is now abundant and unexceptionable. The attainment of this desirable object is due to the admirable subterranean aqueduct built by Colonel Duttenhofer. This officer was

kind enough to afford me the opportunity of examining the creditable series of hydraulic works, at the head of which he is placed; and afterwards took the trouble of drawing and explaining the plan of them to me, in the course of a visit with which he purposely honoured me at my hotel, the *König von Württemberg* \*. By the arrangement I allude to, two sorts of water, the one derived from forty natural sources or springs, and the other from four large and three smaller reservoirs or lakes placed among the neighbouring hills, at an elevation of seven hundred feet above Stuttgart—are conveyed to all the public fountains of the city, at each of which the water from the lakes is marked *See-wasser*. These lakes, or reservoirs, conjointly contain about twenty-four millions of cubic feet of water. The supply of water from the natural sources is not so abundant as that from the lakes. At the court end of the town, however, seven hundred measures of the former (or fifty cubic feet) are received in one minute. The quality of the water is excellent.

Into a detailed description of this capital it is not my object to enter; I considered it merely as a place of rest, on my way to complete the great tour of the German Spas; and in undertaking to describe the latter, I am not bound to make more

\* One of the best in Stuttgart, and which I can conscientiously recommend.

than a few general remarks on all such resting-places, as a temptation or a guide to those who may hereafter choose to follow the track I have followed.

Stuttgardt will well repay the visiter who may choose to loiter there for a few days. The living at the very first hotels is exceedingly moderate. The best apartments may be occupied for two or three florins a-day (three-and-fourpence to five shillings a-day.) A good dinner is obtained for sixteen pence at a table d'hôte, and a bottle of *vin du pays* is to be had for a shilling, or even half that sum.

Impatient at last to be at WILDEAD, I directed my course thither—having previously instructed two of my sons, who were then with me, how to reach Ludwigsburg, for the purpose of delivering some letters of their elder brother which they had brought from England. As my eldest son had gone through his military education at the Royal College of that place, previously to his entering the British army—in which he presently attained the ranks of adjutant and lieutenant of his regiment, when just of age, and as it was to the knowledge acquired at Ludwigsburg that he ascribed his success, he felt anxious to be gratefully remembered to his former superior officers and kind instructors, by the presentation of his younger brothers, who, we hoped, would see the establishment in which he acknowledged having passed many happy days.

This commission they faithfully executed, and the report they brought away from thence of their brother's conduct while at college, of his talents, his acquirements and unflinching love of truth—which report was confirmed afterwards by the opinion of all who had known and esteemed him at Stuttgart, including the minister at war, and the family of the British minister at that court—convinced me that the system pursued in that excellent military institution for the instruction of the young Würtemberg officers, had developed and formed that character, of peculiar worth in every way, which endeared him afterwards to his friends and brother officers at home, and made him an object of pride to his family. It may, under the fatal circumstances to which I am about to refer, be forgiven to a father warmly attached to his child, by whom he was in return beloved, to utter such a sentiment. I dwell with fondness on such flattering recollections, when they are all that remain of this cherished object! On the first of September, a fortnight only from the period to which I allude, the ill-fated young man perished while bathing in the sea at Broadstairs, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, which had been seriously deranged for some months previously, by an anxious and incessant discharge of the regimental duties of his rank. And I received, a *fortnight later*, at Berlin, by the same post, and at the same instant, a letter from himself, cheerily

written on the improvement of his health, with another from a friend announcing his death!

What human voice can tune the accent of consolation to a father so bereaved! What human arm can lift up the dejected and stunned by a blow so violent! Father of all! To thee alone, who gavest and now takest away the child we mourn, his desolate parents turn for comfort, and pray for resignation. Oh! how rejoiced are they that they were born to "BELIEVE!" Therein lies the true balm, when the heart is broken. To trust and confide in a future meeting with the beings we have loved and lost—where the union is never again to be severed—is an anticipated and sweet reward, which awaits all conscientious religionists. Who would be an atheist, or a materialist, in such calamitous moments? \*

\* "When the sad event was mentioned to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, that distinguished officer, who had means of knowing the worth of young Granville, said to an intimate friend of his father's, "We have lost one of the best adjutants and one of the best educated officers in the army." — (*United Service Journal*, February, 1857, Biography of Lieutenant and Adjutant Granville.)

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## CHAPTER V.

### Wildbad.



Road to Wildbad—Calw—WILDBAD—The town and environs—The Badhof and warm Springs—Description of the baths—Dellelou steelings—Distribution of the baths—Their natural effects—Chemical composition—Heat the agent of cure?—Superiority of Wildbad over other warm springs—Something *à l'anglaise*—Bathing alone and bathing in common—Prices—Internal use of the water—Disorders cured by the baths—The Darmstadt officer—The lady and the child—Dr. FRICKER—Dr. KAISER—The Bear—Hôpital des Pauvres—Dinner and supper—Dr. PLIENINGER—Excessive cheapness of living—Diet and Regimen—Government regulations—Improvements effected, and improvements desirable—THE KING OF WÜRTENBERG—His anxiety respecting Wildbad—Dr. VON LUDWIG—His opinion of Wildbad—My own—Schlangenbad and Wildbad compared THE CLIMATE.



Little dreaming of the dreadful stroke which was impending over me, I took the road to Wildbad in the *Eilwagen*, a very convenient and well-



appointed vehicle, which leaves the "Königlich Württembergische Expedition" office at seven A. M. and conveys an inside passenger, for three florins and six krentzers, through Bobliigen and Calw to Wildbad in ten hours; after a stoppage of an hour and a-half at the "Junge Fran" at Calw for dinner. The price of this repast was sixteen-pence. It consisted of several made dishes, among which I noticed, and fastened upon, an *intingolo* with a spring chicken cut up in it, accompanied by a ball of green vegetable pudding mixed with crumbs of bread, and served hot on a separate dish and quite excellent. A small white decanter of *Neckarthal* (not *Nectarall*) of the year 1834, was placed before each guest, at the moderate charge of fourpence more. It is a red wine of the country, of a very light colour, perfectly transparent, and looking very much like white wine into which a little port had been dropped. After dinner the host, of whom we had ordered a glass of the *Kirschwasser* made in the Black Forest, insisted on treating me with the taste of another liqueur, peculiar to this mountain region, distilled from the black berry of a small shrub resembling boxwood, identical, I believe, with the whortle-berry variety called *Vaccinium Myrtillus*. This shrub abounds in the Black Forest, where it is known under the name of *Heidelbeere*.

At Calw we took six horses, and I exchanged my inside place for one in the cabriolet, in which

I had the good fortune to find myself by the side of a fellow traveller, a native of the Rhenane provinces of Bavaria, who had been in the habit, for two or three years, of visiting Wildbad, to the water of which he ascribed the perfect regeneration of his constitution. He had already, in the present instance, gone through one course of the baths, and was returning thither for the purpose of resuming them to the end of the season. “You will be delighted,” said this renovated patient, who looked really as if he could spare health to others, “you will be delighted at the sensations which you will experience in the baths of Wildbad, if you mean to try their effect on yourself. Stout and well-built as you see me, a long, tedious, and obstinate case of disordered digestion, which baffled all the best doctors in Paris, where I have been residing for the last thirty years, had so reduced me, that my friends despaired of my life. The death of my wife who was snatched from me by the cholera in twenty-four hours, completed my misery; and I was sent to the place you are about to visit, to die, I verily believe. The rest I need not tell you. *Regardez-moi! Je suis le meilleur éloge des bains de Wildbad.* Three seasons have sufficed to work this miracle. But you will meet with plenty equally striking cases at the baths. *Tenez!* you noticed that feeble, emaciated old man who sat by you at table, and sipped a *mauvais bouillon* with a heaving chest, incessant

cough, loud breathing, and an occasional exclamation of pain. Well, he is proceeding to the baths, by the recommendation of his physician at Stuttgart, as he told me, and is fully confident of success, and what is more, I believe he will not be disappointed."

With this and other instructive observations we whiled our time away, adding, now and then, some apt remarks on the objects that presented themselves on the road. This ascends all the way from Calw, which town stands at an elevation of a thousand and thirty-six feet above the level of the sea, although situated at the very bottom of a large bowl, formed by the Stuttgart Hills and those of the Schwarzwald. It then dips into the thickest of the Black Forest,—whose mighty and columnar firs give a sombre yet grand character to the country,—and reaches, at last, a plateau of more than double that elevation,—being one of the highest summits of that region. Here and there a fair-haired, bare-footed little peasant-girl, with an earthen jug filled with wild raspberries, makes her appearance among the windings of the forest, and offers them to the traveller for a few kreutzers; or joins her companions in procession to carry their fruit-gleanings to the great city. A prodigious quantity of these raspberries, I understand, is forwarded to Stuttgart every day, even as late as in the month of October.—*Ober-Eisenach* lies in our way, and as usual the plain by which it

is surrounded is most richly cultivated, like all those we passed through or by on the road. The descent from this point, into the long and narrow vale which the rapid Enz waters, and in which the small town of Wildbad is situated, is so precipitous that it became necessary to check the carriage wheels with two drags.

Greatly as nature has favoured this spot, where a spring of health lay concealed for centuries, the hand of man has done but little yet, to embellish it with all those accessories which the polished and fastidious visitors of watering-places are now accustomed to look for and expect. Once fairly landed at the bottom of the valley, which stands at 1,323 feet above the sea-level, the approach to the bath is through a long and narrow street, the first part of which consists of miserable-looking houses. These are inhabited by humble and poor families, who must often feel astounded at the display of glittering luxury, and fine equipages, and cavalcades, which, during three months in the year, pass to and fro before them like dazzling meteors. At this end of the street the King's Platz is situated; and this, with the Conversation Saloon, the two principal hotels (the Bear and the King of Würtemberg), the promenades, the Bad-hof, and the *Maison des Pauvres*, or Catherine Asylum, form the whole of the fashionable part of this Spa.

The Platz is a parallelogram of small dimen-

sions. On the left of it is a modern church, and before it a public fountain, which affords a constant supply of the purest cold water through many spouts. Several gallons of this water were (by way of experiment) evaporated to dryness, and the residuum was so trifling that it could not be collected. A large statue of one of the ancient dukes of Suabia, clad in armour, surmounts the fountain. Opposite, or at the farther end of the Platz, is the newly discovered spring of hot water, which the bathers drink, and the temperature of which I ascertained to be  $94^{\circ}$ . It has been enclosed in a small recess, with an advancing portico of two pillars. Along the left side of the square, a running colonnade, or covered walk, supports a saloon of the same length, intended for balls and conversaciones, whenever the number of visitors at this place should be sufficiently great to require those amusements. Over this spacious saloon are a number of chambers, which, though intended for a royal residence, are let to strangers at an exceedingly moderate price for the season. On the side of the square, opposite this royal building, are the two principal hotels I have already named, and a few private houses, and something like an equal number of shops, with an indifferent café or two.

The Bad-hof, which forms the end of this Platz — where the drinking spring of mineral water before mentioned is situated — is a low



building, irregularly divided in its interior into chambers, erected over the several sources of hot water which rise out of granitic rocks. This is collected, with its clean sand deposits, into square or oblong areas, of various dimensions, confined by wooden partitions, which do not rise to the height of the vaulted roof over them, and form bath-chambers, with fourteen or eighteen inches depth of water in them, at a natural temperature, varying from  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  to  $30^{\circ}$  of Reaumur, or from  $84^{\circ}$  to  $100^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, in different baths. In these the bather sits, or rather lies down, with the back of his head to the rock,—where a board has been fixed for that purpose; and in each of them there may be from four to six or more such places, which are generally occupied at the same time. There are also single divisions or closets, perfectly secluded from the rest, where only one person at a time can bathe.

One of the basins, into which the hottest spring (the Hölle) is received, and which consists of two divisions, the Herren-bad and the Bürger-bad, has an area of 1,064 square feet, and is covered with a gothic chapel-like building. In the first division twenty-two, and in the second fifteen bathers may be accommodated, together. There are, besides, nine closets, each for one bather—five of them appropriated to men, and the rest to women. A niche was pointed out to



me in one of the sides of the first division of this basin, which penetrates deep into the rock, whence the principal spring of Wildbad emerges. On plunging the arm into the cleft whence the spring flows, its force and temperature may be at once ascertained. The heat in this place is just  $100^{\circ}$ , and sufficient steam may be collected from this aperture by pipes, to form, in convenient apartments, a vapour bath. There are adjoining to this basin and another, called the Fürstenbad or Prince's baths, neat closets or dressing-rooms, and contrivances for administering the *douche* and shower-bath. The Frauenbad, or ladies' bath, has the same convenience. The temperature of both is  $97^{\circ}$  or perhaps a little more. The Fürstenbad has an area of 216 square feet, the Frauenbad one of 405. A fourth basin, of 420 square feet of surface, is divided into four compartments, two for each sex, at a temperature of only 88 or 90 degrees, which is very suitable and beneficial to many for whom the higher grades of heat would be injurious. As is the case at all the German Spas, the lower classes have been taken care of in Wildbad: a fifth bath-room, capable of accommodating ten persons of each sex, has been destined for their sole use.

In all these baths the bottom is naturally covered with about sixteen inches of very fine clean sand, spread over the rocks, and through it

the numberless little springs which exist in the adjacent rock, pour out their tribute without ceasing. A slight vapour is seen constantly to hover over the surface; but the atmosphere of the bath-room is clear and elastic, as the excess of steam from the water passes off through proper openings in the roof.

The utmost cleanliness pervades these baths, which are in this respect much superior to many of the warm mineral baths I have since examined. By means of sluices and waste-pipes, the water of all the chambers is emptied and renewed every time the bath has been used. This operation naturally shifts the upper stratum of the bed of sand, which is thereby purified; and the wooden backboards are scoured by the bath people. These boards are renewed every year. As nearly fourteen cubic feet of warm water flow in a minute into the baths from the principal spring—besides what is supplied by the minor ones—the frequent changes thus made are matter of no difficulty. Indeed, the water in the bath is never the same for five minutes together; for as the influx of it from the natural sources is incessant, and the superfluous quantity as it rises above a fixed mark, is as incessantly conveyed out of the basin by the waste-pipes—a never-ending change takes place in the contents of each bath. The luxury of such an arrangement can be appreciated by all, but by none so well as by those who have had the good fortune to partake of it.

This luxury I was not long without enjoying after my arrival at Wildbad. I entered the Fürsten, or *Prince's* bath, after having undressed in an adjoining room, where I found a sofa, chairs, a table with a mirror, a carpet, and warm linen. I selected an hour, when no other person was present. When bathers, of either sex, choose to bathe in common, in their respective baths; it is an indispensable rule of the place, that they should wear a roquelaure.

After descending a few steps from the dressing-room into the bath room, I walked over the warm soft sand to the farthest end of the bath, and I laid myself down upon it, near the principal spring, resting my head on a clean wooden pillow. The soothing effect of the water, as it came over me, up to the throat, transparent like the brightest gem or aquamarine, soft, genially warm, and gently murmuring, I shall never forget. Millions of bubbles of gas rose from the sand, and played around me, quivering through the lucid water as they ascended, and bursting at the surface, to be succeeded by others. The sensation produced by these, as many of them, with their tremulous motion, just *effleuraient* the surface of the body, like the much vaunted effect of titillation in animal magnetism, is not to be described. It partakes of tranquillity and exhilaration; of the ecstatic state of a devotee, blended with the repose of an opium eater. The head is calm, the heart is calm, every

sense is calm; yet there is neither drowsiness, stupefaction, nor numbness; for every feeling is fresher, and the memory of worldly pleasures keen and sharp. But the operations of the moral as well as physical man are under the spell of some powerfully tranquillising agent. It is the human tempest lulled into all the delicious playings of the ocean's after-waves. From such a position I willingly would never have stirred. To prolong its delicious effects what would I not have given? but the Bad-meister appeared at the top of the steps of the farther door, and warned me to eschew the danger of my situation: for there is danger even in such pleasures as these, if greatly prolonged.

I looked at the watch and the thermometer before I quitted my station. The one told me I had passed a whole hour, in the few minutes I had spent according to my imagination; and the other marked  $29\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  of Reaumur, or  $98\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit. But I found the temperature warmer than that, whenever, with my hand, I dug into the bed of sand, as far down as the rock, and disengaged myriads of bubbles of heated air, which imparted to the skin a satiny softness not to be observed in the effects of ordinary warm baths.

These baths are principally used from five o'clock in the morning until seven, and even much later; and again by some people in the evening. The time allowed for remaining in the water is from

half an hour to an hour ; but it is held to be imprudent to continue the bath to the latter period . as experience has shown that such sensations as I felt , and have endeavoured to describe , prove ultimately too overpowering to the constitution , if prolonged to excess .

The question which one is naturally inclined to ask of oneself is — what is there in the Wildbad mineral springs that can produce such effects , besides those more important ones which medical experience has assigned to them in the cure of diseases ? The water itself has neither taste nor smell . That it is colourless , transparent , and brilliant , I have already stated . That it is of the purest softness , is evinced by the cosmetic and striking change it produces in a short time on the skin . Its chemical composition is probably one of the simplest in nature . In one pint of the water only one grain of fixed principles is met with in solution , according to Stauden Mayer ; and not more than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  grains if we adopt the more recent analysis of Drs. Sigwort and Weiss , made in 1830 . Of the ingredients found by these chemists , common salt bears the largest proportion , being just the half of the whole ; next come the carbonate of soda and glauber salts ; and lastly , sulphate of potass , carbonate of lime , and carbonate of magnesia . The complete analysis of this water will be given in the Appendix , for the information of those who wish to push their inquiries into the chemical his-



tory of the mineral waters described in the present volumes; and I may in this place state, once for all, that I shall act in the like manner, with reference to all the other Spas about to be described. Thus, without interrupting my descriptions, I shall complete, in every respect, the information I have undertaken to give in a work professedly intended to be a full and popular history of such of the German watering-places as are most in vogue, or most frequented; and are reckoned the most effectual in restoring health.

It is evident that a mineral water, the specific gravity of which, compared to that of distilled water, is only  $2\frac{1}{30}$  of a grain greater (according to Stauden Mayer), cannot be very complicated in its composition. With regard to the gaseous or aeriform contents of it, there is in the first place the small quantity of gas which is disengaged by boiling the water; and in the second place the gas which rises naturally from the spring in numerous bubbles. In one hundred parts of the former there were found  $12\frac{1}{2}$  of carbonic,  $8\frac{1}{4}$  of oxygen, and  $79\frac{1}{4}$  of azotic gas; and in the same quantity of the second, the proportions were of carbonic gas 2, oxygen gas  $6\frac{1}{2}$ , and azotic gas  $91\frac{1}{2}$ .

Some chemists have found in the mineral water of Wildbad exceedingly feeble traces of iron. together with indications of a little animal and bituminous substance; but trifling as those pro-



portions of certain given principles may appear, they must never be disregarded, in judging of the nature and effect of a mineral water. Struve's most happy imitations of all the cold mineral waters of Germany have proved how necessary and important it is to take notice, even of the most insignificant of their ingredients.

The temperature of the water at Wildbad is its chief and predominant merit. This has continued the same throughout a long succession of years; and I confess, at once, that I am led, after mature consideration of the subject, both in this case, and in the cases of all the other warm mineral springs I have visited, to ascribe to *temperature* the principal effects which the water produces on the human constitution. But it is not the *thermometrical* temperature to which I allude, when I proclaim such an opinion; it is to the *caloricity* of the water, which is not to be measured by Reaumur or Fahrenheit; a principle imparted by nature to the springs in question, from sources which as yet have escaped detection, but which, at no distant period, will probably be found to be connected with electrical forces, and therefore not appreciable by our ordinary instruments of thermometrical mensuration. Here, at Wildbad, the range of temperature in the water, according to Fahrenheit, is the same as that which has been assigned as the range of heat in the blood of the human body, when in its healthy state. On the water, therefore,

being applied to the human body, the sensations produced are as agreeable as when we enter a bath of ordinary water charged with the same degree of heat. But there the comparison terminates; and all the delightful sensations produced by the mineral bath, are looked for in vain, in the ordinary bath. Why so?

This very circumstance, of the Wildbad water being naturally of that degree of heat which is best suited to the human body, renders it preferable to those warm springs which require either spontaneous refrigeration, or the mixture of cold water previously to their being employed; as at Wisbaden, Baden-Baden, Gastein, Töplitz, and Carlsbad. It is also preferable because the patient actually bathes in the very stream as it rises from the earth, and catches the proffered boon of nature at its birth. In fact, he bathes in a natural warm river. How inferior must a tub or slipper-bath be to this, into which the warm water, previously fashioned into a right degree of heat, is conveyed through pipes and from reservoirs! But there is, in my estimation, a still greater superiority on the side of the Wildbad spring, as a salutary bath, over every other,—no matter how well-managed the latter be; and that is the simple fact that, whereas in all the other baths the temperature of the water in which the patient is immersed must, and does, progressively diminish, in the course of the hour, or half-an-hour even, during which the

operation of bathing lasts—that of the water of the Wildbad bath is uninterruptedly the same, for the water continues in its never-varying natural condition.

Yet, with all these striking advantages of the Wildbad water, would it be credited that some over-nice, over-scrupulous invalids (I need not repeat which was the country named to me as that whence they came) have preferred bathing in tubs, and have had such contrivances purposely constructed for their use. As my facetious informant observed at the time—“ A bath of this kind cannot be called a bath in the Wildbad, but only a bath in a tub of Wildbad water.”

If such invalids wished to bathe alone, they might have chosen the separate closets for the purpose. The objection started against bathing in water in which other people bathe, has no force at Wildbad; for the bather is not in a stagnant pool, but in a flowing river constantly supplied with fresh water; and as to any persons labouring under cutaneous or disgusting diseases, being likely to mingle with the general bathers, it is an occurrence provided against by the establishment of a separate basin for cases of that nature. There is also another excellent regulation, which compels visitors who have entered their names as bathers on their first arrival (according to the general practice) on the Bad-Meister's register,—to take first a *bain de propreté* in ordinary warm water; so that

their person shall be properly cleansed, previously to their being permitted to use the other baths.

The bathing together, when that can be done under circumstances so favourable as at Wildbad, and with the decorum which is there observed, is a source of entertainment conducive to health. People talk of the effect of the baths, either from what they have heard, or from their own experience; and the sick receive fresh spirits from hearing others descant on the good result produced by the water upon themselves. The bathing together in this natural River-head—and the bathing in slippers or tubs, are to each other, in point of health, as a walk with a pleasant companion in the open air is, to sitting in a locked-up chamber.

The prices for the several baths are fixed by a printed tariff—as well as the remuneration to be given to the attendant. That of a bath in a public room is half a florin, or tenpence; but the whole of the room may be exclusively engaged, at particular hours of the day, on giving previous notice, for two florins, or 3*s.* 4*d.* I engaged in this manner for my own use the Fürsten bath. To the attendants in either case the remuneration is four kreutzers, or less than three-halfpence. Twenty-four kreutzers (8*d.*) is the price for a single closet-bath, and that of all the other baths is lower still. The time for entering the baths and leaving them is also fixed; and the different sets of bathers are informed when

the baths have been cleared out and refilled, and their turn of bathing is come, by the ringing of a bell.

Speaking professionally of the baths at Wildbad, I cannot help laying great stress on the fact, that they offer, by their number and different temperatures, that natural degree of heat to each individual, which is most suitable to his ease, without the intervention of art. For this reason, Wildbad, as a warm mineral water bath, is preferable to Baden-Baden and other places. I must also declare my opinion, that the uninterrupted continuation of the same uniform degree of temperature, in an ever-running stream in which the patient bathes, must necessarily increase the beneficial effect which that water is known to produce on the nervous system. The natural state of the water is, in fact, so perfectly suitable to the human body, that a Würtembergh proverb has taken its origin from that circumstance, and "eben recht wie das Wildbad" (just like the Wildbad), is applied in common parlance to signify correctness or precision in the ordinary things of life.

The Wildbad waters are often taken internally, in conjunction with the baths. They have no other sensible effect than to increase transpiration and the action of the kidneys. While using the baths for any arthritic complaint, a considerable sediment is observed in the increased secretion of those organs. In obstinate gouty and rheum-



atic complaints, lameness, contaotion of limbs. partial paralytic affections, and loss of power in the lower extremities, the effects of the Wildbad baths have been surprising, and have been known for centuries. On these points I conversed with and interrogated several of the visiters whom I happened to meet at the hotel I resided in, and whom I always found ready to enter into their case, when I announced myself to them as a physician. Their testimony, and the reference to their own cases, were quite conclusive. The number who visited this Spa in 1836, from July to September, was 800, and among them, almost every form of museular, nervous, and lymphatic disorder was to be found—most of which were entirely, and others partially, cured. A second and a third course are often necessary to eradicate a disorder; as in the instance of my Bavarian friend.

After the very first time of using the Wildbad, the sleep at night becomes more tranquil, although an agreeable listlessness is experienced by day, which is followed by a lively motion of the museles. Dr. Kerner, who is an imposing authority at the Wildbad Spa, is loud in his praises of the bath, as a most powerful agent in removing *particular* obstructions accompanied by *chlorosis* or green sickness; contending, that it brings the blood into a more brisk circulation and gives to it the necessary degree of fluidity. For the same reason he warns such as are subject to a flux of blood from



the bowels, or spitting of blood, or are prone to abortion, to abstain from these baths; many patients of that class having been sacrificed to the improper recommendation of the Wildbad, by physicians ignorant of its real power. In many obstinate diseases of the skin, in dropsies caused by repressed eruptions or indurated liver, and in all diseases brought on by checked perspiration, the use of the Wildbad cannot be too much commended. "They serve indeed (concludes Dr. Kerner) almost to make the old young again; while younger persons, who have become prematurely old owing to exhaustion, and those who are exhausted by close application and incessant fatigue, rise out of these baths with new strength and youth. They are, on the other hand, injurious in feverish conditions of the body, and in dropsies arising from inflammation brought on by chronic derangement or stoppages of the circulation, owing to a disorganisation of one or more of the important viscera: and they should never be used merely in sport, by the blooming youth of either sex."

Dr. Frieker, the principal physician, an honest-looking, plain-spoken German practitioner, who is charged with the superintendence of the baths, mentioned in particular, some cases of obstruction in the glands of the mesentery, and one of violent cramp arising from defective circulation in the veins of the abdomen connected with the process of digestion, which were cured by these baths.

One individual was pointed out to me, as he was returning from a ride, who had recovered the use of his voice,—which had been completely extinct for three years, owing to some affection of the glands in the throat. He was now loud enough in giving his orders to the groom, whose peculiar cut bespoke him from the same country as his master—the country which sends forth more eccentric travellers than any other; and this patient was one of them. He had been at Wildbad for three successive seasons, and was become the amusing topic of general conversation.

The late inspector of the Wildbad-baths, Dr. Kaiser, used to relate the case of a Darmstadt officer, a Monsieur Berehthold, twenty-six years of age, who had become perfectly lame in consequence of a fall, which had produced an affection of the right hip, the precise nature of which was never ascertained. Four months after the accident, being able to walk without crutches, but always with the most violent pain, he was sent to Wisbaden, whence he returned without the slightest improvement. For five months he could not tread upon his heel; and when, thirteen months after the fall, he was able to do so, it caused him the most dreadful sufferings; so that at every step his head was drawn down almost to his hip. In this pitiable and distressed condition he went to Wildbad. The first bath had no effect upon him; the second caused him some pain in the region of the loins;

the third increased the pain; but the seventh he was unable to endure — so excessive was the pain it caused. He was taken out of the bath and placed in bed. When he had been there but a few minutes he felt an indescribable, painful sense of coldness in the impaired limb, which was followed by a copious warm perspiration, particularly around the hips. He now found that he could move his foot freely, and after resting in bed for an hour, he was able to leave it without a stick, and free from pain. Herr Berethold now walks as straight and upright as if nothing had happened.

A more interesting example of recovery from these baths I myself spied out on the Platz, as I was returning from visiting the saloon and the royal chambers. A boy, apparently fourteen years of age, was walking slowly by the side of a lady (whose mien bespoke her of the higher class of society), with that peculiar gait, which announces that the steps are the first the individual is venturing to take without support. I addressed the lady with the expression of hope that the youthful invalid had derived all the benefit she could wish from the baths. “Yes truly,” was the reply, “*mon fils vient de jeter ses béquilles aujourd’hui même*; and he walks with this simple stick, and without any aid from me, for the first time to-day. We are in high spirits, and prolonging, perhaps too late in the evening, this all-joyful

exercise. When we first arrived here, he was carried to the baths from his bed-room on a litter; in the course of one month he was able to cross the street, from the hotel to the bath-room, on crutches; and this day, ten weeks after our arrival, he has thrown those supporters away, I trust for ever. His general health has improved at the same time in every respect, and he wants only a little more strength to be himself again. I have reason indeed to bless these baths,—though they have done *me* no good, as I came hither in a fevered state, for which Dr. Fricker assures me these waters are not advisable. But they have restored me my boy, whom the physicians at F——looked upon as lost, after having gone through one of the most dangerous attacks of fever,—and I am happy. *Il était perclus de tous ses membres, et le voilà maintenant qui se promène!*”

Our conversation extended to other subjects. Madame occupied apartments in the same hotel I inhabited, the Bear (Bär), and expressed her entire satisfaction at the arrangements of it, and at the moderate rate of charges. It is indeed surprising to see such an establishment in this wild and secluded valley, and to find oneself in apartments on the principal story—*aux lambris dorés*—when, out of every window, nothing meets the eye but a dense forest, romantic glens, and terrific rocks, with the murmuring Enz darting past the sleeping-chambers in the rear of the building.

The Bad-hof is immediately opposite the hotel, and across the street. On the right, and in the immediate neighbourhood, stands the bathing Asylum for the poor, erected by King Wilhelm a few years ago, and named after the benevolent Queen Katherine; and the Platz adjoining, a little to the left, affords a fine opening for air and exercise. A band of wind-instruments performs in the square every afternoon during and after the hour of repast: and this latter is really creditable to mine host, both for its goodness and cheapness. The evening meal, or supper, which begins at eighth o'clock and proceeds till eleven, is not on the plan of a table-d'hôte, as the dinner, but *à la carte*. Few of the better class of visitors who have dined at the former, ever sit down to supper. The company at that time is of a more mixed, and I should think of an inferior class: though I have no right to say so, judging by the group near to which I sat, and in which I found a very intelligent *confrère*, Dr, Plieninger of Stuttgardt, who was at Wildbad for the benefit of his health, principally on account of a wrist-gout, which had been very troublesome. He acknowledged that he had derived the greatest benefit from the baths. To this gentleman I am indebted for much useful information.

I was not a little amused, during the evening repast, at the introduction, into the room, of a wandering minstrel, a species of *improvisatore* in



a wood-cutter's or shepherd's dress, who had descended from the highlands of the Black Forest, to lash in rhymed couplets the vices of the strangers luxuriating at Wildbad.

With all my wish not to appear parsimonious, I could not manage to demolish at this *souper* more than what amounted to half-a florin, or tenpence: and the whole expense, in fact, of my *séjour* at Wildbad, including the price of the baths, a riding-horse, a servant, four repasts, a night's lodging, etc., etc., came to about two and a half Würtemberg crowns, or six florins and forty-eight kreutzers—equal to eleven shillings and fourpence.

There are here, as elsewhere, general rules to be observed with reference to diet and bathing; and these rules resemble those at the other warm mineral springs. The food must be of the simplest and lightest kind—the quantity must be very moderate—and, in the matter of beverage, none but the lightest white wines are allowed. White Neckar, or the Tauber weine, or the Rissling, which is now become general, are the wines mostly drunk at Wildbad. At night, a light soup is to be preferred to any regular supper.

The best period of the year for using the Wildbad baths is in June, July, and August; and the fittest time of day for bathing, in those months, is from five to nine o'clock in the morning. Breakfast may be taken a quarter of an hour after the

bath. Where the water is drunk at the same time, that which has a temperature of twenty-six and a-half degrees of Reaumur should be preferred; and the quantity used may be from eight to twelve glasses, of four ounces each. A large quantity of the Wildbad water may be drunk without any disagreeable effect. The water should be taken fasting; and the principal bath-physicians are of opinion that the water should be drunk first at five in the morning, and followed by a light breakfast, —some time after which the patient may bathe.

None should be deterred from the further use of these baths, because old pains are, at first, revived by them; for such is a sign that the water is acting upon the diseased parts. The smallest scars, which can often be scarcely perceived, or old cuts in the finger which have long been forgotten, begin to smart and revive during the use of the baths. Very often pains like these, which are frequently severe, and often aggravations of the disease, are tokens of the beginning of a cure.

There is a code of regulations issued by the government authorities for these baths, which embraces every point that can interest the visitor, —who is protected by them in the most effectual manner, from every species of imposition, whether with regard to lodging at hotels or in private houses, — to food, or to bathing. By these regulations, every landlord is bound to fix a bill of fare, with the price of each article annexed.

in the eating-room, so that every one may inspect it, after it has received the approbation of the authorities. He must also mark the weekly rent of each apartment over the door of the same. That of the chambers of the royal establishment is determined every year by the board of officers appointed for the administration of the baths, and is also fixed over the doors. This latter establishment is at present in an imperfect state, as far as the beds are concerned, inasmuch as each guest must provide himself with bedding; there being in the apartments, besides the requisite furniture, a bedstead with a straw mattress and bolster only. But as the afflux of strangers increases (and that it will do so I entertain no doubt) provision must be made for putting this otherwise creditable establishment on a footing more commensurate with its importance.

As the King of Würtemberg himself annually visits this Spa, and has evinced a most lively anxiety for its success, he will judge, from his own observation, how it will turn to the account of his subjects of Wildbad, to make such improvements and successive additions to the place (after the example of the Grand Dukes of Baden and Nassau) as shall satisfy the invalids who visit it, and entice others to follow in their wake. Something of this sort is still required in Wildbad, to convert it into a first-rate Spa. The approach to it—the banks of the Enz—the ground for a

public walk—the carriage-road to the romantic and beautiful environs—and the Bad-hof itself—as well as the erection of private houses and separate villas — these are some of the points to which the attention of the government should be , and I have no doubt will be , directed.

Nature has done everything for the invalid in this Spa ,—which stands , in my humble opinion , unquestionably the first , for the removal of the peculiar classes of disorders I have enumerated. Art must do the rest ; else even the acknowledged superiority of the water may not induce those strangers who are accustomed to the luxuries and high comforts of life , to shut themselves up for two months in a small village , offering very few of either.

The King has already expended large sums of money within the last few years on Wildbad , to effect this object ; and he intends doing more ; and these endeavours have already made the place,—if not so delightful as Baden-Baden , and so gay as Carlsbad ,—at least more cheerful in a social point of view than it formerly was, and more convenient and agreeable than Gastein is. His Majesty will do well , also , to establish his royal residence in the place during the height of the season , as the King of Bavaria does at Bruchenaus. The presence of royalty is at all times attractive ; but still more so when liberal-minded sovereigns constitute the focus of it. I need not say which of the foreign visitors

would be most tempted to frequent Wildbad, — were there in it the semblance of a court, or courtly amusements; and they are always the best paymasters, save *les Princes Russes*.

When I state that something yet remains to be done at Wildbad to improve it, I mean, of course, to improve it for the use of the higher and wealthier class of patients. Towards every other class of visitors—and such as look upon Spas only in the light of agents for the cure of diseases, and not for enjoyment and recreation—Wildbad offers already every resource, including those of amusement and select society. This is not only mine, but Dr. Von Ludwig's opinion,—than which none can be of greater value, whether we regard that gentleman's rank in the profession as body-physician to the King, whom he accompanies in his excursions to Wildbad, or his talents generally as a medical and scientific man. I consider myself fortunate, that Sir George Shee, the British minister at Stuttgardt, who for some years past has honoured me with his friendship, procured me the acquaintance of that distinguished physician and most successful surgeon.

Wildbad again is equal, if not superior, to most of the principal Spas of Germany, in the beauty and romance of its environs; the mystery and tradition which attaches to some of them; the geology of its neighbourhood; and the rich harvest it offers to the botanist. The air of Wildbad is



pure and bracing ; and in general the climate , during the three months of the bathing season , is unexceptionable.

The people of England have been entertained with certain facetious stories , about the Bath of Serpents, or *Schlangenbad*, in Nassau, its power of embellishing the skin, its “ milk-like warmth,” and the fascinating beauties by which the spring is surrounded in a little sequestered valley. The people of England , on the faith of such a declaration , have flocked within the last two years to *Schlangenbad*, to bathe in its FOUL water, drawn from tanks and used in tubs ! and they have fancied themselves , after using it , what the writer of “ The Bubbles,” a layman , had told them they would be ! Let them now try , on the faith of a physician , the effects of the Wildbad bath , let them exchange the temperature of eighty - one degrees for one of ninety-six or ninety-eight ; let them dip into the Jordan itself, instead of crouching into narrow slippers, placed in dark rooms on the ground floor , by the side of a dark corridor. Let them climb among gigantic rocks , and ramble through stately forests , which proclaim the grandeur of mountain nature, instead of ascending easy, smooth, and fair-faced hills , the prettiest feature of which are the myriads of vine - poles planted on them. Let them do all this , when next they seek health in a warm mineral spring , and I will answer for their success. WILDBAD is to *Schlangenbad*, in every

respect, as the reality of a place is to its panorama.

I should recommend to those who may feel disposed to try a season at Wildbad, after having obtained proper advice on their ease, to engage an apartment beforehand, either at the Hotel of the Bear (Zum Bären), or at the König von Württemberg; unless they should prefer private lodgings. But as these latter cannot well be secured, with any degree of satisfaction with regard to their choice, before they are seen, the best way is to proceed first to one of the hotels, where an apartment or suite of rooms may be retained by writing a month before the season begins. The prices of everything are much the same as at Baden-Baden; perhaps even more moderate. I counsel my readers thus, because I am convinced, that by following such a course, it is possible to be as well and as comfortably accommodated at Wildbad, in its present state, as in the most frequented and fashionable Spas; and also because I feel assured that, as Wildbad becomes better known (and no Spa in Germany deserves it more) the affluence of strangers and invalids will be so great, that until an enlargement of accommodation takes place, there will be some difficulty in procuring comfortable house-room, *au premier abord*.

A vast field for an enterprising speculator in buildings opens at present in Wildbad, where as

large a fortune might be realised in that way, as mein Herr P—— and others have amassed at Baden in the course of the last twelve years. This little town might expand to where the paper manufactory now stands; and on the lesser hills, protected by the lofty mountains in their rear, very handsome villas might be raised, at no great expense; since the best materials are at hand, and in abundance, — namely, wood, and the red and variegated sandstone rock, of which the Schwarzwald range is principally composed.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### Liebenzell, Deinach, Cannstadt, Boll.



Return from Wildbad—Valley of the *Nagold*—LIEBENZELL—The Cell of Love—Mineral baths—Temperature and composition—Singular properties and medicinal virtues—A ballad—DEINACH, another Spa—Road from Wildbad—The Brunn—The Ink well—Taste—Cure of Insanity—The maniac—Medical, chemical, and physical properties of the Deinach waters—The bath-rooms—Amusements—Life at Deinach—Cheapness—Dr. SMUTZ—Calw—Return to Stuttgart—Visit to Hohenheim—The Chateau of Rosenstein, and the expiatory chapel—COLONEL SALUCCI—The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg—Splendid sculptures—The baths and mineral springs of CANNSTADT—*Sulzrain quelle*—Its chemical composition—Temperature—Cure of dyspepsia and hypochondriasis—Hotels at Stuttgart—Bill of fare—Final departure from Stuttgart—Road to BOLL—Sulphurous cold spring—Composition—Medicinal virtues—A strong case of recovery—Royal baths and cheap prices—Amusements and society at Boll—Great affluence of strangers—Dr. HARTMANN—A hint to English families—Summary of the Wurtemberg Spas—Agriculture in Wurtemberg—Road to Munich—ULM—*Marshal-Ney*—AUGSBURG—Appearance of the country—First view of MUNICH.



The valley of the *Nagold*, another of the many

mountain bosoms of the Schwarzwald , lies not far from , but on a lower level than , the vale of the Enz , — which I now left , bidding adieu , with regret , to Wildbad , and intending to explore more of its enchaining region. In that valley is found LIEBENZELL , a small town containing about a thousand inhabitants , poor and simple-minded , like their brethren of the Enz , and like them possessing “ a spring of health , ” the virtues and powers of which have proved of essential service where the Wildbad waters were found too irritating , or had been deemed inappropriate.

The place is sheltered by lofty mountains from the north and south winds ; an agreeable freshness prevails during the summer ; while in the winter the air is less sharp than that of the Black Forest in general. That part in which the little town and its salutary wells are situated , expands beyond the narrow limits of the valley , and assumes the picturesque character of a delightful retreat.

Those who can see nothing casual in the denomination of places , have found , on the top of a hill , which rises nearly perpendicularly from the *Nagold* near *Liebenzell* , an etymology for that name , in the ruins of an old Benedictine convent , said to have been founded by the holy *Lioba* , the friend of St. Bonifacius. Zell of *Lioba* , or *Liobacell* , being soon concocted , that of *Liebenzell* came by easy transition. But a much simpler explanation of the name might be pointed out , in the traditionary re-



putation ( which the place maintains still intact ) , of its power to bless with offspring , disappointed lovers , “ in holy alliance tied . ” The *Cell of Love* sounds prettier , as a translation of *Liebenzell*.

Be that as it may , the Liebenzell mineral water , which issues from an upper and lower spring , has a temperature of  $19\frac{3}{4}$  ° of Reaumur ( or about 77° Fahrenheit ) , in the one , and is somewhat colder in the other . In its chemical composition it bears great resemblance to the water of Wildbad ; but the quantity of its solid ingredients in a pint of the water is greater , according to Professor Sigwart , who found  $4\frac{3}{4}$  grains in it . Its taste is very slightly saltish , and in its appearance it is beautifully clear and transparent . The baths lie on the bank of the *Nagold* , opposite to the little town , and consist of two separate buildings . The upper building is more ancient than the lower . The latter is new , spacious , and divided into eighteen apartments , with proper contrivances for obtaining warmth in cold weather . A stately avenue of lime trees connects the two baths .

Previously to using the water for bathing , it is warmed in coppers , and conveyed through pipes to the different chambers . This is an inconvenience ; but as the water contains no gas , the application of heat to it is considered as no detriment to its virtues . The water of the lower well is employed by many in its natural state ; so that , in fact , the *Liebenzell* baths may be considered almost as cold baths .

I have been assured that these baths have been found very useful in scrofulous diseases, and in consumption, accompanied with tubercles; in which latter condition of the lungs, it is said that the exhalation of the surrounding fir forests is also particularly serviceable. In hæmorrhages of all sorts, such as spitting of blood, habitual bleeding from the nose, or from hæmorrhoidal vessels, as also where the natural excretion of blood is too profuse, the Liebenzell waters have acquired a well-merited celebrity; and so far, they differ essentially from the Wildbad waters, — as I have shown in the preceding chapter. Used both inwardly, and as baths, they have, of late years, performed some striking cures, in cases of morbid sensibility of the stomach and intestinal canal, and have removed attacks of neuralgia, or *tic*, dependent on that condition of the digestive organs. In female patients, and such of the other sex as possess irritable nerves, or who cannot endure the action of exciting baths, or active medicines, the effects of the *Liebenzell* springs deserve, more attention than they seem to have hitherto received. Dr. Plieninger, the gentleman whom I met at Wildbad, and who is a celebrated accoucheur in Stuttgart, assured me that he found the *Liebenzell-bad* most strikingly beneficial in female complaints, and that the reputation they had enjoyed for many years, of removing the causes of sterility, was by no means undeserved. This is not improbable, in my opinion; for when I look at the

state of health of the individual patients who require that assistance, and who visit *Liebenzell* or *Kissingen* (another mineral water partaking of the same virtue, situated in Bavaria), I cannot but conclude that the bath, by setting the health right first, causes the other morbid condition of the system, on which sterility depends, to cease as a natural consequence.

There is an old German ballad commemorative of the latter power of these wells, written in a vein of humorous irony, which, if it carry no weight as a medical authority, shows, at all events, how prevalent the credence in that power must at all times have been. An affectionate, right-minded, and simple-hearted couple, had sighed in vain, after a union of many years, for an heir and representative of their name. The husband, in particular, waxed angry at the disappointment —

For if we childless die, you know,      (*addressing his*  
Our lands will to my cousin go,      *dame.*)  
Whom (Lord forgive me!) I detest  
More than by words can be exprest.

But, quoth he, in continuation, I remember one of my grandams saying as how in a case like yours, to *Liebenzell* she made a tour, where straight a cure was brought about —

So to those baths let's take a trip,  
And both of us can have a dip;

We shall have children by the dozen,  
Which will just vex that rogue my cousin.  
They went : propitious was the hour,  
And great the crystal water's power, etc. etc.

The good couple returned much pleased with their excursion, and the success which attended it.

At the distance of five miles beyond Wildbad, another celebrated Spa is found in the heart of the Black Forest, called DEINACH or TEINACH, where two species of mineral waters, close to each other, rise from the sandstone rock which is so prevalent in the Schwarzwald. I proceeded thither in a private post-wagen, purposely engaged at Wildbad, with a view of more effectually exploring such spots as appeared to me to be the most interesting in this far-famed forest, and of contemplating the impressive beauties of some parts of the neighbourhood of Wildbad, the air and climate of which were recommended to me by Dr. Fricker as particularly temperate and healthy.

That part of the valley of the Enz in which the warm springs of Wildbad are found, is formed by two ridges of mountains, the surface of which, clothed in the dark-green of the forest fir, forms a most pleasing contrast with the lovely verdure of the meadows, equalled only by that of the valleys of Switzerland. These *prairies* extend along the winding banks of the swiftly-flowing Enz, — which, though narrow and of little depth (and here and there interrupted by enormous blocks of gra-

nite, precipitated from the mountain side, and immersed in its bed), serves, nevertheless, to float the timber cut by those sequestered mountaineers. These self-taught engineers, by means of weirs thrown across the scanty stream in an oblique direction, and sluice-gates, contrive to gather the water necessary for that operation, on which depend their only traffic. In quitting the valley of Wildbad, I followed this river, crossing it just below the junction of the greater and lesser streams of it bearing the same name, and I ascended, past Kalmbach, to a plateau of great extent, placed at an altitude of 2,500 miles above the sea level.

Over this plain, the best part of which is in a state of excellent cultivation (as indeed is every part of the kingdom of Würtemberg), I travelled by tortuous, narrow, and rough roads — slowly and insensibly descending at last into another deep valley, surrounded by double and triple ranges of mountains, covered with forest trees. Here, at the bottom of this very valley, into which a narrow ravine torrent precipitates itself, lies DEINACH, offering to the traveller many highly picturesque and interesting points of view. Nature is here in its purest and wildest state; and where the hand of man has raised its mark, it has left tokens of the rude condition of its master.

At the termination of the village a large post-house establishment appears, and near it the Bruu-



nen are placed. A square pavilion has been erected over the springs, with a flat roof, supported by two arches. A wide gallery runs on one side of this pavilion, which is lighted by four windows on two sides, and by a continuous window on the side next to the entrance. A handsome flight of steps leads down to the paved floor, where the mineral springs, enclosed in little wells, are seen to flow. Of these there are of two kinds. The first yields an acidulous water, clear, transparent, and sparkling, which rises from four wells, out of the Schwarzwald rock (variegated or red sandstone). Three of these wells are kept covered with wooden lids, and locked when not used, while the fourth is ever open and free for public use. The second spring, supplying a turbid water of a greenish colour, is situated at a little distance from the rest. This is called *Dinten-quelle* (inky spring), and well does it deserve that name. It deposits everywhere a large quantity of oxide of iron, and its taste is so intensely styptic, that it may be compared to that which is left behind on the tongue of a schoolboy, who wipes his inky pen with his mouth. Yet I saw a sallow, miserable-looking being, a gentleman whom I ascertained afterwards to have gone to Deinach for the recovery of his mental faculties, drink half a tumbler of this green fluid, with an equal quantity of the *sauer-wasser*; take three or four turns, with spasmodic quickness and suspicious, agitated looks; then return to repeat and quaff a

like draught. The acidulous waters, I found, on the other hand, to taste like Seltzer water at first; but they immediately after exhibited a saline mediated flavour, not unlike that of a slight solution of glauber salt, or even muriate of magnesia, — both of which saline substances are to be met with in the composition of these mineral waters. But the most prevailing ingredients in them is carbonic acid, with double its quantity of carbonate of soda and carbonate of lime. Although almost contiguous to the inky spring, there are but faint traces of iron in combination with carbonic acid in these acidulous waters, according to Federhaff; where as the same authority assigns as much as three-fourths of a grain of carbonate of iron in solution, to a pint of the spring of the *Dinten-quelle*. The temperature of the water in all the wells is about 45° of Fahrenheit, and is said never to alter under any variation of weather.

I learn from Professor Sigwart that the medical properties of the acidulous waters of Deinach partake of the character of the alkaline springs also, in their effect on the human constitution. In faulty digestion, and other complaints of the stomach, where the appetite is lost or vitiated, as well as where heart-burn follows the ingestion of food, the acidulous Deinach has proved extremely useful. For the same reason, where gout or a rheumatic affection is allied to a disturbed or depraved digestion, the acidulous water is said to be wonder-

fully effective; a power which it extends with marked benefit to certain disorders of the urinary organs also. But it is principally in the cure of insane patients that Deinaeh has long acquired no mean celebrity; and several of that class of patients, including hypochondriacal and melancholic persons, were in the course of cure at the time I visited the springs.

The late Queen Dowager of Würtemberg and Princess Royal of England used to visit this place every year, from the acidulous springs of which her general health derived considerable benefit.

Although the wells are chiefly frequented by those who drink the waters only, both kinds of them are used also as baths. A new establishment for that purpose has been erected, with some pretensions to architecture, taste, and neatness. A small portico protects the entrance of the building, in the interior of which there are, on the ground-floor, two ranges of bath-rooms, six in number, on each side of a corridor, and on the principal floor an equal number of well-furnished chambers. The cold and heated water of the wells is sent into the bathing-tub of each room. These vessels are made of wood, and have an entire cover of the same material, with a place cut out for the head of the bather. There are other more ancient and less convenient bathing-rooms in the village; but those I have mentioned, — which, with some other improvements, are of a very recent date (indeed

hardly finished) and are due to the munificence of the sovereign of Würtemberg, are necessarily the best and most frequented.

The Spa itself is the property of the postmaster, who exports a large quantity of the water in stone bottles, and sends it to every part of Würtemberg, where it is drunk like Seltzer, either alone or with wine. A great number of the poorer classes of peasants and villagers brought, while I was examining the water, their earthen jugs, which they filled from the acidulous springs, some of them to the number of forty or fifty. There is connected with the Posthouse the usual appendage of an hotel, having a large dining-room for a *table d'hôte*, which is used also as a general assembly-room for the inmates of the hotel, who from their apartments on either side of the house may, through covered galleries, get to the bath-chambers before described.

A small garden, a promenade, and a conversation saloon one hundred and sixty feet long and forty feet wide, open to the garden on one side, and backed by the mountain, — form all the embellishments of the Deinach Spa, which is celebrated in the neighbourhood, though little frequented by strangers. During my visit I saw but few of them, and they not of the best class. Dr. SUTTS, the physician having the charge of the baths and springs, appointed by the government, does not reside at Deinach, but at Calw, and visits the

establishment twice or three times a-week. I need not say that everything is moderate in price in this sequestered spot. *On y vit pour rien*. Still I should never make it my summer residence, even with that advantage.

I retraced my steps to Calw, where I quitted the private post-wagen I had engaged, in order to enter the Stuttgardt *Eil-wagen*, which is hung on mail-coach springs, and is much superior to any public vehicle I have seen in France, and certainly as comfortable as any English mail-coach. While the horses were getting ready, mine host of the Post-house Inn (the principal one in Calw, situated in the only large open space of the town), a fat, jolly, quiet yet active fellow, soon knocked me up an excellent beefsteak, and afforded me the luxury of a *bouillon*, of which I stood in need, to neutralise the inward raking produced by my abundant sippings of all the wells of Deinach. The only remarkable objects I noticed in Calw, were the large deposits and store-rooms, full of charcoal burnt in the Black Forest, which comes from thence in pieces as thick as the arm of a stout person, and a foot in length. The neat arrangement of the many lofty masses of this sable and shining material, is worthy of a passing remark.

Two motives induced me to return to the Capital. I wished to look more attentively to the mineral springs in its immediate neighbourhood, which the liberality of the King has recently much em-



bellished ; and I was equally desirous to pay a visit to the “ *Lehranstalt für Land und Forstwirthschaft* ” at Hohenheim, five English miles distant from Stuttgart. My visit to that noble and useful establishment for the instruction of young farmers, located in a *ci-devant Château Royal*, had reference to matters of importance, but which, bearing no relation to my present object, I must here pass over in silence. I shall simply allow myself sufficient room for digression to recommend all travellers, who take an interest in the progress of agriculture in all parts of the world, and who can also enjoy the beauties of a splendid view extending over a vast and richly cultivated territory, to make an excursion to the top of the hill on which *Hohenheim* stands; and after having attentively examined that institution (where I had the good fortune to converse with Professor Göritz, who showed and explained to me every object worthy of attention), to pass on to another royal chateau called *Scharnhausen*, not far from the former, placed in the picturesque little vale of Kersel, where the *Haras privés* of the King are found, and which are kept in the highest state of perfection. Orders for viewing both these establishments had been readily procured for me by the British minister, Sir George Shee, of whose kindness and hospitality I cannot speak too warmly. Such orders are granted to strangers visiting Stuttgart with the utmost liberality, as well as tickets for admission

into all the public buildings in and about the capital.

One of those which merits, on every account, the attention of the traveller, is the Chateau Royal de *Rosenstein*, erected by King William, who confided the design and structure of it to Mons. SALUCCI, principal architect of the court, who occupies permanent apartments in the royal château. This gentleman, with whom I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance, is by birth an Italian. Having, while serving under Napoleon with the rank of *colonel du Génie*, been taken prisoner at Waterloo, he retired at the conclusion of the war to Stuttgart, where he soon gained great reputation as an architect. He is much employed by the royal family, in building their several palaces; and is now engaged in erecting an edifice of that kind, of considerable merit, for one of the princesses.

The palace of *Rosenstein*, whether we consider its grand and imposing appearance, the profusion of sculptural and pictorial ornaments in its interior, or the peculiar contrivances in its construction and adaptation — all equally masterly and ingenious — is a monument that reflects the greatest credit on SALUCCI, and deserves particular mention.

The same artist has erected, on the summit of the *Rothen Berg*, — a hill of considerable elevation, towering almost conically on one of the banks of the Neckar, outside of Stuttgart, — an expiatory chapel to the late queen, formerly Dutchess of Ol-

denburg, This temple, by a special treaty with the Emperor of Russia, brother of her late majesty, is to be considered as belonging to and forming part of the domain of Russia. A regular service is performed in it on stated days of the week, by three papas of the Greek church, who, with a certain number of *chantres*, are maintained by the Russian Autoerat. Queen Catherine, who used frequently to walk from the pretty village of *Untertürkheim*, situated at the foot of the *Rothenberg*, and on the border of the Neckar, to the summit of that hill, had expressed a wish that her mortal remains might one day rest there in peace. After her death, the old palace, which existed in that place, was demolished accordingly, and a sepulchral chapel raised instead, in the form of a graceful rotunda, with three projecting porticoes supported by four Ionic columns. The light is admitted through the cupola only, into the interior, which is decorated by four colossal statues of the evangelists, executed by Dannecker, Wagner, Zueger, and Leeb — the two latter after the designs of Thorwaldsen. I need not state the high degree of merit which these magnificent works of the Suabian sculptors possess. The four statues are of the best Carrara marble; that of St. John, by Dannecker, is exquisite. The royal remains repose in a vault under the consecrated ground, where they were deposited in June 1824, inclosed in a beautiful sarcophagus, brought from Italy.

Nothing can surpass the superb *coup d'œil* which offers itself to the stranger, as he emerges from the chapel, and stands under one of the porticoes surveying the splendid panorama before him. The entire chain of the Suabian Alps from Loehenstein to Hohenstaufen, with their rocks and ruins, present him with a south view full of grandeur. On the western side, his eye glides over the extended and massive verdure of the Black Forest, penetrating as far as the *Pays des Vosges*, beyond the Rhine; while nearer, and almost at his feet, the smiling valley of the Neckar, the vine-clad hills, and Stuttgart itself, complete the entire and interesting picture.

But I allow myself to be carried away from my purpose, — that of giving an account of my visit to the mineral sources and baths of Cannstadt; which I accomplished in company with Sir George Shee on one occasion, and with one of my sons, a student in Architecture, on another; examining every part of the new building — tasting the several waters as they sprang from their sources, and ascertaining their temperature. On passing through the gardens and promenades connected with the royal place, — which were laid out about twenty years ago by the father of the present king — and which brought strongly to my mind the delicious parterres and groves of Aranjuez, we reached, after a ride of two miles, the neat and pretty little town of Cannstadt, situated on the

Neekar, and surrounded by a very fertile plain, which, in former times, must have been the scene of great geological catastrophes, as the many specimens of extinct races of animals of a primitive world, which are often found here, seem to testify.

A short distance from the village, a handsome carriage-road, lined with trees, leads to the principal spring, inclosed in a well, over which the present king has lately erected a circular temple, with two lateral colonnaded porticoes of considerable extent. Other springs are found behind this building, some issuing through the ground, others emerging out of the rock; and although all of them are found on a space of ground of small area, and their number amounts to not less than thirty-seven, I may aver that scarcely two of them are perfectly alike in taste.

The principal spring, which is that called the *Sulzrainquelle*, contains, in sixteen ounces of water, nineteen grains and a-half of common salt, seven grains and three-fourths of glauber, and nearly twice that quantity of Epsom salts, besides carbonate of lime,  $\frac{7}{50}$  of a grain of carbonate of iron, and one volume and  $\frac{14}{100}$  of carbonic acid gas. According to Morstatt, the temperature is from fifteen to sixteen degrees of Reaumur, (66° of Fahrenheit). The water is pleasantly acidulous *au premier goût*; but it leaves behind a smack of rusty iron, with corrugation of the mouth and tongue, and a taste



of common salt into the bargain, by no means agreeable.

These various sources of mineral water spring from a stratum of limestone tuffa containing iron, placed below an upper soil of chalk and marl. The water has been compared to that of Pyrmont and Seltzer; but the resemblance to either, in taste, is not striking. Its effect, owing to the presenee of iron, as well as of three purgative salts, partakes, it is said, of that of the acidulous and the chalybeate waters. It is not merely stimulating, but also laxative and tonic. Its first and chief power is exerted on the organs of digestion, and it has aequired much celebrity for the removal of obstructions of the bowels and mesenterie glands or vessels, as well as for the cure of every sort of dyspepsia. It has likewise been found very useful in combating obstinate eases of hypochondriasis — weakness of the stomach — deficient action in the glandular or lymphathic organs — gout and chronic rheumatism — and in such of the diseases of females as arise from debility in the uterine system.

The waters are drunk at their natural temperatures in general; although some prefer mixing them with warm milk, or with water of the same spring, previously warmed. From three to six glasses of an ordinary size are drunk very early in the morning. Accommodations of every kind are to be found, both for such as drink, and such

as prefer bathing in these waters. Cannstadt has many excellent hotels and lodging-houses, in some of which the mineral water is found naturally, while to others it is conveyed from the source. The regulations for all these establishments are admirable, and the price of living is exceedingly moderate, — supposing, even, that the visitors should prefer lodging at one of the best hotels in Stuttgart, and drive every morning, or walk, to Cannstadt, for his dose of mineral water or his bath.

The hotel at which I lived while at Stuttgart, and with the master of which, as well as with its accommodation, I have every reason to be satisfied, might very well be made a sort of headquarters of this kind, for an invalid desirous to enjoy the benefit of the Cannstadt waters. At this hotel (the König von Würtemberg), situated at the confluence of four of the principal streets (having, on the day of my return from Wildbad, missed the usual hour of the great *table d'hôte*, which begins at one o'clock), a private dinner for one florin and twelve kreutzers (2s.) was served up in about an hour, which will give an idea of the cheapness of living at Stuttgart, where so much, and that so good, can be obtained at an inn, for so little money. *Imprimis*, a basin of excellent soup, consisting of a good *bouillon de bœuf*, into which some baked flour resembling *semolina*, and a couple of eggs, had been mixed.

beat up, and boiled. Next came four *côtelettes pannées*, with two attendant vegetable-dishes, the one bearing dressed French beans, the other some *cartoffel en chemise*. A trout followed, which in its turn made way for a plump *perdrix au lard*, having on one side, a bowl of salad dressed in the Italian fashion, and a dish of *langue salée* on the other. A third course appeared next, with some *poires éturées dans leur jus et au vin*, and a capital *omelette soufflée*. Four sorts of bisenits and *compotes*, with fresh plums and pears, constituted the dessert; and all these good things were made still better, by plenty of bread of singular excellence, and a pint of Neckar wine, which was not despicable. What cockney, within the smoke of the kitchen of the Albion or of the Freemason's, can hope to linger over, still less to partake of, the tithe part of this long list of *gustables*, at the bare name of which his mouth would water, — for only twice twelve-pence of lawful British money?

Würtemberg abounds, perhaps, more than any other country in Europe, considering its size, in mineral springs, many of which have long enjoyed a local or provincial celebrity, and a few of them a national and even European renown. Among the latter is reckoned Boll, placed on an elevated plateau, formed on one of the pinnales of the Suabian Alps, twenty-five English miles distant from the capital, in a north-east direction. To the tourist who takes the high road to Ulm on quitting Stutt-

gardt, as we did; Boll will be found conveniently near to the second post-station called *Göppingen*, from which it is distant only four English miles, through an exceedingly pretty country. The village is flanked by a ridge of the Suabian Alps, which extend as far as the eye can reach on one side; while on the other side a dense forest, coming down to the very edge of the village, in its rear, forms a dark back-ground to the place, and gives it an imposing character. The contemplation of the whole scene is full of interest, not a little increased by the historical rememberings which the view of those lesser Alps suggests, when the eye rests on the once mighty Hohenstaufen, the cradle of the German emperors.

There is another road to Boll, through *Kirchheim*, which some might prefer to the first, as it passes by the residence of the Dutchesse Louis de Würtemberg, mother of the present queen. The sulphureous spring at Boll, and the Royal Bathing Establishment, are quite unconnected with the village, from which they are distant about half-a-mile. The water rises through a soil consisting of bituminous marl and a species of sulphureous gravel. It has a temperature of  $54^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, and its predominant saline constituents are glauber salt, and the carbonates of lime, soda, and magnesia. There are traces of iron and manganese, with likewise strong indication of the presence of bitumen. Of its gaseous contents, carbonic acid is the most

prominent ; next in quantity is azote ; and lastly , sulphuretted hydrogen.

From long experience it has been found that Boll proves of essential service in diseases of the skin , scurvy , psora , and other deturpating complaints. Nocturnal pains in the bones , from erotic diseases , carious ulcers of the legs , contraction of the limbs , and lameness , have been cured in so many instances by the application of this water , that its reputation in these respects is undoubted and of long-standing. As a depurative of the blood when in a vitiated state , I should consider the mineral water of Boll , taken internally , capable of producing the most happy results. This view of its virtues , which I formed on a serious consideration of its composition , induced me to recommend it to an officer in the Würtemberg army , in whom , such was the ill condition of his blood , that he could neither bear a scratch , nor the slightest cut of his skin , without suffering from festering sores , which would continue open and angry for several weeks. This peculiar state had been brought about partly by high living , and partly by early debauchery. In two months , after drinking the Boll water , fasting , and early in the morning , the patient recovered his general health , lost the irritability of the skin , as well as a tendency to eruption , and the blood was restored to its normal state. His letter to me is satisfactory on all those points. The only complaint he made



against the treatment, was on account of the nauseous taste of his daily beverage ; for although the water is clear and contains a sufficient quantity of acid gas, it is brackish and dark-coloured, and by no means tempting.

The entire establishment at Boll is the property of the crown, under whose especial care and superintendence it is conducted. It consists of a detached building, and two principal wings, with the necessary offices at the back. About one hundred separate rooms are found in it, which are let furnished, a bed inclusive, at prices which are fixed and marked on the rooms, varying from one to three florins a-week (1*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.*) The best and private rooms are on the principal story ; a second, and inferior range of them, is placed on the ground-floor, where separate closets may likewise be had. As the water used for bathing must be warmed, it is pumped from the spring by means of a tread-wheel, and conveyed partly into a vast boiler, and the remainder into the great reservoir, in which it is kept for use without altering its natural temperature. From both of these receivers the necessary quantity of warm and cold water requisite to fill the bathing-tubs, is carried into the private rooms. The tubs are of wood, and each invalid on his arrival, has the use of a new one, which remains at the door of his own chamber in a large corridor. The price of the baths in a private room is about a shilling ; and half that sum for a bath on the ground-floor.

The manager of the establishment is bound to provide all those who do not choose to dine at the *table d'hôte* with a dinner in their private apartments, at very moderate prices, according to the number of dishes, which are chosen in the morning out of a copious bill of fare. Most visitors, however, prefer dining in public, and the *table d'hôte* at Boll has its merits, and demerits like all similar arrangements in Germany.

Since the government took under its own management the establishment in 1820, the number of visitors has been increasing on every succeeding year,— a proof of the excellence of its regulations. Before that time, although Boll had been known from the remotest ages as a very powerful and salubrious spring, it was only visited by the inhabitants of neighbouring districts.

Dr. Hartmann, the physician appointed *ad hoc*, and generally residing at Göppingen, the nearest post-town, attends during the season every day at the bathing establishment; and the Protestant clergyman of the village reads service every Sunday. I have to regret my inability to visit and examine the celebrated collection of minerals and fossil remains belonging to Dr. Hartmann, which he procured chiefly by his own active, and assiduous exploration of that most interesting soil.

Boll offers to the visitor a scene of civilisation, in the way of public and private amusements, occupation of the mind, and social intercourse; which

could hardly have been expected in that lofty and secluded region. A band attends on week-days; and on every Sunday or saint's-day there is dancing after dinner, when the concourse of people from the neighbourhood, in their various and picturesque costumes, is immense. A library affords a *point de réunion*, and an excuse for a sort of daily *chit-chat*, which is not always akin with the nature of that literary establishment. Billiards also have been provided, and many other innocent games are at the disposal of the visitors. Regular gambling, however, as at all the Spas of Würtemberg and Austria, is strictly forbidden. Those who are fond of making excursions into the most romantic and interesting parts of the Suabian Alps, or to the nearer, and picturesque environs of Boll, will find every convenience of carriage and horses, at a very moderate charge. The roads are everywhere good, and the main-road excellent.

I shall conclude this statement respecting Boll, with a general remark (especially applicable to those who are likely to be my readers) which a very sensible man, a native of Würtemberg, but well acquainted with the English nation, made to me in speaking of that Spa. “If an English family coming hither will put up with table, wine, hours, and amusements as they find them, they may live comfortably and excessively cheap; but if they mean to introduce English fashions, and

English mainners, they will have to pay and smart for their whims, and yet miss many of the comforts to which they are accustomed at home."

I have purposely extended my account of the principal Würtemberg Spas to a length which may, to some, appear unwarrantable, in a work intended to take a general view of the principal Spas of Germany. My reason for doing so, is the complete ignorance which prevails respecting them in this country, and the serious loss, entailed by that ignorance, to many thousands, who might otherwise have found health at some one of these Spas. With the exception of Wildbad, — of which the most recent work on mineral waters, in the English language, before alluded to, gives a meagre, and in more respects than one an inaccurate description, contained in a page and a-half, — not one of the Würtemberg bathing-places or mineral springs has been made known to the English nation. Nay, the very names of the places are scarcely to be found in the latest gazetteers and geographical works published in this country. Yet all of them, but Wildbad in particular, are deserving of the most serious attention. In selecting those which I have here fully described, I had a useful object in view; namely, that of pointing out the important fact, of five different Spas being found within the narrow sphere of a few miles, the unquestionable virtues of which, collectively considered, would suffice for the removal of almost

every species of chronic disorders by which mankind are afflicted.

Thus at WILDBAD, a bath, of the natural temperature of the human body, offers the sure means of soothing, harmonising, and restoring to their proper level, the too-exalted functions of the nerves, whence so many disorders inevitably flow. DEINACH, on the contrary, with its sparkling and invigorating springs, excites, stimulates, and rouses the energies of the external frame and internal organs, labouring under depression and weakened power. At CANNSTADT, the patient who lacks neither the soothing influence of Wildbad, nor the inspiring faculty of Deinaeh, but requires only an alterative course to restore him to health, finds the very agent which can effect that object. These three mineral springs are equally suited to all classes of constitution, to all ages, and to both sexes, when afflicted with any of the disorders for which they are adapted; and indeed they may, in most cases, be made to follow each other with success in the treatment of diseases, so as to leave none but what are cutaneous, or peculiar to the female constitution, untouched. But bountiful Nature, has, within the same sphere of country, provided also for the first at BOLL, and for the second at LIEBENZELL. The Würtemberg spas, therefore, deserve and ought to command attention: and when I add that they are the least expensive of all the frequented Spas in Germany, and that every one of them



is actually in the centre of some romantic and beautiful region, instead of being, like some of the Bohemian and Nassau Spas, entrenched within close towns, or places, — it will be admitted, that in giving them a very prominent station in my present volumes of professional instruction, I have only discharged a professional duty.

We are now *en route* for the capital of Bavaria, intending to rest there a few days, previously to prosecuting our journey towards the Salzburghian Spas. We had begun that journey under unpromising auspices, — after an obstinate contention with the wagen-steller, who had attempted the usual trick of fixing me with three horses, which I successfully resisted; and after a great display of ill-humour on the part of the postilion, for not being permitted to drive instead of riding. The weight of these untoward circumstances, according to custom, I felt to my cost; for instead of passing over the ground at the indulgent rate even of a German mile an hour, fixed by that considerate Postmaster-general LA TOUR and TAXIS, we wasted just double that time in performing that distance. Nor did the offer of money, or the endearing appellation of “Schwager,” brother-in-law, which sounds so cheering to postilions’ ears in Germany, produce, a change in our favour, or a better result. I took care at Munich to remove one of these sources of dissatisfaction, by making room on the front boot of the britzseka for the driver; an arrangement which

saved me money as well as trouble. It should be borne in mind, that throughout the south, east, and centre of Germany, the postilion has the right to prefer driving to riding — that the traveller is bound to find him with a proper seat for that purpose — and that if the postilion be made to ride, the postmaster is entitled to make an additional charge for the horses at every stage, which charge is regulated by a tariff.

In every part of the kingdom of Würtemberg which I visited, I was much struck with the richness and fertility of its lands in all directions. Yet the soil, although mostly alluvial, is not in itself of a naturally fertile character; and careful and incessant labour directed in a neat, methodical, and I might say, scientific manner, aided by rich manures, could alone have brought it to the state of productiveness in which I everywhere beheld it. Even where the red sand-stone rock peered through the coarse alluvial ground, or appeared naked on the slanting sides of the hill, amidst the green and golden crops which clothed it to its very summit, not an inch of the land was to be seen that did not bear its full tribute. I confess I never noticed in any country, such universal and incessant evidence of the abundantly required labour, industry, and skill of the husbandman. Most of the districts we passed through, or examined, may be likened to a perpetual garden, the cultivation of which is *soignée* to the utmost degree. There

are no hedges, ditches, nor even dwarf-walls, to mark the limits of patrimonial estates. How these are known, it is not easy to discover from mere outward signs. Not even along the edge of the roads is the smallest fence or embankment made; and the sower frequently encroaches a few inches on the *chaussée*, to increase the produce of his domain.

The fields, near the small towns and villages, appeared divided and subdivided, more than I had seen before, by divers kinds of crops planted in them; while in more remote parts, plains of undistinguishable boundaries, rather than fields, waved with a single crop of either wheat or barley, among which not a single vestige was to be seen of any weed or an intruding red poppy. Trees, single or in groups, occur sufficiently often to diversify and break the monotony of the extensive sheets of arable land that lay before us; and the ever-changing series of hills through which we passed was often interrupted by dense, dark-green, and ancient plantations, — from the small copse, to the most extended forest. These observations apply more especially to the lands in the valley of the *Nagold*, in which CALW is seated. There I noticed the harvest carried home in long light carts, on four low wheels, to which were yoked a couple of small oxen. Women were principally engaged in reaping with the scythe, and they seemed to go through their task with surprising rapidity.

Through a road interesting to the geologist, and the lover of Suabian historical antiquities, in many parts of which the remains of ancient feudal and baronial castles appear planted in midway air, or on the summit of some of the most pointed and fantastic hills, reminding one strongly of the Rhine, we arrived at last in sight of ULM.

From the hill which commands that city, the effect of the lofty towers of the cathedral, and the first sight of the Danube, were striking. Among the grandest temples of gothic structure of the 14th century, dedicated to God, the cathedral of Ulm stands justly prominent. In the interior some very old and exquisite carvings; a delicious little composition in oil, by Rothenhamer, representing the birth of Christ, with a great many figures, on a pannel of one foot by ten inches; and four curious paintings, by Durer, — engaged my attention.

The Danube also I saluted with interest. With what strife, among the many, of one European nation against another, has that river not been associated for centuries past! The very sight of the Imperial Abbey of *Elchingen*, — which gave to the ill-fated conqueror of Ulm his ducal title, — situated on a rocky ledge, overlooking the left bank of that river, suggest remembrances of many painful feelings. But with Ulm, in my present volumes, I can have little to do, beyond mentioning it as a city of passage, in which good cheer and accom-

modation may be found, à l'*Hôtel de la Poste*, one of the inns the most frequented. From it we started, keeping the right bank of the Danube until we quitted it to enter the Bavarian frontiers, — where a sentinel of that nation inspected the passport, and required no other formality.

On the road to Augsburg, which is flat and uninteresting, but favourable to quick driving in spite of its roughish exterior, I could not help remarking, as I had often done before, the striking difference which existed between the appearance of the men and women inhabiting level countries, and that of the dwellers of the mountain region we had just quitted. Their complexion and handsomer physiognomies, show how much more favourable are plains to the developement of the human form, than mountainous districts; for in almost all of the latter description, which we had traversed, the human face, of the women in particular, was sadly disfigured. The city of Stuttgart, which spreads on the flat level of a valley, offers the same contrast in the appearance of the female part of its population — fair, well made, and in a great many instances good-looking — and that of the women of the highlands by which that capital is surrounded.

AUGSBURG is an interesting city in many respects. The sight of its extended outline stretched before us, as the first light of day developed it on the horizon, was imposing. On a nearer approach it



became even more so, particularly as we were passing under the massive arch of its antique gate, surmounted by the Centre-Thurm, which rises a hundred feet, round and bold, with its many tiny windows and loop-holes. The streets are wide, though, as usual, very irregularly built. Some are flanked with old-fashioned gable-ended houses, with floors piled upon floors, tapering to a point; others with dwellings of more modern structure and greater pretensions, — much in the style of some of the principal streets of Stuttgardt. They are paved with small stones, without any *trottoirs*, and are very unfavourable to pedestrians, as I found to my cost. Augsburg must be *déchu* of its former importance, particularly as a commercial emporium, whither many young men of family, from Italy, Switzerland, and other parts of Germany, were formerly sent, to learn the art and mystery of banking and commercial agency. I should say that the city is now too large for its inhabitants. The grass grows in many of the streets. The town is still encircled by a high and solid rampart, with a moat around it; but all other marks of former fortifications have disappeared, and a promenade, with trees and benches, reminding one of that at Frankfort, has taken their place.

One of the curiosities of Augsburg is the hotel of *the three Moors* (Drey Mohren). It must be seen to be comprehended. Of the *Hôtel de Ville* and the *Salle d'or*, — the episcopal palace, celebrated

on account of the first promulgation of the Confession of Augsburg — the several churches and paintings they contain — of the Arsenal, and of the *Ablass* or reservoir, which supplies the city with pure and fresh water, — it is not my object to enter into details. I wish rather that my readers should accompany me along the macadamised road, which carries one away from all these interesting objects towards Munich. It passes, for a considerable tract, over a flat country, although at an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea — an elevation which increased to nearly two thousand feet before we reached that city. The distances on this road are measured by large stone pillars, at every *stunde*, which bear inscribed on them the distance from the capital. Between them the space is subdivided into *eighths*, marked neatly on dwarf posts, painted with the national colours in chequers. The country seems well-peopled, if I may judge from the very many small and neat villages which I saw, all of them placed in little dells or on the side of some gentle swelling, having groups of trees interspersed among the houses and cottages, with the village church as a centre, throwing up its lofty minaret-looking steeple, terminated by a green or red bulbous top, the appearance of which is strikingly Oriental.

Arrived at the eleventh *stunde*, after ascending, by a tortuous yet excellent road, the last hill, we

caught the first glimpse of the snowy Alps, on our right, upon the distant horizon of an extensive *plateau*, studded with villages. Here the effect of the air upon my spirits was suddenly marvellous, and continued throughout the rest of the journey. A buoyancy and elasticity came over my feelings, which I hailed as totally new, since the time I experienced them before, on crossing those cherished mountains in 1819. I was evidently in a congenial climate, and the energy of all my faculties evinced how beneficial such a climate was to my constitution. On my two sons, the effect was neither so striking, nor so decidedly favourable. I had here another illustration (not unimportant to a medical man) of the different manner in which climates affect different individuals, even of the same family, and all equally in health!

Although apparently well-peopled, the country did not seem either so fertile or so well-cultivated as in Würtemberg: it is, on the contrary, slovenly and unskillfully managed; and yet there are appearances here of greater comfort, and decidedly more cleanliness and order in all the villages, as well as among the cottagers and inhabitants, who have all a more prepossessing exterior. We hurried along the newly-constructed road to Dachau, a neat little town, placed on a gentle hill, on the border of the Dachauer Moss, irrigated by the *Amper*, a stream which, proceeding from the *Ammer-see* to the south of the road, goes to mix its

waters with those of the *Isar*, at Moosburg, some miles to the north-east.

At length, at the termination of a long vista of waning poplars, and in the middle of a vast plain, with the jagged outline of the Alps beyond it, appeared the capital of Bavaria, with its domes and cupolas, and church towers, presenting us with a spectacle of a most promising description.

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SECOND  
GEOGRAPHICAL GROUP.

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SALZBURGHIAN SPAS.

1. GASTEIN.

2. GOF-GASTEIN.







# SALZBURGHIAN

SPAS.



Blue Cold Springs.  
Yellow Thermal Springs.  
Red Author's Route.



## CHAPTER I.

### ROAD TO GASTEIN.

#### Munich.



General character of MUNICH—Entrance into that capital—The bronze obelisk—Thirty thousand Bavarian victims—Aerial perspective favourable to insulated monuments—The York pillar—The statue in Charing Cross and that in Cockspur-street—Bavarian architecture—Chevalier KLENZE—His numerous works—*Palats Royal* at Pimlico—The GLYPTOTHEK—Its general character and importance—Interior arrangement—The twelve *Salles*—Ciceronian promenade through them—The EGINA Marbles—English hesitation and government parsimony fatal to the fine arts—The SLEEPING SATYR—The kneeling ILIONEUS of Praxiteles—The stone-mason and doctor BARTH—*SALLES DE FÊTES*—Rich frescoes—The great Römer-Saal—The moderns—Canova's Venus—Robert B—and Dr. MARTIUS—Exterior of the Glyptothek—The PINAKOTHEK—The king's frequent visits to it—His taste—ZIMMERMAN, the celebrated painter—The great gallery—Frescoes—Interior of the Pinakothek—HOTELS at Munich—The Cerf d'Or—Accommodation—*Attendance*—Prices—*TABLE D'HÔTE*—How to recognize an Englishman abroad.



Munich bids fair to become the Athens of Germany.

Should a long life be vouchsafed to the reigning sovereign, — whose high and energetic faculties are for ever directed to the introduction and extension of the fine arts, as well as of every useful improvement into his dominions, — Munich will, at no distant period of time, be the capital of South Germany. Political importance, superiority of military forces, greater extension of territory, and a more imposing exterior in courtly trappings, may assign that rank to another and much larger city in that division of the German empire : but a higher state of knowledge — a greater encouragement to learning — the promotion of industry — the patronage of the liberal professions — the foundation of institutions suited to the times — the erection of vast and magnificent buildings — the cultivation of a pure and correct taste in architecture, in painting, and in sculpture ; — these and a more enlightened government, can alone secure the title of “ Fair Queen ” of the empire to the city which can boast of them. Such, then, is Munich ; and I rejoiced, ere I left it, that my mission to the continent on this occasion had led me to an acquaintance with so fair, so promising, so delightful a capital.

One of the gayest and most inspiring lines of entrance into any important city, is unquestionably that which, from the road we were quitting, after traversing the most modern part of Munich, passes through *Luitpolds Platz*, along *Königstrasse*,



and across *Königs Platz*, on the left side of which rises the classical marble front of the *Glyptothek*. This is by far the most imposing line of access to Munich. All along it we had in view a lofty quadrangular obelisk of yellow bronze, rearing its head to an elevation of one hundred feet, and bearing on its pedestal the inscribed expression of the gratitude of a sovereign, to the thirty thousand Bavarian soldiers who fell in the memorable campaign of Russia. Beyond it, the great entrance into the public gardens, — in and out of which crowds of people and gay equipages were seen passing and repassing, — formed an appropriate termination to this vista.

The distance from the spot (the Caroline Platz) on which the obelisk is erected, to the *Hofgarten* just alluded to, being of two thousand five hundred feet in a straight unincumbered line, flanked by some of the finest houses in Munich, — that monument possesses the advantage of an aerial background, which all such single and insulated elevations ought to have, when viewed from the proper point of sight. Through it their grandeur is magnified, and additional loftiness given to their character.

Place behind or near to monuments like this obelisk at Munich, a range of brick buildings that shall intercept everywhere the play of their outlines and daring dimensions, on the free atmosphere around them — and their importance, their

beauty, and their imposing form instantly dwindle into the mediocre. What would be the effect of the great pillar of Napoleon, if the Place Vendôme were a close circle of buildings, instead of offering, as it does, an aerial perspective to that pillar in two opposite directions? What would be the effect of the York pillar, if instead of the sky of St. James's Park receiving its image, it had stood at a short distance from the wall of the Horse Guards? With equestrian statues the effect is the same. See how greatly has risen in the estimation of all the lovers of the fine arts Charles's equestrian statue at Charing Cross, since a great square has been opened behind it, presenting that statue to the spectator who ascends from Whitehall, with a vast aerial back-ground, on which every line and minute circumstance of that monument are sharply delineated? Turn, on the contrary, to a neighbouring equestrian portrait of another sovereign, placed, by a perverse determination to do that which is at war with the beautiful and the picturesque, in a situation where it paints itself on the dull and chequered fronts of shops, which form its back-ground in all directions — and the conclusion will be inevitable. Had the latter monument been what the loyalty of those who raised it doubtless wished it to be; the situation for it would have been that space in Oxford-street, where Regent-street cuts it at right angles, forming four wide and handsome aerial vistas for any equestrian monu-

ment considered worthy of being thus favourably seen and admired. The obelisk at Munich is so seen and so admired. Louis the First suggested the idea ; composed the inscription ; gave fifty thousand florins out of his privy purse for its erection ; granted the necessary number of guns captured to produce the four hundred and fifty tons of metal of which it is formed ; and finally was present at its inauguration on the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig in 1833. He also had the sagacity to employ the talents of KLENZE and STIEGELMAYER in this magnificent work , which must have answered fully his royal expectation.

The chevalier KLENZE is the architect on whose designs , and under whose superintendence , most of the modern buildings ( and they are many and of first-rate importance ) in the new *quartiers* of Munich , have been erected ; and I may remark , in passing , that this very able artist has the further merit of having constructed almost the whole of the edifices to which his name is attached , for a sum not much larger than loyal Englishmen have disbursed in various instalments , for that single “ Palais Royal ” which stands with a duck - pond in front and behind , sweet Pimlico on the right , and a dwarf brick wall on the left.

The royal residence in the public gardens — the *Königsbau* , or the new king’s palace , in imitation of the Palazzo Pitti — the church of All Saints — the Royal Manège — the Obelisk — the

Glyptothek, and the Pinakothek (two edifices sufficient in themselves to immortalise an architect) — the new stone bridge over the Isar — the great Hôtel des Postes — the Ionic *Monopteros*, in the Jardin Anglais — the palace of the minister-at-war — the great bazaar — and I believe also the Bibliothek, which consists of at least sixty rooms, and will contain nearly half a-million of volumes, — these form the glorious list of the works of this most successful architect, all of which have originated with his present Majesty, whether as Prince Royal or as King.

Often as Munich has been described by English tourists, its accurate and complete description remains yet to be given. Its yearly extension and embellishment are so important and so considerable, that each successive traveller might undertake, without fear of plagiarism, an account of that city. With the advantages I had, through the unremitting kindness of Lord Erskine, the British minister at that court, the condescension of Prince Vallerstein, the minister of the interior, the friendly aid of one of the government's physicians, Dr. Fuchs, and of Dr. Martius, the celebrated professor of botany, of visiting, examining, and studying, the various institutions in every part of the capital, from which I brought away voluminous recollections, — I might presume to consider myself qualified to give a newer delineation of Munich. But *non est hîc tempus*. My

occupation in the present volumes is to treat of very different subjects, and I shall not suffer myself to be diverted from my purpose by any temptation, however great, to enter into minute details of the many objects which rivetted my attention, and commanded my admiration.

Yet it is impossible, even under the restrictions of my position, not to say a word in praise of the almost unrivalled museum of sculptural antiquities called the *Glyptothek*, in which upwards of three hundred objects of art of indisputable merit have been arranged, so as to exhibit successively the different periods of the developement of sculpture, from the lustral or sepulchral urns of the remotest Egyptians, down to the graceful and fleshy statues and busts from the chisels of Canova and Thorwaldsen. An arrangement so judicious could only have been determined upon, before the building itself was erected; and accordingly the plan of the *Glyptothek* was regulated by the wishes of the King, by the number of objects of art to be distributed in it, and by the determination to display them in the order to which I have alluded.

The building, which was planned and begun in 1816, was completed in 1830. Two Latin inscriptions on the frieze within the first *salle* commemorate the names of Klenze as the architect, and of Peter Cornelius as the historical and fresco painter, who erected and ornamented this splendid edifice, *jussu Regis*. What king in Europe might



not envy the feelings of pride and gratification which Louis of Bavaria must ever experience, at having raised such a structure — at having filled it from his own private resources with such treasures of art — and at being the creator and founder of another and still more splendid palace, also dedicated to the fine arts, the *Pinakothek*—as well as of twenty other public edifices, many of them of colossal dimensions, and almost all of them of infinite merit?

The *Glyptothek* is an unique building of its class and intention in Europe. In no other capital has a structure so noble, so chaste, so grand, yet so simple been erected for the single object of assembling within it, whatever remains of ancient sculptural art, taste, wealth, and opportunity could procure. All this has the present sovereign of Bavaria accomplished, after fourteen years of unceasing and undiminished efforts; and His Majesty may well be proud of the fact, that all the amateurs, the dilettanti, the antiquaries, and the sculptors, of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and the lesser capitals, may flock to Munich to witness this triumph of art, and the stupendous collection it contains, with the assurance that they leave behind them nothing to equal it.

Through an Ionic portico of twelve columns of great beauty, with a pavement of green and black marble, you enter the high vestibule of a quadrangular building, covering an area of three acres

of ground, and divided interiorly into twelve salles, of different forms and dimensions, besides a smaller vestibule and two *salles des Fêtes*. The centre is occupied by an inner court, forming a square of 125 feet on each side, which serves to throw light through lunette-windows into the building; no other light being admitted into it, either by external windows in front, or from the top, — except over the principal vestibule, and the circular salle at each angle in the façade. In the middle of this handsome court, which has a simply ornamented pavement of black and white marble, stands a colossal mask of *Jupiter Pluvius*, to receive the rain.

I must now request the reader to inspect the plan I have here inserted.

The visiter is first conducted into the Egyptian room ( 1 ), on the left side of the vestibule, the form of which is a traverse parallelogramme, with a semi-circular addition on the side of the entrance. The decorations of this room, the variegated marble pavement, and the stuccoed walls, imitating a species of deep-yellow marble \*, as well as the many analogous bas-reliefs, harmonising with the subjects and epoch of this part of the collec-

\* M. Inglis, in a recent account of Munich, contained in his work on the Tyrol, says, “ The floor and walls of the *Glyptothek* are of marble.” He had evidently been deceived by the beauty of the imitation.

tion — serve to give an *éclat* to objects which, though *chefs-d'œuvre* in reality, present at first view little attraction, owing to their extreme antiquity. There are thirty-one objects in this room, many of which proceed from the Villa Albani, the Palazzo Barberini, or were purchased from the Chevalier Drovetti and Mr. Dodwell, at Rome.

We next proceed to a circular room adjoining (2), having a diameter of thirty-five feet, with four niches, and a cupola which admits, through windows, the necessary light. For the display of sculptural beauty such a light is unfavourable. Here the architect, however, was compelled, by the condition of the King's plan of excluding all external windows, to adopt that species of light, because the *salle* is placed in the angle of the building, and cannot therefore be lighted by a *lunette* from the interior court. He has nevertheless studied, by the proportions of the room, and the manner in which the various objects of art are placed, to prevent, as far as it was practicable, the great shadows which, notwithstanding, cover sometimes a few of the statues. This room is called *la salle des Incunables*. It contains twenty-three objects, bronzes, bas-reliefs, and busts, and a few statues exhibiting the infant age of the Etruscan and Grecian art.

The third room, fifty feet long, with recesses, and a coved ceiling (3), follows the preceding one, along the same side of the building, and contains

those precious remains of Greeian sculpture, in its maturest vigour, which give the name to the room, and must shame more than one Englishman, that such remains should be here, and not in Great Britain. Need I mention the “Egina marbles” after this remark? Here they are, in all their glory — purchased in 1812 by the King while Princee Royal, from his own limited *apanage* — restored afterwards by Thorwaldsen at Rome, in a most masterly style — and explained and made known by more than one celebrated *savant*, among whom it is sufficient to name Cockerell, Schelling, and Müller. Their display in this edifice is harmonious, and their effect grand in the extreme.

And England might have possessed these objects, but has them not, through hesitation from paltry pecuniary considerations! *Nummi ante gloriam* for ever! How many errors of this kind has England to reproach herself with! Witness the gallery of paintings in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg; the Solly collection of pictures in the Museum at Berlin; the remaining Metope of the Parthenon, which might have been obtained from the Choiseul collection; the Giustiniani and the Malmaison collections; and lastly the Barberini Faun! — The Egina room has twenty-three objects in it.

Following the same line we enter the smaller room of Apollo (4), like the rest, paved with marble, and richly ornamented, besides being

covered with historical, mythological, and allegorical *frescoes* by Cornelius. The name given to this room is derived from the magnificent and colossal statue of pentelik marble, known formerly as the Barberini Muse, but since recognised as an Apollo. Winekelmann quotes it as a model of the grandiose style of the Greeks, immediately before Phidias.

But I am impatient to lead my readers into the next or fifth *salle* (5) called *la Salle Bachique*, that they may stand at once rivetted before one of the greatest triumphs of Greecian sculpture — the Barberini Faun, or the Sleeping Satyr. This colossal statue of Parian marble, more than seven feet in length, lies half reclining on a rock, and displays such exquisite beauty of form, combined with a finish not surpassed either in the celebrated Venus, or the still more celebrated Apollo, that one is tempted to ascribe it to the chisel of Praxiteles. It once formed part of the Barberini patrimony; passed afterwards into the possession of Lucien Bonaparte; then into the hands of a third party, from whom the King of Bavaria purchased it for an enormous sum, out of his yearly savings. The lower extremities, part of the left arm, and the rock, were restored by an eminent sculptor, Vincenzo Pacetti, of Rome, since dead (who had bought the Torso from Barberini), and sold it to Lucien. As in all cases of super-exquisite beauty in objects of art, — language cannot express the



faintest portion of the enthusiasm with which one beholds this invaluable *chef-d'œuvre* — alone sufficient to crown the Glyptothek with glory. The statues, busts, and other objects in this room are twentyfive in number, among which a Silenus, *de toute beauté*, in every sense of the word, ought to be especially mentioned. They have all been obtained from the very best sources.

Into another square room (6), the last on this side of the building, forming one of the angles of its posterior façade — bearing the name of the “*Niobides*,” — we will enter, in order to admire its gay and lively ornaments and rich gilding; but above all, one of the twenty-seven precious objects it contains — the kneeling son of Niobe, known by the name of *Ilioneus*. The execution and the exquisite forms of what remains of this small statue, are worthy of the chisel of Scopas or Praxiteles, — to each of which immortal sculptors the Roman people assigned it in turn, at the time when Pliny saw it in the Temple of Apollo Sosius at Rome. It is known that this statue was once at Prague, from whence it found its way into Italy, where, some centuries after, Dr. Barth rescued it from the hands of a stone-mason, who was about to shape it into the form of steps for a small altar! Barth paid the value of the marble only for it, and gave a dueat to each of three workmen, to have it transported to his house immediately. With Barth it travelled to Vienna, where the spirited sovereign

of Bavaria purchased it for *six thousand* ducats , and sent it to enrich the Glyptothek.

We have now reached the central part of the posterior façade of the building, which is occupied by two symmetrical rooms (7 and 8), each fifty feet long and forty feet in width, divided by a smaller vestibule within the postern-gate, or *porte cochère*, and a *petite salle du milieu*. The two *salles* in question are constructed purposely, and by the desire of the King, like ball-rooms, and are called *Salles des Fêtes*. To the one on the left the name of *Salle des Dieux*, to the other on the right, that of *Salle Troyenne*, has been given. They contain no monument of sculptural art, but have served as a vast and rich field for the display of whatever could be effected, in the best and happiest style of bas-relief and of a fresco painting; which latter art the King was extremely desirous to revive with every *éclat* in his capital. For this purpose he confided the whole internal decoration of this division of the Glyptothek to Mons. de Cornelius, whom he sent for purposely from Rome, and named director of the academy of fine arts. Agreeably to the instructions he had received, Mons. de Cornelius was called upon to represent in these rooms the mythology of the gods and the heroes of Greece. Hence the names given to the *Salles*. The manner in which the King's wishes were accomplished must have been as gratifying to him, as they have proved creditable to

the talents and skill of the Bavarian artists. The admirable bas-reliefs in this and other parts of the building were designed and executed by Schwanthaler, a German sculptor of great celebrity.

Quitting these assembly-rooms, we enter another room placed in the posterior angle of the opposite side of the building (9), called *la Salle des Héros*, in which we find eight statues (two of them colossal) and ten busts. We are now reminded by the inscription of some of those specimens, and by the division of the building itself, that we have entered on the period of the incipient decline of the art, after it had reached its *perihelion* or brightest elevation.

On the threshold of the farthest door of this room, the visiter is arrested for a few moments, by the imposing vista which presents itself, of a saloon (10) one hundred and twenty-four feet (English) long, and forty feet wide, styled the *Roemer Saal*, and which has been artfully sunk five steps below the general level, in order to heighten the effect and surprise. This is a gallery of itself: it contains not fewer than one hundred and twenty-two objects, tastefully and judiciously arranged, producing a wonderful effect. The decorations of it, drawn largely from the sister arts, are of a splendour unequalled in any other establishment of the same kind in Europe. They actually dazzle at first view the beholder; but there may be many over-fastidious in point of taste, who, upon reco-

vering from the first irresistible impression of amazement, might criticise the profusion with which ornaments and gilding have been lavished on this especial part of the building, and the selection of colours, not so much of the pavement, as of the *fleurons* and *rosaces* in the ceiling, which are of bright red, while the stuccoed walls are lilac (fior di persico). With the porphyritic columns, on which some of the smaller statues and the busts are placed, the latter tint does not harmonize; and the whole tenor of gay colouring and rich ornaments on the timpana of the three cupolas, offers too strong a contrast to the grave and sober remains of ancient Roman sculpture here assembled. Notwithstanding this hypercriticism on the *Roemer Salle*, the visiter will most readily admit that all the artists employed in it must have vied with each other in endeavouring to produce the most striking effect. Not fewer than seventy-eight busts and sixteen statues, with some bas-reliefs, candelabra, sarcophagi and columns, are skilfully arranged along the walls and in the middle of this magnificent room, which consists in reality of three *salles* in one.

At the farthest extremity of this room, ascending a few steps, we enter the circular *salle* (11), placed in the anterior angle of the same side of the building, and symmetrical with the one described as *la Salle des Incunables*, in the corresponding angle of the other side. In the floor of this room an antique mosaic pavement has been inserted, and

around it different varieties of Franconia marbles have been arranged. The sculptured objects of ancient art here assembled are wholly or partly of coloured materials—*concetti* of the decaying times of Hadrian, judiciously placed in this room, to show the close of that stupendous line of immortal works—which in the right side of the building, we saw in profusion, and in the left side of it we observe gradually to decline. Not only, in truth, is art deteriorated in these objects, but the materials even, which the artists have employed, mark the decline of taste; for in one instance a colossal bust has been cut out of a mass of grey porous lava, containing yet some crystals of apophyllite.

Compared to these, the more modern works of art, the works, in fact, with the creation of which we have been or are contemporaries, appear to advantage in the adjoining (12) or last room, denominated *Salle des Modernes*, out of which the visiter emerges once more into the high vestibule, to regain his stick or umbrella, and walk away *sans rien payer*. In this *Salle des Modernes*, the tint of which is subdued and pleasing, and the ornaments those of the *Cinquecento* style—the emblem of regenerated art (a Phœnix), and four medallions, representing Nicola di Pisa, Michael Angelo, Canova, and Thorwaldsen, sufficiently show with what intention the room has been arranged. But the works contained in it speak for themselves; and when I add that, besides his exquisite statue of Paris, Canova



has contributed to this collection a statue of Venus, (purposely executed in 1805 for the King when Prince Royal, being a repetition of the one possessed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany \*), in which every particular merit of that immortal sculptor is beautifully and forcibly evinced—the reader will have a full conception of the riches, even of modern art, contained within the Glyptothek. What modern sculptor, let him be German, French, or English, can be cited who has ever approached the perfection of this highly-wrought specimen of the modern Italian chisel?

During our visit to the Glyptothek, which lasted some hours, I had the good fortune to find myself in the company of Mr. Robert B——, so justly designated on the continent as the *Princeps Botanicorum*, who was on his way to the Tyrolian Alps, and of Dr. Martius his friend and worthy contemporary in the science of botany, to whom I had been recommended by Baron Cetto, the Bavarian minister in London. Dr. Martius, who is equally distinguished at Munich as a man of learning, frequently favoured us with explanations of the objects before us, and especially of the many allegorical subjects of the fresco paintings, to the mystical

\* CANOVA twice repeated this celebrated statue of Venus, coming out of the bath, originally executed for the Palazzo Pitti. The second repetition is in Lord Lansdowne's collection. (See in Canova's biography an account of his works in 1805 and 1807.)

and symbolical sense of which, he seemed to have paid particular attention. Mr. B—— and I were delighted with such a eicerone, who frequently enlivened his explanations by little anecdotes and incidents referable to the collection, and the edifice itself, the painters, and the architects, as well as to the Royal Founder himself, — for whom, like all Bavarians, Dr. Martins seemed to entertain the most unfeigned respect.

The interior of this noble edifice, of which I have given a perspective view \*, is in accordance with the grave importance of its application. It is rich in the materials employed, rich in the execution of the felicitous device of the architect, yet simple in form and number of ornaments. Niches with entablatures and pediments, like those of the principal windows in the best palladian buildings, occupy the four walls of the exterior, and contain marble statues, in accordance with the objects and destination of the *Glyptothek*. “ The contrast between this building, ” observes a recent English writer, “ and the appearance of the vast hall at the British Museum built for the reception of the Elgin marbles, nay, even of the galleries of the Vatican and of the Louvre, is most striking, and tends to prove, that the Baron Klenze has been successful in his bold and arduous undertaking. ”

I said that, independently of this unique edifice.

\* See page 165.

the King of Bavaria had projected, and I may truly add planned, another of greater and more extended importance, for the reception of many of his private pictures, besides those which are at present in what is called the Gallery of Paintings open to public inspection, and at Schleissheim, rich in chief d'œuvres of the best Italian masters, to the number of sixteen hundred. This building, to which, in imitation of similar institutions, in modern Italy, the name of Pinakothek has been given, is just completed, though not yet open for inspection; for the pictures are not finally arranged within it, nor are the *fresco* paintings finished on which professor Zimmerman has long been engaged, and which he will be at least two years longer in executing. While these two operations are proceeding, the King has strictly forbidden the admission of any stranger into the interior, no matter of what rank or pretension. His Majesty is fully aware of the necessity of keeping the artists undisturbed in their operations, and acts wisely in keeping away from them all intruders, and all excuses for *distraction*. At the same time his own visits to the Pinakothek are frequent, and his royal presence is not only encouraging to those employed upon that splendid work, but useful from the many apt and prompt suggestions which his fine taste and enthusiastic love of the arts enable him to make.

We succeeded so far towards approaching this reserved *sanctum*, as to pass the outer barrier, and

knoek at the lateral entrance of the building. But the imperturbable, stern, and almost grotesque visage of the gigantic Swiss by whom our call was answered — in height, size, and appearance, somewhat like one of those figures which pantomimic writers are fond of parading across the stage, with huge *papier mâché* heads, to scare the holiday folks withal — soon deterred us from the scheme we formed when we first directed our steps towards the building, of taking the sentinel either by surprise, or by a bribe. We, however, so far prevailed as to induce this huge guardian in uniform, to take some of our cards to Zimmerman, with whom one or two of us claimed private acquaintance. We knew that that artist was at his post, deeply immersed in his every-day occupation, of illustrating the history of pictorial art by appropriate fresco paintings, on the many compartments of the vaulted ceiling in the long gallery on the principal floor; and through him we hoped that if we did not prove successful in our endeavours to have, at least, a peep into the interior, we should not come away without beholding all that his own peneil, and that of his *élèves* had already executed of their laborious task. In the latter expectation we were not disappointed; and in good earnest I may say, that although I threaded with caution the crazy scaffolding to which we had been invited, and through which, too often for my tranquillity, the eye caught the distant pavement beneath, of the

great gallery, close to the ceiling of which the scaffolding was erected — I soon became insensible to the danger of my situation, and was lost in admiration at the beauty of every object I beheld around me.

Unquestionably, after the Loggie of the Vatican, no other edifice will bear comparison to what this promises and is intended to be. The ceiling of twenty-five arcades, their compartments and semi-lunettes, the borders, and supporting pilasters, are covered with historical fresco paintings, arabesque ornaments, and a profusion of gilding. The general ideas of all of them were suggested by the King himself, and embodied on cartoons by Zimmerman, who after having submitted them to the royal approbation, has since been engaged in their final execution. A French painter of merit passed through Munich last year, and asked permission to leave a record of his talent in one of the lunettes. Both the composition and colouring are good, and the drawing, like that of most of the French artists, is correct. Zimmerman would permit any painter of eminence to contribute a specimen of his talents to this endless collection; just as the ancient masters must have done, when engaged in those interminable and extensive fresco ceilings which greet the eye of the traveller, in churches and palaces, at Venice, Padua, Mantua, Parma, Florence, and Rome. One can perceive in almost all those examples, evidence of this fraternal practice of the prin-



principal painters, in admitting to a co-partnership of fame, an esteemed fellow-artist.

We had full leisure to examine the exterior of the Pinakothek, after leaving the gallery, and to admire its two principal elevations facing the north and south, and extending five-hundred English feet in length. The style is imposing and pallasian; but the numerous square lantern skylights which rise over the roof throughout its area, spoil the general impression produced by the building and somewhat impair its effect. There is also a running screen over the principal story, some feet in height, — a species of windowless attie, — which is not in the purest taste. The intention of it is to give height to the great gallery, and make room for the lofty vaulted ceiling which Zimmerman is employed in decorating. The same internal arrangement might have been obtained, one would imagine, by means of some more cunning architectural device, which would have added to, instead of detracting from, the external beauty of the edifice;—as every one must admit is the case at present. The Pinakothek, when completed, will stand in the middle of a garden, with a rich parterre in front, like the new museum at Berlin. The building will contain upwards of fifteen-hundred pictures, including the celebrated galleries of Düsseldorf, Heidelberg, Ratisbon, Deux-Ponts, and that purchased from the two brothers Boisserie; together with the pictures belonging to former

sovereigns at Bavaria, at present in the royal palace of Schleissheim near Munich. This rich, valuable, and imposing collection will rival, and even surpass, many of the most celebrated galleries in Europe.

We were glad to recover from the fatigues of a long morning so well spent, by a return to the hotel at which we had alighted on our arrival in Munich. Few cities in Europe possess better or larger establishments of that kind. The one I had selected was the *Golden Stag*, situated not far from the handsome church and convent of the Theatins—in the street of that name—and equally near to the public gardens; the theatre, and the king's palace. The establishment is large and well conducted, and always full. Our apartments on the second story, looking over the court and for three persons, with excellent beds, carpets, modern furniture, and every convenience,—including a readier attendance, both of *kellners* and maids, than it is usual to meet with in German hotels, were charged two and a-half florins, or four shillings and twopence per diem. A table d'hôte is daily kept in the principal room on the first floor, which is attended not only by the majority of the inmates, but also by a great many persons of the town, who seek thus to enjoy the pleasure of the society of travelled foreigners.


As usual among the guests, the English predominate. You can mark them at once by diagnos-

tie signs which never fail. If you behold and unusually well-dressed individual, high-cravated, and clad in a Stulz *frac*, coming into the dining-room after all the rest of the people have finished their *potage*, be assured he is an Englishman. If he begins grumbling in indifferent French to the *kellner*, at the *bouillon au riz*, and turns up his nose at the *bouilli* which follows, doubt not that he is any other than an Englishman. If he beckons to the waiter to bring him a dish out of its turn, so as to derange, altogether, the usual routine to which every one cheerfully submits — he is unquestionably an Englishman. If he calls for a bottle of champagne when every one else is quaffing his *demi-bouteille* of sour wine, the conclusion is inevitable : and if three or four such individuals cluster together, talk aloud, and d — the cookery, at the same time that they admit how cheaply they can live and amuse themselves, the case is quite manifest : they are all from this side of the channel — landed from the *Dampfschiff* at Frankfort, and recently imported into Bavaria.

But these are venial peccadilloes, and innocent peculiarities, of which a certain mass only of travelling Englishmen partakes, and from which many excellent persons, and the *sommités aristocratiques ou fashionables*, are entirely exempt. On the other hand, diagnostics equally characteristic, but of a more exalted description, denote the happy dweller of Britain. which more than compensate for his

trifling eccentricities; while they open to the really polished and good, every avenue to select society abroad, and secure to them a hearty welcome.

There is a treat which one gets genuine and good at the *Cerf d'or* — and that is a *déjeuner anglais*, served in the neatest manner possible, on one of the small tables in the great dining-room. Tea, good, and made quite *à l'anglaise* — (the kettle boiling over charecoal embers in an appropriate vessel), — rolls of the whitest flour — excellent butter — eggs just laid for you — and some Bavarian ham or *saucisson sans garlick*, may be had any day (damages fifty-six kreutzers a-head, or 1s. 6d.); and that is a real luxury. Who cares for any other repast after it? What meal is more philosophical than such a breakfast? To a traveller, and in rude health, it is the most wholesome repast of his day. To a travelling invalid it is not less so, excepting always the butter. But both will be sure to rise from it, with a senerity of mind and a vigour of body, which they would in vain look for, and expect, from one of those more substantial entertainments which mein herr Havard, of the *Cerf d'or*, will give them later in the day, at his *table d'hôte*.





## CHAPTER II.

### ROAD TO GASTEIN.

#### Munich — Concluded.



Visit to Baron de Gise—*Jardin de la Cour*—*Jardin Anglais*—MONOPTEROS—Rencontre—*Max-Joseph Platz*—Monument—English architects and sculptors—The new Houses of Parliament in England—Barbaric taste—Patronage *versus* talent—Contrast in Munich—THE THEATRE—KING'S PALACE—Hôtel des Postes—The Opera and the Orchestra—King's popularity—His love of the Arts—Civil List—Useful Institutions—CABINET of Bavarian Beauties—Madame —.—The Baroness Pfénning—Privileges of the Pfennings—SOCIETY at Munich—Interesting Inquiry—The GREAT CEMETERY—Resuscitation — The Allgemeine KRANKENHAUS—Dr. von RINGSEIS—Scenes from real life—*La Religieuse*—Interview with Prince VALLERSTEIN—Conference with the leading Medical men at the house of the Minister on the cholera—Bavarian good sense, and English follies—Counsellor BRESLAU—Professor WALTHER—Professor DE LOË—Prediction fulfilled—*Le jour du Roi*—Grand meeting of the Academy of Sciences—Letter of introduction—SCHELLING—The Royal Society of London—My work on that Society—Notions respecting it in Germany, France, and Belgium—ÉGLISE DE LA COUR—The National Guard—Prince Eugene's monument—Dinner at Lord ERSKINE'S—Promenade to Nymphenburg—Its park



and gardens — King OTHO — LOUIS the First of Bavaria in the bosom of his family — MAVROCORDATO — Return to Munich — Final DEPARTURE.



The principal object of my journey to the continent, — embracing as it did several important inquiries appertaining to political economy, — required that I should see at Munich, as well as in all the other capitals I visited, some of the King's ministers. Accordingly I had the honour of an interview with the Baron de Gise, the minister for foreign affairs, at his official hotel, a very handsome edifice, on the "*Place de Promenade.*" This interview took place after dinner; — as, luckily for those who have anything to do besides seeking amusement, the hour of the *table d'hôte* is an early one, and leaves ample time for serious occupation afterwards. Lord Erskine, who had already introduced me to Prince Vallerstein, the minister of the home department, did me the same honour on the present occasion; and I am proud to acknowledge the urbane and ready manner in which both those high officers of state entered into the merits of the questions which I had submitted to their consideration, and granted me every facility for obtaining the theoretical as well as practical information I required.

After business, relaxation. That is as it should be. Munich, fortunately, offers plenty of oppor-

tunities for the latter : and a tour through the *Jardin de la Cour* and the *Jardin Anglais* may be considered as one of them, and not the least agreeable. The first of these two places of recreation scarcely deserves the name of *jardin* ; but under the auspices of his present majesty it will doubtless be converted into a diversified and rich parterre, after the manner of the Tuileries, instead of what it now is—a square, planted with stunted trees, *en quinconce*, strewed with dusty gravel, having a rotunda in the middle, with the statue of Bavaria in bronze on the top of it, and a *jet d'eau* at each corner. The only striking feature of the *Jardin de la Cour* is a running arcade, 2,300 feet in length, which extends along two of the inner sides of the walls of it, serving as a *promenade à sec* in wet weather. On the wall, opposite many of the arches, large *tableaux* in fresco-painting of some historical records of Bavaria, and of considerable merit, enliven and give effect to this part of the garden. It is expected that upon the completion of the new façade of *Residenz*, which looks into the garden, the two remaining sides of the latter will be enclosed with similar arcades.

The *Jardin Anglais* (*Englisher Garten*) is a park of from three to four miles in extent, on the borders of the Isar, which is here a magnificent river. It is intersected by numerous canals and rivulets, derived from the Isar, with baths, coffee-houses, pavilions, villas, and delightful walks, either along

the margin of the water, or through smiling meadows in the midst of thick and shady woods. A very beautiful Ionic temple, adorned with twelve columns in the ancient and purest style, has been erected and is nearly completed, called *Monopteros*, under the same successful architect, the Chevalier Klenze, whom I have so often mentioned. This temple stands upon an eminence, and commands a view of the Bavarian and Tyrolian Alps. The King, being desirous of reviving all the most approved branches of ancient art, has directed that the exterior of the edifice shall be decorated with encaustic paintings. Monuments in marble, to the memory of the founder of this park, the last elector, Charles Théodore, will be erected in the interior.

As if to keep me in mind of one of the objects for which I was passing through Munich, and which the many attractions of that city were calculated to induce me to forget, chance procured me a meeting, as I was leaving the English Garden, with an old patient of mine, who had just returned from Gastein, where she had passed the first part of the present season, with a success of which I could perceive the good effects on her much improved countenance, as she was darting past me in her britzseka. Her surprise at seeing her physician in such a place, who had been consulted in London not long before, on this very journey to Gastein, from which she was just re-

turning, — gave way to the satisfaction of telling him the degree of benefit she had derived from this, her second visit to that Spa. Lady —— was accompanied by her husband, one of the oldest lieutenant-generals in the army, and by a foreign nobleman, both of whom, with their description of the Gastein baths, increased greatly my desire to visit that remote mineral spring. During two or three subsequent interviews with her ladyship, and at a dinner party at her hotel, to which she did me and my sons the honour of inviting us, I had full opportunities of entering into my favourite subject, and received information respecting my journey to Gastein which I found particularly useful. My turn into the *Englischer Garten*, therefore, proved more than pleasing; for it *turned* out profitable.

The remainder of a long summer's day affording us time to view some other important object, we directed our steps, on our way home, through the *Residenz strasse*, skirting the sides of the king's palace (or palaces, — for the old and new are now united), which gives the name to the street. At the end of it, we found ourselves in the handsome square, called *Max-Joseph's Platz*, the only fault of which is, that it is neither regular nor spacious enough for the imposing and magnificent buildings which form three of its sides.

From the bronze statue which rises in its centre, this square, one of the most striking in Europe,

takes its name. That statue, recently completed, represents the King Max Joseph seated on a consular-chair, giving his blessing to the Bavarian people. This monument to his memory was erected, as the inscription tells us, by the *Cives Monacenses*. It is a statue larger than life : its *pose* is dignified, the countenance beaming with benignity, and the drapery classical. Its lofty and almost colossal pedestal, curiously compounded, is not equally entitled to the same unqualified praise in point of taste. As in the case of the obelisk on the *Caroline Platz*, the bronze of this monument is of a golden yellow, and produces a better effect than the artificial green, to imitate antiquity, which modern sculptors are too fond of giving to their casts. How much greater would have been the effect of the York statue, both near and far, had it been of the same undisguised material as this monument of Max Joseph is—when the first and the last rays of a summer or autumnal sun drew from its bright surface a thousand beams of reflected light ! Why should a statue be of green bronze, before even a quarter of a year has passed over its head ? Did the ancients erect green statues ? Were the Corinthian monuments green ? Or is it because other artists in modern times have erected green statues that we must always have them of that tint ?

Neither architects nor sculptors are daring in this country ; they are slaves to their note-book, and to the routine of those who have gone before



them. But I am wrong in the application of this truth. I should have said that those who have the means, or assume the right, to choose and employ English architects and English sculptors, will not allow them to be daring and imaginative—to be inventors and innovators—as many might and would be, who have talents, skill, genius, and every technical qualification for that purpose. I need only appeal, in support of my assertion, to the page in the history of the fine arts of our times in England, which will record to posterity the first *baroque* notion, of placing the representatives of a people, claiming to be *par excellence* the most progressing, and most improving nation in Europe, in arts, in knowledge, and in virtue, — within an edifice, the structure of which can at best but suggest epochs of barbarism, ignorance, cruelty, and vice : of placing the representatives of the freest people in the world in a palace, whose gothic darkness can only commemorate the era when liberty was an obsolete word in the English language — when England was enslaved by foreigners — when Henry VIII. proclaimed his wives as harlots, — and Elizabeth sent her lovers to the scaffold.

The same page will go on to record, that a notion so crude, so absurd, and so incorrect, was adopted in spite of the warnings of enlightened men; and that more than forty English architects of talent, and established fame, found themselves bound down, by a group of men unskilled in the

arts, to torture into an equal number of variations of the gothic design, their several plans for a British House of Commons in the nineteenth century! Some of these able yet fettered artists had the daring which genius imparts, and ventured to break their chains. They dashed into their drawings, other and much nobler, and more elevated ideas of building, for so glorious an occasion. But these were rejected — and this fact, too, the same page of history will not fail to report, together with the names of those who were the authors of the rejection.

But the new Houses of Parliament *must* be of gothic structure forsooth, because other public buildings near to them *are* of gothic structure! \* If this argument be worth a groat — the time may come, when it may influence future legislators to line the river with gothic buildings. It is not impossible that occasions may arise, for the erection of great public structures upon many of the crown lands right and left of the projected pile, and in that ease and upon the same principle, Gothic will be their design.

Neighbourhood, indeed, as an argument to decide the style of architecture for a great and a public edifice! Why, who ever considered that portion of the still existing building of the House

\* See, in particular, a recent discussion in the House of Lords on this subject (Mai, 1857).

of Commons and courts of law , which looks in the face one of the most complete specimens of gothicism , — Henry's Chapel , — as an eye-sore , or violation of architectural propriety from that mere circumstance? On the contrary, indifferent, even, as that portion of building is in point of modern design , it acquires some additional merit from the mere fact of its being a varied specimen of architecture as compared with its opposite neighbour.

When certain noble Lords and M. P. 's contend that a gothic design is necessary for the new Houses of Parliament , on the ground that Westminster Hall and the Abbey in their immediate vicinity are built in that style , — they seem to have forgotten the various examples of beauty and exquisite effect which a departure from that very principle has produced in this country. Many of these advocates of contiguity have probably seen that magnificent specimen of gothic structure , King's College Chapel in Cambridge. Will they , for a moment , bring to memory the first impression of surprise , pleasure , and admiration — the high treat indeed , which they no doubt experienced , when in walking through the classic groves on the western bank of the Cam , they cast their eyes on the western termination of that exquisite building , with its beautiful window and lateral turrets , rising between two edifices of indisputable merit , Clare Hall and the west front of King's College ; the one recalling the Florentine , the other the

Vicentine style of Italian architecture? What happier combination of three stately buildings (singularly, but beautifully contrasting with each other) could one well imagine than this identical one of which the Cantabrigians are so justly proud. Where is the *choquant* effect in this combination, which it has been asserted would be produced by the contiguity of gothic with Roman or Grecian architecture? On the contrary, can any lord, any member of parliament, any officer of the woods and forests, any amateur-committee-man-of-taste, point out a more dignified and pleasing architectural group — one of more undisputed grandeur, in any other part of England or of Europe, than this brilliant association of the two colleges and the chapel? Did the architects of the former buildings feel themselves shackled by the contiguity of the latter super-exquisite specimen of gothic art?

Again, wherefore was this argument of neighbourhood, or contiguity, not made to sway the artist who designed and erected Westminster Bridge—so immediately contiguous to two Gothic structures? Or, if contiguity is now to rule the choice of design, one might as well have expected that the front of the new Houses of Parliament, which is to face the river, so as to shut out from it the sight of the Gothic neighbours in the rear, and which, with extended line, is nearly to touch the bridge just mentioned, would have been de-

signed in accordance with the architectonic character of that structure, — a thing tolerably ridiculous.

It is manifest, therefore, that in this untoward act of the government, a first erroneous notion was conceived and adopted upon a false principle — that the same notion was next worked out in opposition to that principle — and that it will at last be carried into effect upon no plausible principle whatever. This is the more to be lamented, as had the character of the design been left to the unfettered imagination and taste of the many skilful competitors, few perhaps were better able to produce a more tasteful, more appropriate, and more imposing elevation than the very architect, whose exceedingly pretty drawings have swayed the choice of the umpires.

This great episode in the history of English architecture, shows why English architects dare not to be daring in their imaginative flights and inventions. Not so with the Bavarian architects, who instead of a committee *sans* taste, have a King to superintend and guide them, whose fine perception of the beautiful, and deep knowledge of true taste, tend to encourage, instead of checking, the poetry of their imagination. In the square of Munich, which I was describing when I entered upon the preceding digression, edifices stand on three sides of it, highly creditable to the arts in Bavaria. The Florentine front of the new king's



palace (Königsbau), nearly 600 feet in length, occupies the north side. In the centre of the west side, a theatre in the Roman style, 180 feet wide, presents its noble portico of eight corinthian columns, and four magnificent bronze candelabra; while on the south side a new *Hôtel des Postes* is being erected, with a running arcade, which will remind one of those found in some of the Italian cities of the north, where the external walls, as will be the case at Munich, are decorated with paintings. The fourth side, occupied at present by private houses of an ordinary class, which are in the act of being demolished, will, it is said, be filled up with another grand and appropriate structure, to complete the square,—with the addition of a magnificent public fountain.

Of our visit to the interior of the new royal residence, I shall not attempt to give an account; it would be a task of too much labour, so extensive and rich in details are its apartments. Of the royal theatre I would fain say less, because it has probably been described in English before, by more than one pen. Yet both are buildings of recent dates. The latter having been burnt down in 1823, was rebuilt on the same plan by the architect Fiseher. The former was commenced in 1826, and completed on the 20th of October, 1835, on which day the royal consorts celebrated, within its gilded walls, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their nuptials.

The *affiche* outside of the theatre, on which I cast my eyes, inscribed with “*Der Templer und die Jüdin*”, a romantic opera from *Ivanhoe*, the music composed, by *H. Von Marschner*, tempted us into the interior; — where, for the moderate sum of 1s. 8d. we found private stalls in the best part of the *parterre* — which, like the rest of the house, was full to suffocation. It was no small addition to the temptation of entering this abode of good music, to read in the same *affiche*, that the performance would be over by ten o’clock.

People are puzzling their brains to find out the cause of what is called, the decline of public taste for theatrical representation in England. Has it ever occurred to them that there is not a place, on earth at least, in which any one would care to remain for five and sometimes six long hours at a stretch, — as is the case in the national theatres of this country: — in which, moreover, hard benches, straight backboards, cramped space, stifling atmosphere, suffocating gas-light, popping ginger-beer bottles and ginger-beer cries, noisy galleries, and uncomfortable neighbours, are not likely to reconcile the real lover of the drama to so protracted a penance? Here in the King’s Theatre, at Munich, we had plenty of elbow-room, and well-behaved spectators. The house was sufficiently *éclairée* by wax-lights, to exhibit the assembled multitude to advantage, and to heighten the effect of the illumination on the stage, — the decora-

tions of which, throughout the opera, were truly beautiful, and strictly correct. Much of the music was of a superior style, — particularly the chorusses.

But my undivided attention, and my admiration, were given to the exquisite precision, the true intonation and finish, of the instrumental part of the opera. It was equal, in every respect, if not superior, to that most perfect of all bands, the orchestra of the Grandueal Theatre at Weimar, of which I gave an account in the first volume of my travels to St. Petersburg, and which is under the immediate direction of the celebrated Hummel. None but a real lover of music can appreciate the indescribable feeling of delight which music so played, be it German or Italian, is calculated to excite.

The King entered his box, near the proscenium, on the right, in plain clothes; and was instantly cheered by every one present, in the most enthusiastic manner, three times repeated. This expression of popular attachment His Majesty acknowledged, by bowing to the assembly an equal number of times, and showing himself from the box, with an earnestness that evinced the sincerity of his acknowledgment. The moment this boisterous effusion had subsided, the performance began; and throughout the evening not the least noise or applause was heard from the spectators, who thus manifested their high respect for their sovereign.

An inquisitive traveller need not be long at Munich, to learn the reason of this great measure of popularity enjoyed by the King. Had I asked for it, I might very justly have been answered with the "*Circumspice*" applied to one of the eminent characters of history. The surrounding edifices of the capital would warrant such a laconic eulogy of the King, who has contributed from his privy purse the funds towards the erection of most of them, out of a civil list, which amounts yearly to not more than 240,000*l.* sterling, including the appointments for the Queen consort, and the Queen-dowager, together with those of the Princesses.

It is said, that the King has other means of procuring the necessary funds for all the embellishments he has given and intends giving to Munich. Those hinted at are ingenious and commendable, and might be adopted with equal benefit to the public, in certain other countries. Where would be the harm of employing a portion of the vast sums allotted for the maintenance of an army larger than the urgency of the moment may require, in executing works of public and permanent utility, if that could be effected simply by keeping the regiments below their full complement? Or who can suffer detriment, when any lucrative and almost sinecural employment, under government, becomes vacant; if the office be not filled up too hastily. and the head of that government applies

the amount of the lapsed salary (until a worthy substitute be found for the office), to works of general importance? But the King of Bavaria has other and more solid claims to the affection of his people. He has relieved them from taxes to the amount of four millions of florins annually. He has established schools and public institutions, and has encouraged every important undertaking; among which the Bavarian bank, just opened for operations, and the canal destined to unite the Danube with the Maine, and consequently with the Rhine (begun a year and a-half ago), may be mentioned as not the least conspicuous.

The execution of this last project is a realisation of the vast idea, first conceived by Charlemagne, in the eighth century, of bringing the German Ocean and the Black Sea in communication; and although a company of shareholders will ultimately have the management of the operations, it is by the active exertions of the Bavarian government itself that this great object will be accomplished. The canal will have a navigable length of one-hundred and seven English miles, including a portion of the river Altmühl, which is to be made navigable, and will cost eight or nine millions of florins.

Some travellers, more eager for scandal than for reality, have insinuated that the sovereign of Bavaria has an ultra-love for the *beautiful* and the fine arts, and that a portion of the sums he spends



is employed in superfluous works, or such as are of doubtful utility. They pretend that a certain cabinet in the royal palace, containing the portraits of all the most admired Bavarian beauties, *n'importe* from what class of society taken, must have cost no trifling sum, which might well have been spared. But Peter the Great had the same fancy, without having been subjected to any obloquy for it, when he ordered Pietro Rotari, the contemporary of Pompeo Battoni, to fill the centre room of the stupendous line of apartments, extending several hundred feet in length, in the imperial palace at Peterhoff, with three-hundred and sixty-eight portraits, principally of young females of every class and description who were remarkable for their beauty \*. The result in Russia was most fortunate for the arts, and I doubt not but that in Bavaria the same success, namely, the encouragement of portrait painting, will attend the same experiment. It is only the naturally evil-thinking who can see poison in such an experiment. Madame ——, the lady of a gentleman connected with the diplomatic body in Munich, considered as a great beauty, was requested by the King to permit her portrait

\* See vol. ii. p. 499, of a work intitled *St. PETERSBURGH*, a journal of travels to and from that capital through Flanders, the Rhenish provinces, Russia, Prussia, Poland, Silesia, Saxony, the federated States of Germany, and France.—By A. B. Granville, M. D., F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo., second edition, 1824.

to be taken for his cabinet of Bavarian beauties. “ Pardon, Sire,” replied the lady, “ *cela ne nous conviendrait pas. On dirait que nous avons été trop intimement liés.*” Now I protest that a silent acquiescence in the King’s request would have been less indelicate than this excuse. The Princess Vallerstein, who from an humble station was raised to that of the wife of the home minister of the crown — a lady whose personal beauty is an index of her still more beautiful character — did not think evil, when she sat for her portrait, to be added to those in the said cabinet. Neither did Mad.<sup>lle</sup> ——, a *bourgeoise* and a single lady of unsurpassed charms, — one of those females who still wear on their heads the Bavarian *Rigelhaube*; — nor did her parents dream of any harm befalling her, when she consented to have her portrait taken for the same purpose.

All this unnecessary fuss, about a matter so simple and so natural, arose, probably, from the circumstance of the portrait of the Baroness —— being found in the collection. If there be aught to condemn in that circumstance, it is the having smuggled an English beauty into a collection purporting to be of Bavarian beauties only. But the name of P——, is so curiously famous from historical traditions, that the portrait in question was possibly admitted into the royal cabinet to excite historical inquiry. The rights of the *head* of this noble and ancient family were such, that at

the coronation of the Emperor of Germany, the *Grand Maréchal* was obliged to ask three times, and with a loud voice, “ Est-ce qu’il n’y a pas des Dalberg ici ? ” For if any one of them had been present, then *he* claimed the privilege of placing the crown on the head of the Emperor. It is stated, moreover, in the records of this family, that one of their ancestors was present at the crucifixion, of our Saviour !

We had more than one opportunity, during our sojourn at Munich, to hear of the domestic happiness which the King seems to enjoy in the bosom of his family ; and on one or two occasions we witnessed, in public, sufficient evidence of that fact. He appears to be particularly fond of his children. Neither is he less so of his nearest royal relatives, over whose conduct he watches with parental care. His Majesty has never hesitated to remove from them those temptations which often lead young princes into the path of dissipation and immorality ; and on a recent occasion a *danseuse de l’opéra* was desired to quit the capital forthwith, because her conduct with a royal duke, connected by marriage and consanguinity with the sovereign, excited considerable scandal.

I have understood that the high character for pure morals, which is generally assigned to the better classes of society in many parts of Germany, is equally deserved by those of Munich. Had I been disposed to continue in that capital, I should have

had many opportunities of satisfying myself of the truth of this pleasing assertion; for my former professional attendance on the young prince Maximilian of Bavaria, who married the King's sister — the acquaintance I had the satisfaction of forming, at that time, in England, with Baron Freyberg, Grand Maître de S. A. R. Madame la Duchesse de Bavière — an old friendship of twenty-four years with Count Méjan, formerly prime minister to Prince Eugène, Vice-King of Italy — the admission into the family of Lord Erskine, the British minister — and the friendly intercourse with Dr. Fuchs, one of the government's physicians, and Professor Martius, whose house is the rendez-vous of science, literature, and music, presided over by his most amiable lady, — all these advantages would have ensured my introduction into the best circles of that city. My occupations, however, and the very short period of time I had at my disposal for going through my allotted continental task, would not admit of any such indulgence, had I even felt an inclination for it.

There were many points of interest to me in Munich, which demanded my undivided attention. The supply of water for domestic purposes — the police regulations for the cleanliness of the city — the state of the public fountains and the subviaducts — the condition of the canals — the structure of the great waterworks — the arrangements for the introduction and slaughtering of cattle — the ap-

pearance and management of the great hospital — and the national cemetery, — these were a few of the objects I had it in charge to investigate, or which I chose to add to my more general inquiry. On one or two of them only I shall now offer a few remarks in passing; leaving for a more important occasion the business of embodying in a practical volume the very extensive notes I have collected on all the others, and on many more equally important topics, both at Munich, and in every first and second-rate city of Germany.

There is but one burial-place in Munich (Be-grabniss Platz), situated outside of the town; and although vast, it is crowded to excess. Catholics and Protestants are alike buried in it. The general aspect of this congregation of the dead, — whose deeds in life, or whose names only, are recorded on crosses, and vases, and urns, and sarcophagi, and tempiettos, of every sort and design, some gilt, others gaudily painted, and many bearing chaplets or garlands of flowers, is imposing. It is like a great chapter on mortality lying open before us. At one extremity, a semi-circular arcade affords space and opportunity for exhibiting the bodies (as is the case at Frankfort) immediately upon their being removed thither. Agreeably to the laws of the country, no mortal remains can be buried until after two days of such previous exhibition; after which they are again placed for two days in another part of the arcade.



where an easy contrivance has been devised for giving notice to the keepers of the cemetery should vitality return. In such a case, the fingers, by the slightest agitation, would set in motion certain alarum-bells, and in this manner two lives were preserved within the last few years. This Neeropolis was finished in 1818, and in many parts resembles a fine garden. Here, among other and numerous monuments, that which commemorates the great battle of Sendling stands conspicuous.

From the Begrabniss Platz to the Town Hospital, or *Allgemeine Krankenhaus*, the transition is short; and they ought to have been mentioned in the inverse order. These two vast establishments are ominously near each other. The Krankenhaus was constructed in 1813, on an open space immediately outside of the town, through the Sendlinger Thor or gate. There is an extensive lawn before it, with a gravel walk of considerable length, leading to the principal front, which is stuccoed and bears an inscription to the King, founder of the hospital. Behind it a large oval garden affords to the convalecents the means of taking exercise, and of enjoying the fresh air in fine weather.

There are in this vast edifice (the interior of which is a true model of perfection, as to accommodation, ventilation, cleanliness, and good order), fifty *salles* or wards, in which male and female patients are admitted gratuitously, provided

they be civilians and not afflicted with incurable disorders. In addition to these, there are fifty others, especially devoted to the accommodation of patients who pay from half a florin (10*d.*) to one florin and a-half a-day, according to the kind of diet they may require. Many of the patients have a private room to themselves individually. The attendance on the patients is performed by an order of *religieuses*, similar to those found in the French hospitals under the name of Sisters of Charity. Here they are called *les sœurs grises*. Abolished some years before, they were re-established at the suggestion of Doctor Von RINGSEIS, one of the physicians of the hospital. In the company of this gentleman I examined every part of the establishment—having for that purpose attended as early as seven o’clock, that I might go round the wards with him during his visit. Dr. Ringseis very justly attributes to the zeal and assiduity of these exemplary nurses, whose meek air and quiet demeanour attract the attention of the stranger as much as their picturesque costume, the almost indescribable degree of excellency which exists in all the domestic and other arrangements of the hospital. I can freely say that I have not beheld anywhere else an institution of the same kind equal to it in those respects.

The average number of yearly admissions amounts to six thousand. In the summer there are above four, and in the winter five and often six hundred

patients in the hospital at one time, the daily cost of each of which, including every possible item of expenditure, does not exceed thirty-six kreutzers (one shilling).

Doctor Von Ringseis was already at his post, when I entered one of the men's wards and introduced myself to him as a physician from London. He was standing by the side of one of the beds, feeling the pulse, and fixing his piercing eye on the countenance of a patient, who in return hung on the doctor's looks, awaiting his doom. "Un, deux, trois (counting in French and aloud, and without a watch, as he saw me approaching him), quatre, cinq, six,—la fièvre est partie—convalescent;" and with his hands in the side-pockets of his ample *surtout*, the Doctor stepped to the next bed, looked at the patient, and knowing that he understood French, observed in Latin to me, "Candidatus mortis. Consumptio pulmonorum rapidissima." The laconic physician thus passed shortly and rapidly from one bed to another, and through several wards, stopping only a somewhat longer time, when a new case, or an old one which did not proceed satisfactorily, demanded more of his attention. "*Fièvre nerveuse et pituiteuse*," he would say to me, as he walked up to one of the beds, "*medicatur cum sale amaro*;" and then fearful, lest I should not comprehend such an alchymical term, "*sulphas magnesiæ est*," he would add, with much good-nature. All his prescriptions

seemed to be equally simple. In one instance he ventured on something more complicated, and he dictated to the assistant, “ Deux grains d’aloès et quatre de rhubarbe ; ” and I nodded approval, as he seemed to scan my face to know what I thought of the prescription. “ Nous nous en trouvons très-bien (said he) ; cela porte les humeurs vers le bas-ventre , et sert à résoudre la fièvre plus tôt. ”

We entered one of the *salles privées*, destined to receive patients of the Jewish persuasion. There was a young student in theology, very ill in it, and a *ci-devant* soldier in the Bavarian artillery, an elderly man, dying of dropsy, who had stuck, with a pin, on the wall, his medal of honour, hung from its black and white ribbon, to which he, with great complacency, pointed my attention. In another bed laid an old *officier de santé*, formerly an ingenious surgeon, to whom the profession was indebted for several clever instruments and apparatus, particularly for fractures ; and who was now lingering under a fatal induration of the liver, and consequent dropsy, for which he had just been tapped. He seemed, poor fellow ! to fear the approach of death, and wrung his raised hands again and again, as if to supplicate from his physician for more assistance and pity. Dr. Von Ringseis evidently felt much interest in the man, and turning to me, “ Excellente personne, ” said he, “ bon—bon de cœur. Il a fait beaucoup de bien ; il a été le seul soutien de sa vieille mère et

de ses pauvres sœurs. Dommage qu'il meurt." The poor fellow did not comprehend French, but it was evident that he understood fully his own situation; and the horror at quitting a world which yet contained some beings dear to him, and who looked up to him for support, was strongly marked in his countenance.

Another *salle privée* showed us some students in medicine, labouring under disease. One of them who was dying of consumption, regretted his mother most. Oh, could he but see her before he died! A second patient, a good-looking young fellow, was slowly recovering from a "*fièvre bilio-pituiteuse*." The doctor stood at a little distance from his bed, looked at the patient, and with his dry, immovable face, in which the most prominent feature would have formed a chapter on noses, made him smile. "Du fürchtest jetzt den Tod nicht mehr?" said he to him *brusquely*, and turning to me, he added, "le jeune homme avait grande peur de mourir. C'est un hypochondriaque."

As we were preparing to quit this abode of desolation, grief, and bodily pain, lodged in handsome apartments, lying on soft, clean, and white beds, and attended by young and many of them angelic-looking nurses in a monastic garb; we passed one of these, who stood with her hands crossed on her swelling bosom, and had stopped to allow the physician and his pupils to go by.



Her fine pale face and soft eyes were meekly lowered to the ground, like those in one of Carlo Dolce's Madonnas, and she only raised them in acknowledgment of a morning salutation from the Doctor. What an expression in them! What a volume of feelings I read, in an instant, in the quick-passing and again soon-lost glances she directed towards us! "*Excellente personne!*" exclaimed with more of enthusiasm than I had yet perceived in Meinherr Von Ringseis, as we left her behind, "excellente — angélique. C'est une sainte, vraiment." I fastened my eyes upon her figure, as she turned to follow her sacred office, and quitted us. Her very movements bespoke her origin and her condition! Born to luxury, to the advantages of noble blood, to the enjoyments of an earthly paradise, she had left them all, to follow the self-denying, the humble calling of a sister of charity, that she might do good here, and deserve better hereafter.

I left the Allgemeyn Krankenhaus, much gratified, and, I must add, edified with my morning occupation.

During one of the interviews which I had with the minister for the home department, a question was put to me by that functionary, after the discussion of other matters, whether it would be agreeable to me to attend a conference with the head physicians and surgeons of Munich, on the subject of oriental cholera; as the government felt anxious to be prepared, in case that disease should

make its appearance in Bavaria, with all the information respecting the manner of treating it, which could be collected from persons experienced on the subject. Prince Vallerstein, the minister, alluded to a work of mine published in England, which had reached Germany, and had been partly translated into German, on the principles of which he meant to act, should the disease visit the capital. "I agree entirely with you," added the Prince, "respecting the inutility of all those precautionary measures which the governments of the north of Europe had been urged to adopt, by partial, ignorant, interested, or mistaken persons; and I look, as you did in your book, on all such measures as more likely to do harm than good, by spreading a panic among the population, even before the real disorder has visited the country. Quant à moi, je suis bien déterminé à ne rien faire qui puisse jeter l'alarme parmi le peuple. I am intimately convinced that we shall have the cholera in Munich at some time or other. But I am discouraged from adopting the line of conduct which the English government followed, when the disease threatened to invade England, because subsequent events in that country, as well as in France, Prussia, and Austria, have verified your assertions of the perfect inutility of that conduct — because those events have proved that cholera is not contagious — and because cholera is not, like the plague, to be kept out by quarantines and lazarettoes."

“ *Votre Altesse a pleinement raison*,” I replied :  
“ but it must not be supposed that in London, when that dreadful disorder was approaching it from the north, the doctrine of its being contagious, or of the necessity of separating the sick from the healthy, and of burying the dead in separate places; of establishing boards of health, which should interfere with the practice of medical men, and of converting large buildings into cholera hospitals; of dragging, in fine, the wretched patients from their lodgings into those hospitals, against their and their friends’ inclination (a practice which proved a fruitful source of public riots and disturbance), — I say it must not be supposed that doctrines like these were general, or were received by the really sound and experienced members of the profession. Far from it. Those doctrines, which every subsequent year has proved to have been fallacious, having been pressed on the government by individuals, somehow or other connected with persons in authority, through whom their adoption was afterwards obtained, — it was expected that places and jobs, without number, would necessarily follow, as follow they did, with no despicable expenditure, and I must add, waste of public money. To many of those individuals, therefore, the profession of such doctrines was the surest way to get employment, and that is the secret of the pretended contagion and special boards of health. ”

“ *Je serais bien curieux*, ” resumed Prince Valerstein, “ to know what such writers as professed those principles could now offer in extenuation and explanation of their violent, persevering, and obstinate language in support of their errors, after what has taken place all over Europe, where no one has since acted, or would now dream of acting upon the principles urged by them more than six years ago. ” — “ Why ! your highness, ” I replied, “ it imports little what such individuals could say now. No one would listen either to their explanation or their apology. Their occupation is gone ; the anonymous trash of two of those writers against all such as differed from them in opinion ; and of one of them in particular, who got his mendacious article on a work of mine smuggled into a respectable Review, never affected me ; and he had the mortification to find that I was not to be provoked into a reply to his calumnies and wilful misrepresentations. To all that which a writer of this stamp chose to bring against the author of “ *Facts respecting the nature, treatment, and prevention of Cholera\**, ” he only opposed the declaratory resolution which he had moved and carried almost unanimously at a full meeting of one of the most popular medical societies in London. It was after a discussion of some months on the question of the non-

\* See the Catechism of Health, 1851-2. 4th edition. By A. B. C. Granville, M. D., F. R. S., etc.

contagiousness of cholera, which he had introduced and repeatedly maintained before that society, that the resolution in question was adopted. It went to confirm, in every part, all that the author of the Catechism had advanced, even before the cholera had visited the metropolis; and the triumph was signal and complete. Your highness, therefore, cannot be far wrong in adopting the principle which led to such a resolution on the part of a large number of enlightened medical practitioners in London, who afterwards showed, that they knew well how to manage the disease without, and independently of, the machinery of Boards of health. I shall be most happy to meet in conference the medical gentlemen you have named, in order to develope to them the course which was followed by those of my brethren to whom I have alluded, as well as by myself, who took voluntary charge of a large district during the prevalence of the disorder in the English capital."

In the evening of the day on which this conversation took place. I received the following official letter :

“ MONSIEUR.

“ Son Altesse le ministre de l'intérieur, le Prince Vallerstein, m'a chargé de vous inviter pour *demain à 10 heures du matin*, à une conférence avec plu-



sieurs médecins d'ici, sur l'objet du choléra oriental, dans le Bureau du Ministère.

Avec la plus grande considération,

“ Monsieur, etc. etc.

“ DR. RINGSEIS,

“ 1<sup>er</sup> conseiller méd. du ministère.”

At the appointed time, I found in the audience room of the *Hôtel du ministère* the writer of the preceding letter, who is chef du département de santé at Munich; Dr. Breslau, *conseiller intime actif*, and physician to the King, who had seen the cholera during its prevalence at Vienna; Professor Walther, the celebrated oculist and principal surgeon to the King, as well as one of his *conseillers intimes actifs*; Professor de Loë, chief physician to the hospital I had visited in the morning; and several other distinguished members of the profession. The Prince himself presided.

I need not here repeat the statements I made to these truly eminent and experienced men, because they are out of season at this moment, and because they were analogous to those which I made known long ago to the English public. I detailed to those gentlemen the several methods of cure that had been recommended in the different stages of the disorder in England, and cited the principal works of merit which the disease had given rise to. I alluded to the various measures which had been

adopted during the epidemic in London ; and mentioned the ultimate result of them , as well as of each mode of treatment adopted. Professor Walther took notes of all I said, and the several members afterwards addressed to me different questions, connected with my statements , or suggested by the nature of the investigation ; most of the answers to which were also written down by Professor Walther. His own pertinent and sagacious remarks, in the several parts of our discussion , were very striking. In the course of my observations I ventured to state , that judging from the class of diseases which I then found on inquiry to prevail in Munich , and in the nearest rural districts , which I had visited—as well as in the general hospital under the care of two of the members present , — I considered it likely that the cholera would make its appearance in the capital at no distant period. Dr. Breslau , who looked and seemed incredulous, asked me at about what time I imagined it likely that the disorder would show itself in Munich. “ Before Christmas , ” was my reply. Those of my readers who have looked at the foreign news in the public journals during the last eight months, will have seen how truly my prediction was verified in October last , — two months only after it was uttered , and it is satisfactory to add how successfully and expeditiously the disorder was subdued in that capital.

The substance of this conference was subsequent-

ly inserted in the Bavarian journals, and repeated in other German papers. It lasted several hours, during which time I felt an honest pride at having been admitted to a fellowship of usefulness, with professional brethren of such exalted merit, the recollection of whose urbanity and kindness will never be obliterated from my mind. Professor Walther had, before the conference began, been kind enough to give me his advice, respecting a curious growth of skin in the external angle of the left eye of one of my sons, whom he carefully examined; and I hold Walther's opinion on disorders of the eyes to be the best in Europe. On leaving the audience room, Prince Vallerstein, who had learned from Dr. Ringseis that I had expressed a wish to possess a valuable work in quarto, with an atlas of plates, descriptive of the great hospital I had visited, and its system, of ventilation—which work is very scarce, and could not be procured among the booksellers—presented me with a copy of it, taken from the library of his office.

Two days after this interesting meeting, it was *Jour du Roi*—a real holiday for the inhabitants of Munich, and of festival at all the public offices and institutions. The Royal Academy of Sciences, among others, celebrated the auspicious occasion, by holding their annual general meeting, at their apartments in the ancient college of the Jesuits. This building contains, likewise, the university, the royal archives, and the royal central library;

together with various collections of objects of science and the arts. It is situated in the widest part of a handsome street called the *Neuhäuser strasse*, which extends from the Haupt-platz, or principal square, to the *Karls-Thor*. Early on the day in question, I was honoured with the following letter from the president of the Academy, the celebrated SCHELLING, — whose name alone is a whole biography to those who are not strangers to the progress of German literature during the last half century.

“ MONSIEUR,

“ Je ne manquerai pas de mettre, le plus tôt possible, sous les yeux de l'académie, les livres que vous avez bien voulu m'adresser pour elle. Elle recevra, j'en suis sûr, avec un haut intérêt, l'ouvrage, ‘ *The Royal Society in the nineteenth century* \* , qui déjà a excité l'attention générale de l'Allemagne savante. Vos ‘ *Prolegomena on the human ovum* ’ ne seront pas moins accueillis par notre classe des sciences naturelles et physiques, à la tête de laquelle se trouve aujourd'hui le même savant

\* *The Royal Society in the nineteenth century*; being a statistical summary of its labours during the last thirty five years, with many original tables and official documents never before published, etc., etc. By A. B. Granville, M. D., F. R. S. etc. 1 Vol. 8vo., 1851. Churchill, Gerrard-street.

qui a , pour ainsi dire , donné l'initiative à toutes les nouvelles recherches sur cet objet , Monsieur Doellinger , précepteur de Monsieur le Dr. Boer , et de beaucoup d'autres physiologistes distingués. Il pourrait vous intéresser , Monsieur , de faire la connaissance personnelle de plusieurs membres de notre académie. En ce cas , je vous inviterais de vous rendre aujourd'hui , vers onze heures , au palais de l'académie , où l'on vous conduira à la salle dans laquelle se réunissent les membres de l'académie avant de se rendre à la séance publique , qui aura lieu aujourd'hui après onze heures.

Étant occupé toute la matinée , et pensant partir demain pour un voyage , je ne saurais faire autrement pour me procurer le plaisir de votre connaissance personnelle , et la possibilité de vous exprimer combien je suis sensible aux sentiments que vous avez bien voulu me témoigner , et combien je désirerais d'être à même de vous donner les preuves de la haute considération avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être , etc. , etc.

“ SCHELLING. ”

“ Mons. le Docteur Granville ,  
etc. , etc. , etc. ”

This temptation was too great to be disregarded; but there was even a greater one for visiting the Academy on this day, in the circumstance of my having been asked to proceed thither, in company with one of its most distinguished members, whom



I have before mentioned, Dr. Martius, and with our great botanist, Mr. Robert B — —, after partaking of a light refreshment at the house of the former. I found SCHELLING what I had figured him to myself on perusing an account of his works in several French and English publications. *Il avait l'air métaphysique*, and that physiognomy of intellect mixed with a placidity of countenance, which belongs to minds that commune with transcendent truths, or æthereal visions. He again alluded to my recent work on the Royal Society of London, — touching which, he told me, several articles had been inserted in the public prints and scientific journals of Germany, where the subject had created much interest. It had been looked upon as a work of much labour, which had probed to the bottom the concealed ulcers of a body that seemed to require renovation; and its details had been received with confidence, as there never had appeared in print any contradiction to the smallest of them, or any doubt thrown out respecting the authenticity of the numerous facts it divulged. SCHELLING expressed a hope that the work would produce its intended effect, of reforming abuses, and placing the Royal Society of London on a level with the times, and in a condition suited to the many illustrious talents by which it had ever been and still was honoured.

The president of the royal academy of Munich was not aware, until I informed him, that the book

he so described, had, by a train of irregularities which baffle description, been considered by about twenty fellows out of seven hundred and fifty, undeserving of the ordinary act of courtesy meted out to every individual who makes a present to a public society, and expects to be thanked for it, if the present be accepted, as had been the case in this instance.

SCHELLING afterwards introduced me to several of the professors as they came in successively, decked in their uniforms; and afforded me thus an opportunity of conversing with some of the most learned men, not of Bavaria alone, but of Germany in general. Soon after this, the several classes of the Academy assembled in their great hall, and went through their usual ceremonies on such occasions, — as I was informed by Mr. Robert B—— who remained, whilst I, to my great regret, was compelled to absent myself in consequence of an appointment with Lord Erskine.

As I issued from the palace of the Academy I was attracted by the throng of people which was making its way into the adjoining Great Church of St. Michael, formerly belonging to the Jesuits; and I looked into that bold and striking temple, decorated by numerous bronze statues, particularly one of our Saviour, which holds in his hand a richly gilded sphere. To this church the emphatic appellation of *Église de la Cour* has been given. The spectacle which presented itself, as I entered.

was one of the most thrilling I had ever witnessed : it called up the never-forgotten impression made on me in 1827, by the sight of thirty thousand Russian soldiers falling prostrate before the patriarch of their church, while he extended his hand, to bless the standard which was to lead them to their Mahometan foes. Here, at the moment of my looking into the church, several thousand soldiers of the national guard, in their gay uniform, of blue and white, and with their glittering bayonets, were in the act of bending their knees in reverence to the Holy Host, the elevation of which by the officiating prelate had been announced to the assembled multitude by the sound of bells, the waving of burning censers, and a burst of instrumental music from the organ-loft.

While passing my eyes over this humbled phalanx, a grand and imposing monument, in white marble, caught my attention in one of the chapels, at the upper end of the church, and on the left of the great altar. The naked figure of a warrior, somewhat larger than life, over whom a military cloak is partially thrown, stands before the closed door of a sepulchral monument, holding in his right hand the wreath of victory; History seated on his right, a few steps lower, looks up to him, while she inscribes on a tablet the record of his deeds; and two winged genii stand in melancholy association on his left. Below the architrave of the entire monument, HONNEUR and FIDELITÉ are seen inseri-

bed in letters of gold ; and on the pedestal a Latin inscription told me that what I beheld was a monument from the chisel of THORWALDSEN , erected over the mortal remains of EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS by the *Vidua Mærens* AUGUSTA AMALIA Maxim : Jos : Bavarix Regis Filia . The sight of this memento of glorious days contrasted singularly with that of the pageant then exhibiting before me . I retired full of recollections with which some of my warmer feelings are essentially interwoven, and which linked themselves naturally with the earlier part of my chequered existence .

After partaking, with my two sons, whom Lord Erskine politely asked to dinner, of his lordship's hospitality on the last day of our sojourn in Munich, we proceeded in two carriages to that fairy land, so appropriately named NYMPHENBURG , in the immediate environs of the capital . A wide and straight road , lined with lofty trees on each side and passing between extensive , well-cultivated plains, leads to the royal chateau, which rises with its centre building and two lateral pavilions connected by galleries, at the entrance of a great park and garden , with its sylvan scenes around them . Stately and important edifices connect themselves , right and left , with the royal buildings , with architectural effect ; among which are to be particularly distinguished the church and chapel , the institute for the education of young ladies, and the great orangery . The court formed by these sever-

al buildings in front of the chateau is vast, and of a semilunar shape. In its centre springs, to the height of eighty-five English feet, one of the most remarkable and boldest *jets d'eau* in Europe; the falling showers of which sprinkle over the surface of a vast basin, placed between the palace and the termination of the high road of access to it.

The view to a stranger, first approaching the spot, is altogether imposing, and produces that effect which might aptly be termed “royal;”—for it is unique, and is only caused by royal demesnes and royal palaces, when marked by that character of style which vast extent, and unsparing application of every object that art and luxury can invent, are alone capable of imparting. The suite of rooms in this Bavarian Versailles are splendid. The banquetting-hall in the central pavilion, from the windows of which there is a most charming view of the park and distant mountains, is of the loftiest dimensions. The pavement is inlaid with rich marbles, and a gallery runs around it, from which music often resounds to enliven the banquet; while admiring strangers are permitted to contemplate, on gala days, the royal scene below.

We wandered through the mazes of the park, which spreads out into a circumference of eight English miles, and in which SKELL, the architect, has exhibited the strength and variety of his imagination in disposing the grounds—producing ac-



cidental groups — forming plantations — raising kiosks, villas, pagodas, and pavilions — chequering meadows with streamlets — and the woodland scene ornamenting with a glassy and extensive lake, which falls in gauzy sheets over the rounded lips of a marble basin, to leap afterwards through obstacles and rocks, and divide itself into twenty channels, again to be reunited into one, ere it enters a delicious canal.

The company had separated into groups, each following its own inclination and feeling of attraction, in the contemplation of the many hundred beauties into which we were immersed. It was a balmy, zephyry sun-set, with a subsequent picturesque twilight playing on the foliage, which waved in unison with the murmuring of the cascades, and the shrill notes of the blackbird and the nightingale. I never passed a more delicious hour, and I grieved when darkness compelled us to quit this place of enchantment. In walking through it I had taken the arm of Mr. Macintosh, the political economist, who has for some time been engaged in curious and interesting inquiries abroad, for the present government. As a well-informed man, accustomed to travel, and master of foreign languages; as a sound reasoner and acute observer; this gentleman seems to have been selected for his task, with more discrimination than is usually displayed in choices of this kind by the powers that be. I obtained from him much useful information,

and rejoiced at the opportunity which afforded me the advantage of his acquaintance.

NYMPHENBURG again reminded me of the enormous and striking difference which exists, between the provisions made in foreign countries by their respective sovereigns, for the recreation, out of doors, of the industrious classes, and those made at home. There, a region of pure and legitimate pleasure and enjoyment, which in England would be guarded with a jealous eye, and encircled with a triple brass wall of exclusion, is thrown open freely and unreservedly on every day in the week, *Sunday not excepted*, to ALL CLASSES of people; and heartily do they enjoy the privilege. Its size — its lakes and canals — the fountains — the cascades — the monuments — the various buildings — the *serres* — the receptacles of living animals — the prairies, — (in all which the Bavarian park is superior to Versailles,) — are an irresistible temptation to the industrious classes, to extend their holiday walks thus far, and to prefer such enjoyments to that of besotting themselves with gin, — had they even so alluring and fatal a poison at hand, with all the encouragement of low duty upon it from successive Chancellors of the Exchequer. And surely to a government that wishes well to the people, so easy a mode of winning them from a disorganising, denaturalising, and denationalising vice, ought to be adopted, cherished, and worked out with all the energies of *sincere* patriotism. An empty word alas!

It was an interesting moment that, at which we prepared to reascend our carriages, and leave this beautiful royal demesne. OTHO the First, on his return from visiting some of the minor courts of Germany,—at one of which he afterwards met with a most worthy consort, the lovely young Princess of Oldenburg, to share his Athenian throne—was seen in a travelling carriage accompanied by the Queen-mother, driving up the great avenue to the palace, which was lighted up for the occasion, and had been destined for his séjour while in Munich. The King, his father, who expected him, had long previously entered the beautiful and extensive gardens immediately behind the chateau, habited in a *bourgeois* dress, where we had seen him with some of his younger and lovely children, awaiting the arrival of the Grecian sovereign; and the meeting which soon after took place formed an exquisite family group. Immediately before that meeting, we recognised, among the few distinguished individuals who were assembled on the occasion in front of the palace, MAVROCORDATO, who, alone, and wrapt in thought, was pacing the ground in expectation of his lord. His head at that time was probably filled with schemes, and plans, and reflections on the past, and with hopes of things to come, which must have proved almost too much for the newly-sworn allegiance of a Greek.

This happy drama, and the scenery around it,

our party left behind with regret—taking our road back to the capital, which we quitted at noon on the following day.









## CHAPTER III.

### ROAD TO GASTEIN.

#### Saltzburg.



Departure from Munich—Roads and aspect of the country—WASSERBURG—The INN—Agricultural wealth—Daylight in a forest—Waginger lake—The Chiem-see—Saline springs—REICHENHALL and TRAUENSTEIN—Hydraulic works—Subterranean canal—Production of salt in Bavaria—Crown revenue from it—Approach to Saltzburg—The *Stauffenberg* and the *Unterberg*—Austrian douane—Unprofitable vexation—View of SALTZBURG—Hotel of the Mohr on the SALZA—Appearance of the streets—The cathedral—Superb FOUNTAIN—The Manège d'Été—A marble horse—Tunnel gate—Great number of deformed people—Count M——Saltzburg not yet in the “movement”—Doctor WERNECK—Interview—HAYDN—MOZART—The great cemetery—IGNAZ WURSTEL—Fatal destruction—SIGISMOND HAFNER—Rattling profitable—Haydn's monument—House in which Mozart was born—Public memorial to his name suggested by a stranger.—His liberality—ROAD to Gasteln—Necessity of a minute description—Light and shade—Pass LUGG—Thunder-storm at night—Goitre common—LENDT—Terrific defile

—LA KLAMME—The *Ache*-hair-breadth escape—Valley of the *Ache*  
—HOF-GASTEIN.



We are now all smooth, and in good-humour, post-boys and travellers. The right to insist on the former riding, instead of driving, having been given up, and a snuggery in front of the *britzscka* for the latter operation being established, we proceeded as comfortably as possible, through the fields of clover and corn which greeted us over an extensive plain, after quitting Munich. The soil appeared thin and meagre, with a substratum, a few inches from the surface, of large rolled pebbles and gravel, which they employ, by-the-by, to mend the roads. Such materials being brittle and chalky, and consequently crumbling quickly into dust, left, after the heavy thunder-storm of the preceding night, many and deep ruts, notwithstanding the *Macadam* principle on which the road seems to be constructed, and the employment of *chaussée*-guards, as in Prussia, decked in green jackets and brassy hats, who scrape the road.

Parallel to this, on our right, nearly due south, and at the distance of about thirty miles, we traced the varied and everchanging line of the Bavarian and Tyrolian Alps, among which rise prominently conspicuous, capped with snow, the *Zugspitz* and the *Kharwandel*, the one ten thousand, the other

eight thousand six hundred feet above the Mediterranean level. Between these, takes its rise, and descends into the Bavarian plateau, the Isar, which waters the capital. Beyond the first post a visible change, not for the better, takes place in the outward aspect of the villages, which appeared no longer as neat and smart as those we had seen on the western roads of Bavaria. The inhabitants are lodged in humble wood dwellings resembling some of the worst Swiss cottages, and the land scarcely yields enough to repay the trouble of tilling it.

As we loitered by the road-side to examine and make inquiries, evening overtook us, followed by a most splendid night, during which the full moon revealed, as we proceeded along, all the beauties of the scenery around us, with the same bright and silvery light with which it shines on a frosty unclouded night in more northern regions. Until the road, with a sudden turn through the ancient town of *Wasserburg*, descends a precipitous declivity to the foot of a wooden bridge thrown across the Inn, no object of interest presented itself. The country around is flat and unattractive, though here and there, a hill or an eminence interrupted the monotony of the way, and afforded us an excuse for little pedestrian excursions.

Day-light broke upon us at five o'clock in the vicinity of *Alten Markt*, where the country assumes a more smiling aspect, and reminded me of the

richer districts of Suabia, through which we had passed. Vast plains of luxurious trefoil lay extended for miles on our left; and now and then, ploughed fields, showing their rich soil, accounted at once for the enormous crops we saw gathered within colossal barns. In this district I particularly noticed the application of specific manures — so much attended to in Germany.

Large plantations of hops were crossed during the night, which seemed to flourish as well, at this elevation of upwards of two thousand feet, as on the tiny hills near Farnham, or in the plains of Kent. Occasionally a wood of larches and pines, of no great extent, came in sight, to break the sameness of the plateau, and intercept, while we passed through it, the full brilliance of moonlight, the rays of which, in other parts, reached us only through an ever-changing halo of iridescent colours, caused by the white and thin dewy mist that hung over the flatter part of the country. This light, as it shone over vast fields, imparted the fantastic shape of soldiers, ranged in files and square battalions, to the gathered clover, which, according to the farming system of the country, is wound around upright poles five feet high from the ground, to the thickness of a man's body.

As the sun rose in the east before us, above the top of the loftiest pine ranges which intercepted its rays at its birth, the white mist gradually dispersed, — and the myriads of gossamer webs that veil-

ed the tips of every branch and shrub, first sparkled with their seed-like diamonds, as they caught the first rays of the cheering planet, and the next moment their fairy texture, night-woven, was dispersed.

Who would not witness, and witnessing could not enjoy, such an early morning scene? — to catch nature at her toilet, when her most delicate beauties are unveiled to our sight? Have we not here a solution to a part, at least, of the secret, of health recovered, and disease removed, when distant mineral springs are visited? Does not the inhaling of the purest and most balmy air, enriched with aromas, and, probably, with medicated effluvia from the surrounding plants, account for a portion at least of the recovery of the travelling invalid? For myself, I confess, that at such a conjuncture I always felt as if my pristine vigour, impaired by the last thirty years of a laborious life, had been restored to me for the moment; and I would have willingly loitered for hours together to enjoy the like spectacle, and quaff the like draught of renovated vitality.

We had now reached the neighbourhood of the *Tachen* and *Waginger* lakes, — the road lying between them and Trauenstein. The latter is an important town, placed on one of the lower swells of the Stauffenberg, which appeared close at hand on our right, frowning on us with its elevated summit, of upwards of six thousand feet. *Waging*, with its



lofty minaret tower, a minor town through which we passed, is placed in a richly cultivated plain, north of this mountain range. In the outskirts, a number of labourers were employed in baling out of what appeared to be a general reservoir, a quantity of semifluid manure, which, being poured into square, low-built, and deep carts, was presently conveyed to the fields, where I witnessed its application. Over the ground thus manured, a plough, drawn by two oxen, yoked in the most primitive manner imaginable, followed immediately; cutting and turning up the earth, so that the particular manure alluded to might sink deep into it and fertilise it. The early sprouts of the corn, sowed since the early summer crop, spread a green hue over some large and more distant fields; while others nearer were covered with many species of useful herbage. The vine, trailed along the walls of the houses, laden with grapes, bespoke farther the fertility of the soil.

The *Waginger-see* is seen to advantage a little way out of the town just mentioned, before the road turns to the right by an abrupt angle, and ascends a steep hill. On this hill we met the light post *eine-span* (a single-horse cart), when the respective drivers exchanged places. Nothing can be more rude, yet simple in its formation, than this estafette vehicle: it seemed the very type of the absence of all comfort in travelling. Yet in one of these, for the sake of expedition, cheapness, and

facility of access to some of the places, I afterwards, on my return from Gastein, made several interesting excursions.

One of the objects of attraction in this district of the Bavarian territory is the Chiem-see, the largest lake in Bavaria; being thirty-five miles in circumference, and in many parts eighty fathoms deep, with two or three islands in it. Its fisheries, which are extremely productive, belong to the crown. It lies close to Traunstein, from which latter place a direct road leads to Salzburg. We are here in the midst of the most productive and celebrated *salines* and salt mines of Bavaria. REICHENHALL, a small town, containing about three thousand inhabitants, situated in an agreeable valley, at an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, is on this account a place of great importance. Calcareous mountains, three and four thousand feet high, surround it, one of which is the Stauffenberg already mentioned. A mountain stream from the highest peaks of the Tyrol, called the *Salach*, sweeps by the town, and serves in times of flood, from the melting of the snow, to float down to Reichenhall the necessary fuel for the preparation of the salt obtained from about thirty or forty springs of salt-water.

Many of these springs are nearly fifty feet deep, and all of them vary in their degrees of concentration and temperature. Some yield not more than two, three, or four pounds of salt, while

others give as many as thirty pounds of it, in every hundred pints of the water. The specific gravity of some is as much as 1.188, water being 1.000. The temperature of most of the springs has a range of four degrees, namely from  $8^{\circ}$  to  $12^{\circ}$ , of Reaumur ( $50^{\circ}$  to  $59^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit.) There are springs which supply only seventy or eighty cubic feet of water; and there are others which yield as many as five hundred, a thousand, two thousand, and even four thousand cubic feet of water, in the space of twenty-four hours. The richest spring, perhaps the most abounding in salt in Germany, yields every twenty-four hours not less than five thousand one hundred and eighty cubic feet of water, with a specific gravity of 1.176—which equals twenty-eight pounds and a quarter of salt for every hundred pints of the water. This source or spring alone, therefore, produces nearly nine hundred tons of pure salt annually.

There is a work of art in Reichenhall, which reflects great credit on an engineer of the sixteenth century. His stipulated object was, to prevent the amalgamation of fresh water with that of the salt springs;—natural sources of the former, as numerous as those of salt water, and placed on the same level within the entrails of the mountain, constantly interfering with the operations of the miners. In order to remedy this evil, the engineer constructed a straight subterraneous gallery or aqueduct, more than thirteen thousand feet long,

eight feet high, and six feet wide, built partly of stone and partly of brick, into which the waters of all the fresh springs, as well as those from some of the poorer saline sources which are disregarded, are made to flow : so that a boat laden with twenty men can float in it. To help the latter operation, openings have been made at certain distances, which admit from above the atmospheric air into the gallery, and thus ventilate it. Thirty-two years were passed in the construction of this admirable work.

Trauenstein, the smaller town already mentioned, owes its origin to these very salt springs of Reichenhall. Finding that the fuel which could be procured at the latter place, for the evaporation of the salt-water, and its conversion into salt, was insufficient for all the quantity of salt-water obtained there; it was deemed necessary (about 140 years ago) to convey the water from the richest of the salt springs to a small valley, fourteen miles distant from Reichenhall, surrounded by mountains which were thickly covered with wood. Besides the difficulty of the distance, the engineer had to grapple with that of the difference of levels at which it became necessary to raise the water, ere it could flow into that valley (Trauenstein) : for the latter stands considerably higher than Reichenhall. Nor did the *détours* or sinuosities of the mountains, the ledges, and precipices, present fewer obstacles. All these, however, were most admirably surmount-

ed. Seven large hydraulic machines, moved by mountain torrents, raise the water from the saline sources to the requisite intermediate levels, the highest of which is 1500 feet, and accomplish all that is required “ Quand on parcourt ” ( says a French savant who had been directed to visit these springs, and the extended wooden pipes which convey their waters to so great a distance, ) “ les énormes montagnes qui séparent Reichenhall de Traunstein, en suivant le chemin étroit qui les réunit, et qui est tracé entre le rocher à pic et les précipices, on ne peut voir sans intérêt cette longue chaîne de tuyaux, qui suivent tous les mouvements de la montagne, et conduisent, pendant un si long espace, un petit filet d’eau, qui pourtant fait la richesse d’un grand État, et le plus clair de son revenu. ” ( Hassenfratz. *Journal des Mines.* )

The total produce of the several salt works in Bavaria, including those of Kissingen, Türkheim, Berchtesgaden, and Rosenheim, amounts to 35,000 tons annually, four-sevenths of which are consumed at home, and the remainder, is exported. The government derives from this source a revenue of two millions and a-half of florins. Hence the Bavarian proverb, “ *Nos sources sont nos ressources.* ”

As we were preparing to descend a very steep hill, on regaining the main road, an example of the watchful care of the government, in behalf of such as travel in carriages, appeared before me,



and was noticed for the first time, in the shape of a neat white board, stuck on a lofty pole painted in the national colours, and on which is represented the figure of a carriage-drag — with the intimation, written in German, of a fine of six gulden (florins) against such drivers as shall descend the hill without dragging the wheels. This I found afterwards repeated at every hill, in all the mountain districts of Bavaria.

Turning our backs to the *Waginger* Lake, and leaving the post-house at Shönram, the smiling *alentours* of Salzburg soon appeared in view. The very fertile country (an immense plateau or table land amidst alpine hills), through which we passed, is rich with every produce. Although resting on a substratum similar to that which we noticed nearer Munich, the soil is yet deeper. Being more carefully wrought and assiduously manured with *town-manure*, it presents that dark, oily, and lumpy appearance, when turned up, which promises fertility; yet a hollow pit, here and there, would show the under stratum to consist of nothing but coarse gravel, and pebbles which are used to repair the roads. The material, in the present instance, being quartz and granite, it serves that purpose better than the one used in other parts of the country through which we had passed, and the *chaussée*, therefore, is harder and in better condition.

The *Stauffenberg*, and just beyond it, more in

advance, the *Unterberg*, the former six thousand, as I have already noticed, the latter upwards of seven thousand feet in height, — were close upon us; and with their jagged and many indented outlines against the clear azure of the sky, traced the horizon with fantastic figures of every description. Immediately after ascending a short but steep eminence, we discovered the entire sweep of these magnificent mountains, between the foot of which and us, a cultivated plain stretched in all directions. Everywhere the hand of man, in this region, has been industriously at work, and everywhere the return has been most ample. Myriads of the upstanding poles I have before mentioned, cut from the fir trees of the nearest forest, and bearing the abundant crops of clover around them, occupy part of the plain, in single or double lines many times repeated; while other parts are strewed with stacks of corn, like many inverted bells.

This road being quite new, its margins are planted with young trees, — to guard which, the bark of the larch, cut down the middle into half cylinders, is placed around them, fastened by a supple twig of thorn. Where nature is so beneficent, the congregation of men exhibits comfort and wealth. The villages of this district bespeak both. The houses are large, better built, and well situated; the people are cleanly dressed, and the women generally in gay colours. They use copper and brass vessels, instead of the wooden and earthen pans

of their less fortunate countrymen nearer the capital. They have better cattle. Their horses being *in clover*, are fat, sleek, and strong; and are sometimes employed at the plough as well as the oxen. A number of peasants, in high glee, and singing, were engaged in mowing a high and thickly-growing grass — being the third crop they had cut since the spring — as is the case on the other, or south side of the Tyrolian Alps, and in the north of Italy.

As we proceeded through this highly-favoured region, every part of which seemed so neat and *soigné*, we might have fancied ourselves in the act of traversing some extensive and imperial park or domain; but that the peering Alps reminded us that it was Nature's great garden which their snowy ranges encompassed. So near were we to the foot of these, that we could well descry the difference of each particular mountain. The *Staufenberg* has three distinct cones rising abruptly perpendicular; while the *Unterberg*, more massive and loftier, presents against the vault of heaven, which it seems to touch, a nearly straight horizontal line, — with only one indentation at its eastern extremity, where it terminates in a sharp knoll, and with a gradual sloping towards the lesser Alps, at the other, or western termination. Small towns, neat villages, large farm-houses, through the middle of some of which we pass, are scattered in all directions. Some are placed

on the summit of a hillock ; many more in the vast plateau which is traversed by the road. Every where plenty is proclaimed in striking and prominent characters.

At a small place called Freilassing, we crossed the confines of Bavaria, where we exhibited our passports; and the yellow and black bar — stretching across the road not far off—told us that we had entered the Austrian empire. The forms, both fiscal and political, at this first station in Austria, proved more troublesome than in any other part of Germany. Notwithstanding a minute declaration of all we had with us, we were compelled to go through one hour's strict examination, the result of which was the payment of custom-house dues amounting to three florins and forty-eight kreutzers. The machinery put in motion for so small a tax, is the best specimen of ultra *bureaucratism* I have ever witnessed; and the inconveniences produced by it are equally excessive. When I look at the complicated *Bollette*, given me on that occasion and now lying before me, containing not fewer than twenty-three columns, each differently headed, and each differently filled — enumerating all I had, and all I paid for — written first by one clerk — entered in a register by another, — and copied by a third, — to be afterwards collated and signed by a chief; — when I recollect the pile of books in the office, to which references were made — the quantity of printed

forms and papers put in motion to expedite us — the number of employés and subordinates to pull out and put in, and to smell and examine, and to weigh, even to three ounces of cigars, in a pair of scales large enough to weigh a ton; — when I bear in mind that all these people, with all their tools and machinery, must be paid, and that in the exercise of their fiscal duties on individual travellers, not the least consideration is paid to the convenience of either master, post-boys, or horses (all of which are often kept waiting for many hours, as was the case with a noble family of four or five individuals which had preceded me a few days —); I am compelled to say that the custom-house revenue of Austria can get but little profit, in return for the obloquy of being the most vexatious and inquisitive *douane* in the universe.

On the neutral ground we met a line of heavy waggons, loaded with bales of cotton and other colonial produce, which had made their way from Trieste, across the Tyrol, on their road into the interior of Germany. They bore the mark of that sea-port, from which they were then distant seventy-nine German or 395 English miles, and had been five weeks on the road. When the commissioners or deputies, who assembled last year at Munich, from every part of the realm, for the purpose of devising a uniform plan on which railroads are to be constructed in Bavaria (a capital hint for somebody at home) shall have accomplished their



object ; merchandise from the only sea emporium of importance which Austria possesses, will find an easier transit to the interior of Germany.

The old archiepiscopal city of SALTZBURG announced itself to us, in less than half an hour after our vexatious visitation by the douaniers, — with its gigantic *Festung* or citadel, seated on a calcareous rock in the very heart of the city. The view I have given of it, is taken precisely from the road from which we approached it and is a faithful representation of the general effect produced on the traveller \*. Before we reached the gate, we traversed a most delicious territory, studded with ancient chateaux, cheerful villas, and neat farm-houses. The amphitheatric basin in which Salzburg is situated, offers so many natural beauties of every description, that it would require a whole chapter to do them justice. A city extending over a surface of some miles, and spreading on both banks of the SALZA, which divides it into two unequal parts, connected by a wooden bridge four hundred geometrical feet in length, — a city placed on one of those majestic plateaux which the range of the Tyrolian Alps presents on its northern side, — flanked by three mountains of moderate height, each

\* I would recommend to the lover of the picturesque to see a beautiful and correct view of Salzburg, by C. R. Stanley, now in the Exhibition at the National Gallery (middle room, No. 229).

crowned with a large edifice — with the greater Alps in the form of a semicircle, as a distant parapet, — must, in itself, arrest and command attention. But when to these striking objects are added the rich and luxurious vegetation which everywhere reigns, and the many splendid buildings, particularly the cathedral, which record the ancient and historical importance of the city, and some of which are cut out of the solid rock, — Salzburg becomes, in the eye of the inquisitive traveller, an object of interest as well as admiration.

We put up at the Mohr, in a narrow dirty street. It is a second-rate hotel, frequented more by people of the country than strangers; but it was recommended to us, and I had every reason to be well pleased with it. We occupied apartments overlooking the quay on the Salza, with a projecting kiosk or belvedere, in which we dined, and from which we enjoyed a most charming panoramic view of the town and its environs. On our left appeared the bridge connecting the two suburbs of *Mülln* and *Nonthal* with a third suburb on the right bank called *Aussere Stein*; and beyond it lay the road and range of country by which we had come. On our right, lines of picturesque houses, placed on both banks, enlivened the scene; while many verdant and highly cultivated hills behind them, rose some hundred feet above the Salza, which rushes by the town with a rapidity of eight or ten miles an hour.

In proceeding through the streets, with the in-

quisitive purport of my mission, it was impossible not to notice their deserted appearance, as well as the neglected state of the houses. Many of the shops have the same form and internal arrangement that prevailed several centuries ago; and over one of them I read an inscription, which alone would suffice to show how gothically behindhand, or rather, how unchanged, this city remains, since the earliest episcopal times and barbaric ages. “*Chirurgische Officin,*” were the words inscribed over the dark, and small shop in question, — which I found occupied with two or three customers—one undergoing the ceremony of tonsure, and the others that of shaving. A precious number of years this little picture, coupled with the said inscription, throws us back!

Besides the Cathedral, with its handsome and purest Italian front, three other objects of art merit particular attention from the stranger at Salzburg.

The superb fountain in marble, placed in the centre of the Residenz Platz, is a monument worthy of the very best times of sculpture. It is in every way imposing, for the beauty of its design, the exquisite delicacy of its execution, its gigantic dimensions, and the enormous quantity of fresh water it holds in its several basins. The three Atlas-earyatids, whose feet are ingeniously *entrelacés*, cut out of a single block, and weighing forty-two-hundred weight; with the four massive

horses, also cut out of a single block of marble, and weighing two tons and a-half; are of the purest finish and composition. The whole height of this beautiful specimen of workmanship is forty-five feet; and it rests on an under-ground foundation containing seventy thousand square feet of stone-work.

The second object I allude to, is the amphitheatre called the *Manège d'Été*, situate at the foot of the *Mönchberg*; — out of the rocky structure of which, three corridors, one above the other, each having ninety-six arcades, were constructed in the seventeenth century. Near it, in the centre of a large basin, which is surmounted by a highly-finished and elegant balustrade of white marble, and which serves for watering the horses of the *Manège*, rises, upon a lofty pedestal, a splendid marble statue of a horse, which, being pulled back by the bridle that a robust *palefrenier* holds in his hands, is in the act of rearing.

But the third object is even more striking, from the immense labour which its execution must have required. That object is the *Neue or Stein Thür*, a species of tunnel gate, leading out of the city, and cut through the heart of the *Mönchberg*, a calcareous mountain. It is upwards of four hundred feet long, its width is twenty-two feet, and its vaulted ceiling stands at a height of forty feet from the ground. Two years

and a-half were occupied in completing this work, an event which took place in the latter half of the eighteenth century, under the government of Archbishop Sigismund of Schrattenbach, whose bust, cut of the same rock, stands over and outside of the gate, with the inscription *Te saxa loquuntur* under it. The architectural ornaments and the semi-columns placed on each side of the gate, towards the country, were all cut out of the mountain, and are not insulated objects subsequently applied to it. The whole structure inspires one with those peculiar sensations which the view of works of magnitude and difficulty, happily executed, never fails to inspire.

In the course of my repeated rambles in quest of the information I came hither to procure, I was struck at every step with the sight of deformed creatures of all ranks walking about, — the number of which I afterwards found to be very considerable. It is principally the *hump* and the *goître*, which, above all other deformity, seems to prevail; together with a want of symmetry in the upper and lower extremities. “*Le sang n'est pas beau ici,*” I observed to Count M——, who holds a distinguished situation in Salzburg, and who is an Italian by descent. “*Verissimo; ma è piacevole,*” was the reply. The people seem antiquated. They are of very mediocre stature, they dress slovenly, and in the oldest fashions, and their clothes are made of coarsely manufac-



tured materials. Altogether, the civil condition of Salzburg has not yet felt the benefit of the "movement."

The Dutchess de Beira, the exile of Portugal, with her confessor, were living retired at Salzburg. A little man, about three feet high, whom I found out to be "Camarer Mor" (major-domo) to H. I. H., came into a printseller's shop, in which I chanced to be, kept by a person from Trento, and set about chatting on the subject of his royal mistress to the honest Tyrolese, in Italian. He fully believed, of course, all the time, that the whole of his conversation would be San-serit to the stranger present. But it grieved me to learn things from his statements, which have since been verified.

I had heard, in other parts of Germany, so favourable a report of Dr. Werneck, who resides in Salzburg, both as a physician and a man of science, and especially as a microscopical observer, that I deemed the present an excellent opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with him and his labours. Besides, I knew that he had studied, at one time, the subject of the mineral waters of Gastein, and their effect; and I felt doubly anxious, therefore, to know him, that I might, on the eve of visiting that celebrated Spa, obtain every possible information which might prove serviceable in my future inquiries. I accordingly called upon him, and

before my departure for Gastein I had more than one interview with that gentleman. I also revisited him on my return, to report to him my own observations respecting the Gastein waters, and to complete together certain microscopical observations, which were connected with the natural history of that spring. The more I saw of Dr. Werneck, the more I learned to esteem him. But I must reserve the narrative of our conversations till after my return from Gastein, that I may introduce myself as one of the interlocutors, being then personally acquainted with the principal subjects which formed the burthen of our dialogues.

In a city situated like Salzburg, there is never a lack of temptation for visiting its delightful and magnificent environs. The geologist — the naturalist — the agriculturist — the general admirer of everything that is beautiful in nature, may there satisfy his curiosity. During both my visits to that city, therefore, I employed much of my time in observations and inquiries, principally directed to one or two points which I had it in commission to investigate, and which, as in all other places, I accomplished with every success. Over all this, however, I must pass in silence, in order to keep to the single object of my present work. But I may be indulged in one or two other trifling digressions, before I put myself *en route* for the wilds of Gastein.

To one who , from his birth , has loved music as the soother of grief , and on whose ear it comes

“ Like the sweet south ,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets ,  
Stealing , and giving odour , ”

Saltzburg recalled the name of one of the master spirits of that enchanting art , who left an imperishable renown behind him , as well , as that of a composer of sacred music of the most elevated character. The sepulchral monument of the latter, Michel Haydn — and the house in which the other, the inspiring Mozart , was born — are both to be seen in this city, and no stranger fails to visit them. The former is erected within the little church of St. Margaret , built in the seventh century by the holy Rupert. Around this, subsequent centuries have accumulated , on a circular piece of ground, consecrated as a cemetery , the mortal remains of myriads of Saltzburghian citizens, many of whom have found here , in showy monuments , a trumpet to their fame , which in their lifetime had either remained unknown or had travelled no farther than the threshold of their dwellings. These monuments , some of which are full of modern pretension to sculptural merit , are ranged in little chapels , all round and within the external wall of the cemetery. In these chapels the sepulchral stones , some bearing an inscription only ,

others the representation in full of the defunct, are placed standing opposite one another, with a third one in the middle and at the farther end of the place. Clusters of crosses, tablets, garlands, and *bouquets* of flowers, are seen mingled with the sculptured monuments, — which display more wealth than taste, and still less of the latter in the arrangement of those objects.

IGNAZ WERTHEL is the name that stands inscribed on the first tomb with which there is interwoven any moral lesson. Ignaz had devoted his whole life and attention to the amassing of half a million of florins. He had a family of sons and daughters, all brought up to mix in better society than that from which he had himself emerged. As he was one day driving out in his single-horse vehicle, at an impetuous rate, he forgot to rein in the spirited animal in time, and having reached the brink of one of the mountains cut *à pic* near Salzburg, was instantly precipitated from it to a depth of some hundred feet, and perished, — together with the horse which was to have conveyed him on that very day, for the first time, to a splendid country mansion his immense wealth had enabled him to purchase. In the course of that same year, all but the widow and two grandchildren of his progeny perished also!

The next monument bore in gold letters the name of SIGISMOND HAFNER. How this man began the world, no one ever knew. People recollected

that he was the first to introduce and encourage the practice of rat-catching,—as productive then, it is to be presumed, as *ratting* has been at all times since. He used to deal in the skins of these vermin. From that traffic he rose to that of a furrier; then he became an agent and commission merchant; lastly, a general factor. He was the great-grandfather of the present living family of that name, which is said to vie in wealth with the richest families in Austria. Sigismond left a million and a-half of florins; and he ordered each poor person in the town to receive two florins; thus causing three thousand florins to be distributed at his death. To his daughters he left two hundred thousand florins each, and the remainder of his fortune to his son. His portrait, painted immediately before his death, has been placed in one of these honorary recesses or chapels, surrounded by monumental records in stone of some of his children and grandchildren.

But Michel Haydn's monument is far more interesting to the visiter of these sepulchral regions. This brother of the author of "Creation," died, like him, in the service of Prince Esterhazy, at Vienna, in 1806, four years before his more gifted brother Joseph. His head having been transferred from thence to Salzburg — where Michel had been for many years director of music — it was deposited in an urn of black marble in this place. On a rock stands a short square pedestal, bearing



on its upper plane the urn in question, against which rests a lyre, with chords unstrung. A Latin inscription on one of the sides of the pedestal relates the name, the date of the birth, and death of the great musician. On another side "hie requiescit caput" is inscribed. On the plinth there is a sand-glass, and several scrolls are scattered on the surface of the rock, with the titles of the choicest of his productions written upon them. A lofty, massive, simple cross of black wood rises by the side of the pedestal several feet above it, and many gilded rays dart from its four internal angles.

Mozart's paternal dwelling, in which he was born in 1756, is situated in a back street, called Getraidgasse, not far from the river, which can be seen from its upper windows. It presents nothing remarkable in its exterior; but the recollection alone that a genius so pre-eminent had first drawn his breath in one of its upper stories, invested its view with intense interest. The guide-books mention this circumstance to invite the strangers' attention to it no doubt; but they at the same time direct to a wrong house in a wrong street, to satisfy our curiosity. They mention that Mozart was born in a house numbered 225, in the wide street, opposite the magnificent byzantine church of the university. That is an error, which arose from the circumstance of that house affording, by means of an alley which

passes through it, a shorter access to the real house of Mozart, placed at the back of it, as I have already stated.

But Salzburg, which is honoured as the birth-place of music's spoiled child, offers not a single vestige of proud recollection or that imperishable circumstance, in any monument whatever raised by his fellow-countrymen. It was left for an entire stranger, an enthusiastic admirer of Mozart, and himself a renowned musician, to suggest the idea of erecting by subscription, in his native place, a memorial to the great reformer of operatic music, and to set the example at once, by subscribing the whole produce of a public concert which he gave in July last, at the Hotel of the Municipality, and at which five hundred florins were collected. These the individual in question placed in the hands of a committee of gentlemen, to form the nucleus of a general subscription for a monument to Mozart, worthy of the place that gave him birth. May the scheme prosper!

I left my travelling companions at the Mohr, — the one engaged in transcribing notes for me, the other occupied in making architectural drawings of some of the buildings of Salzburg; and I quitted that city on my way to Gastein, intending to be absent some days. I passed through the River Gate, keeping the left bank of the Salza, along a shaded grove of considerable length, and following a canal that runs parallel to the river. It is

not easy to convey in words an idea of the effect which is here produced, by the situation of this ancient city, imprisoned, yet at large, within a triple *cordon* of lofty mountains. The plain on this side of the town is a *prairie* of vast extent, on which the haymakers were at work. I found on inquiry that the crop now gathering, which appeared to be most abundant, was the fourth during the present year. The soil is treated with *town manure* only.

The road to Hallein is wide, and lined on each side with a row of lofty limes, meeting above, and forming a green canopy all the way, through which a peep of daylight can hardly be caught. On the right frowns the Unterberg, as if it were actually hanging over us; and as I advanced, looking in front as well as on either side, I could not discover by what possible outlet a traveller might leave this gay and smiling valley. Had Salzburg been the seat of some mineral spring, its situation alone would have secured to it the preference over most of the other Spas in Germany. The loveliness of that situation is beyond my power of description.

In perusing the account I propose to give of the interesting and romantic road to Gastein, my readers may perhaps feel disposed to think me too prolix and unnecessarily minute. But I look for an excuse of both faults, in the fact, that with the exception of an indication of the post-stations, and

the enumeration of several objects worthy the attention of the traveller, contained in the German road-books, no work that I am acquainted with has entered with sufficient detail into the features of the road in question. To Englishmen, indeed, the subject is quite new, as are the powers and nature of the Gastein baths. For myself, I know, that on leaving England I had only formed a superficial notion of what I had to see, from the verbal account given me by a patient who had been over that road once, and who described it in most terrific colours. When at Stuttgardt, Dr. Von Ludwig, who had just returned from Gastein in the suite of the King of Würtemberg, after a short visit to those baths, gave me an *itinéraire* in writing of the principal stations on the road, and the accommodations to be found in them; but no other information. Some spoke of the passage in the mountains as dangerous, and to be avoided by night;—others mentioned the harassing state of the roads, and the difficulties to be encountered, considering that it is, at best, but a *chemin perdu*, leading nowhere but to Gastein;—and all agreed, in fine, that notwithstanding its many beauties and interesting points, this road, eighty-five English miles long from Salzburg, was a great drawback from the expected benefit to be found at its termination. As I had necessarily to go over it twice, keeping always in view my wish to give to my readers every practical information con-

nected with the visiting of German watering-places, —I determined to travel to Gastein with all the rapidity of which the post in those parts would admit. I could then judge of the degree of merit of that species of conveyance; while on my return from thence I might travel at leisure, in order to survey with more detail the several points of interest which such a *trajet* was likely to offer, and which it had been my previously fixed intention to examine, when I directed my horse's head towards the Tyrolian Alps.

The afternoon was far advanced when I left Salzburg; and the effect of the momentary interruption of light after crossing the *Halm* was striking. This stream or mountain torrent, over which is a wooden bridge, descends from the *König-See*; a lake placed on the summit of the *Watzman*, at an elevation of 9000 feet above the Mediterranean level, and meanders through the smiling prairies that stretched right and left. In the gorges straight before me, among the lofty crests of that mountain range, night seemed already to have veiled every object from human eye, while the spot whence I looked was yet in sunshine. A few miles farther, and even where I halted for an instant, sudden darkness succeeded light, owing to the interposition of the giant *Unterberg*, which rose between us and the sun, just then fast verging to the horizon. From this spot, thus covered with the evening gloom, I looked back, and Saltz-



burg appeared yet tipped with the sunny light. The *Festung* in particular, and the episcopal palace, placed on lime-stone pinnacles, in the centre of the city, reflected from their hundred windows the dazzling rays, in horizontal lines. These are the two striking accidents of light and darkness, which, in landscapes, give life and effect to the composition, when well managed by the painter. A Poussin and a Claude could represent either singly; but neither Poussin nor Claude has ever mastered both, or introduced them into their pictures at the same time, with anything like the semblance of reality.

The road now quits the prairie, and a short way on this side of Hallein it begins to ascend, — the impetuous Salza running immediately below it. Gay villages, with their sloping and rich fields before them, appeared on the opposite bank, backed by verdant and lofty hills; while on our side the wooded and upright walls of the mountains, on the right of the road, rose almost perpendicularly. This scene altogether throws into insignificance the valley of the Rhine. Hallein is the first post-station, distant nine miles (English) from Salzburg. An equal distance separates us from the next stage, Golling, placed midway on the declivity of the bold and stern Goll. To reach it, the Salza is traversed twice; for the road, following the sinuosities of the two banks, changes from the one to the other as it finds room, at the foot of the otherwise

inaccessible mountains which rise on either bank, and form the valley.

As we advanced, the latter became narrower at every step. Hence, to Werfen, we ascended at a foot-pace, with two additional horses, through the most romantic and wild country I had ever beheld; passing by many interesting points which, on my return, I had full leisure to contemplate in the day-time. I afterwards penetrated through the celebrated defile of LIEG just as the moon for a moment shone bright from behind the clouds which rolled in volumes over the mountain tops, and scudded before it with a rapidity that threatened a storm.

Werfen is the midway region of this mountain range. We employed four hours to reach it. Thence to the next station, St. Johan, the road is comparatively easy; it crosses the wild and romantic valley of Blühenbach, and may be accomplished in half that time; although the distance is the same, and there are many steep hills to ascend by the way. The tortuous and giddy windings of the Salza still determine the course of the road on its banks; but running now over a comparatively level bed, that river is here wider, deep, and silent in its progress through a more extended valley, on which nature and the industrious husbandman have lavished every embellishment. Daylight exhibited the enormous crags by which we were on all sides surrounded; and the yet unreach-

solid screen of "alp upon alp," that stretched before us, bespoke the difficulty of what yet remained of our way, ere we could reach the bath of Gastein, my scope and object.

During the night a thunder-storm burst over our heads, and the peals, echoing from mountain to mountain, seemed to crash on some distant headland, only to make new echoes and multiply the storm. The lightning leaped, and streamed, and quivered, between each bellowing of the thunder, and seemed to threaten the stoniest rock and loftiest trees in the surrounding forests. The deep and fearful gloom left by the vanishing lightning, was not so awful as the effect produced by its returning momentary splendour;—which showed, for an instant, the dark abyss and dreadful chasms before us, and by the side of us, where none had been suspected. As if to impress us with the tremendous depth of these gulfs, the lightning would often, in zigzag lines, run along their sides; or, like the hissing snake, unfold its coils, to slide the more quickly down the bare rock. The whole scene was awfully sublime; and the distant, scattered, broad drops which pattered down, driven in all directions by the many gushes of wind that came sweeping through every mountain gully as we passed before it, left us no repose. Torrents of sheeted rain, at last seemed, by their diluvial power, to silence the roaring of the gale, and quench the lightning's fire. Before the dawn of day,

Nature had once more lapsed into her solemn attitude of rest.

I noticed in these regions that many were afflicted with the goître. Of the numerous gates and bridges at which I had to stop to pay tolls (and on this road they are heavy, though the fine condition of it seems to warrant them), scarcely one keeper, male or female, appeared to receive the tax, who had not that disorder. On further inquiry, I found that the dwellers of these mountain regions are subject to enlarged glands of the neck, swelled tonsils, and sore throats. These give to their voice a peculiar hoarse, croaking sound, which is anything but agreeable.

At LENDT, ten English miles from *St. Johan*, the valley resembles that of Wildbad: except that it is wider and altogether of larger dimensions. We crossed and re-crossed repeatedly the Salza; the road running now along the left, and now along the right bank of that river. At each bridge, and at the entrance of each village, I had to pay tolls of three, six, and even ten kreutzers. As we ascended into higher regions, the appearance of the different villages, and that of their inhabitants, became less pleasing.

The women, in particular, with their round man's hat and scanty red petticoats, looked as guiltless of charms as any mountaineer—save and except the buxom landlady of the post-house at Lendt, whose figure and countenance would have

graced one of Pinelli's groups of Calabrian beauties. The houses, generally, throughout these districts, are of hewn stone, up to a few feet above the ground, carelessly put together; and the rest is built of square timber and planks, or of lath and plaster, pierced with many little square windows. A projecting roof covers a wooden balcony placed immediately under it, and the roof itself is composed of short narrow planks, which are kept down at each end by heavy stones placed upon them, so that the wind may not blow them off the dwelling. These substitutes for nails gave a curious appearance to the general assemblage of roofs of the houses, in a village seen from a height before we descended into it. The whole looked as if a shower of *aérolithes* had just fallen upon the roofs during a storm.

Having crossed at length, and for the last time, the Salza, where the *Ache*, immediately beyond the village of Lendt, throws itself into it, with an imposing cataract,—the road takes a turn to the left, and quitting the former river, follows the ascending valley of the latter, at the entrance of which an upright post beckons the traveller to the desired haven, with the welcome phrase “*Nach Gastein.*” But the more arduous part of the road is yet to come. The defile of *la Klamme* yet remains to be passed, and towards this we strive to make good our way by means of additional horses, to drag the britzschka up an acclivity of two miles



in length, which in some parts appeared almost perpendicular.

The road is wide, hard, and guarded by a very strong open railing, except in some parts, where no such protection exists, though on the brink of the terrific precipices, which increase in depth and number as we ascend higher and higher. The morning was delightful, and the storm, which had evidently visited, during the night, the whole of these mountain regions, had so enlivened their foliage, and added such depth of colour to the rocks, that I preferred walking the entire distance, leaving the carriage to follow, in order that I might become more closely acquainted with the geology and flora of their recesses.

The deafening music of the *Ache*, just above its confluence with the Salza,—which had accompanied me all along, with *diminuendo* notes, as I was striving to gain a higher level,—had nearly died away by the time I reached the *Klammhöhe*. But the view of that river, following its tortuous, and now to all appearance silent course, at the bottom of the narrow and very deep valley through which it seemed to force its way, was an object of greater interest than its sound, as I stood looking down into it, from a height of more than three hundred feet. Here the hard kneiss rock has been hewed down by the power of man, to open a transit road for carriages. But what toil, what expense, what fatigue, for one object! — that of being able to

reach an otherwise recondite and inaccessible spot, in the bosom of endless mountains, for the chance of procuring a few years more of this miserable worldly existence ! If it were for immortality !

Where the *Ache* has pierced its way through a lofty rock of kneiss, and dances from one ledge to the next, leaping over difficulties, foaming, and hissing, and rioting in whirlpools, — the spot, as seen from the road, is truly terrific. Galleries, or rather terraces, have been raised to the level of the road, in order to form a continuation of it. They rest on arches built with the fragments of the rock from the mountain side, or on wooden piers, and these terraces hang over the dreadful chasms, with a low parapet. Everywhere streams of the purest water descend from the mountain side, and escape by a pass under the terraced road, down the declivity beneath into the *Ache*. The turns and indentures of this road are exceedingly picturesque, undulating, and seldom abrupt. In one part, where the road has been made to encroach too deeply within the bowels of the mountain, which the artificer has cut down from a height of some hundred feet—frowning fragments impend over it, and seem to threaten at every moment to tumble down, although upheld by the massive trunks of forest trees, which have been placed there for that purpose. Here the defile of the Klamme-höhe is truly formidable.

A small chapel, containing a group of figures of

the size of life, representing the crucifixion, is erected on the highest point of the road, where one of its turnings projects farther than the rest over the precipice. From that spot the general view of the panorama is beyond description magnificent. The morning was still very young. Forward, all seemed as yet steeped in inky blackness. At my back the east was blazing with sunshine. In front, wild was the character of the scene, and Salvator might have peopled it with his fantastic figures. Behind, in the distant Levant, the eye stretched as far as the smiling and rich country, on either side of the Salza, which I had passed in the evening. Clouds in their very birth, like white ethereal vapours, rose in this and that spot, from among the crags of the mountains, below me, or on the opposite side of the gulfy ravine, and added a pleasing feature to the general landscape.

At this, the highest part of the road, the additional horses were taken from the carriage, and sent back, and we began to descend very rapidly. Now only did I re-enter the britzscha, and soon had reason to regret that I had done so; for in the early part of the descent, two disjointed headlands in the mountain, having been linked together by a plank-bridge thrown over the chasm, part of it was in the act of being mended, as I passed over it at an impetuous rate; and the new planks, not yet completely fastened to the cross-beams, rattled under the wheels. The road was here also nar-

rower, and the near wheel seemed almost to graze the open parapet on the brink of the precipice. For a moment I held my breath at the apparent danger; but it was soon past, and the increasing noise of the impetuous waters, as they lashed against the projecting fragments of kneiss, and whirled around the rocky masses, which in years long gone, had tumbled into the mid-stream of the *Ache*, as if to impede its course, — announced my safe arrival upon the level ground of the torrent.

Here two gigantic ranges rear their elevated pinnacles on each side and over the stream (now considerably swollen from last night's tempest), — and darken the way, which lies on the left bank. The farther we proceeded the closer these naked cliffs, eighteen-hundred feet high, appeared to approach each other; and it seemed as if we must be crushed by the impending rocks. Nor is the terror with which such a scene is calculated to inspire the traveller, in any way diminished by the number of tablets and offerings fixed up, in sad remembrance of the many accidents that have happened in this gloomy defile, called *la Klamme*. Beyond it, mountain succeeds to mountain, until they seem locked arm in arm, as if to bar all passage to the traveller. The road, too, in this part is so narrow, that a carriage, though proceeding cautiously, can barely pass — some of the projecting crags overtopping it, so as to leave only just

room enough for its transit. The valley expands soon after. A wooden bridge, thrown aslant over the *Ache*, conveyed me to its right bank, along and even with which, the road runs, following the sinuosities of that stream.

From the moment we entered the wider part of the valley of the *Ache*, cultivation once more appeared, with all its efforts, to have gained from wild nature every inch of the ground. That river peaceably waters the plain; and the sloping sides of the adjoining hills, down to the water's edge, bear the fruit of industry and agricultural wealth. The plain, however, is principally grass-land; the hay of it being locked up in log-houses similar to those I saw in Russia.

In the centre and at the farthest end of this valley is seated Hof-Gastein. A semicircle of lofty mountains peer behind it—the highest peaks of which are covered with snow. I halted at the post, a smart-looking house, used as an hotel in this miserable-looking village, to exchange my passport for a *carte de permission*, and according to law, to put three instead of two horses to the carriage. The distance from Lendt to Hof-Gastein is about eleven English miles, or a German post and a-half; which we were three hours in performing; but the half of that time was occupied in the passage of la Klamme. In the night my thermometer marked 54° among the gorges and defiles of Lendt and la Klamme; 60° on the moun-



tain top at daylight ; and  $63^{\circ}$  at seven o'clock A. M. on the level valley of the *Ache*.

Traversing soon after the principal arm of this river, which is here narrow and insignificant, and dashing directly across the valley so as to gain the foot of the cultivated hills on the side opposite to that on which I had lately travelled, we entered the road which ascends to GASTEIN.







## CHAPTER IV.

### Gastein.



Topography of GASTEIN—First view of the village among the Alps—Access to it—Arrival—Dr. STORCH—A character—Bad smells good for something—Reasons for becoming an homœopathe—*Infinitesimophysicallism* the ruin of apothecaries—A cure for a bad knee—Warm springs,—The SCHLOSS and DOCTORSQUELLEN—The FRANZEN and SPITALQUELLEN—Quantity of water supplied and origin of it—Visit to the hot cavern—The Schlegm, the *Conserve*, and the tubular Stalactites—Natural vapour baths—Effect of them on the ears, eyes, and throat—Physical character of the Gastein water—Its chemical composition—Internal use—External application—Number and description of the baths—The SCHLOSS BATHS—The Straubinger baths—The Mitterwirth, or Landlord baths, and several others—Inconveniencies of the baths at Gastein—First impression of the Gastein waters on the author—Construction of the bath-rooms—View from one of them—Modern STRAUBINGER—Old Straubinger—Panorama from its Swiss balcony—Susceptibility of improvement at Gastein—The ARCHDUKE JOHN and the builders—Prices of the baths—Rules—Medical effects of the Gastein water—Diseases—Cases—The Bavarian officer—The Bohemian priest—The young Hamburger—The WUNDARZT—A monster—

Comparison between the Wildbad and Gastein waters—What gives to both their virtues—Dr. EBLE'S opinion—Various hypotheses—The author's conjecture — THERMALITY, like electricity and magnetism? — Doctor HOFRICHLER'S idea—Maréchal de W—'s testimony—Sum total of the effects of Gastein.



Stretching from Munich to Vienna, or from west to east, with a south course beyond the principal-ity of Salzburg, rises that portion of the central chain of the Alps, to which the name of *Noric* has been given. The grand Glockner, 12,776 English feet high, is the loftiest western range of this chain, placed near the sources of two great rivers, the Salza and the Drave, which run parallel to each other in an easterly direction; the former as far as *Lendt*, the other as far as *Sachsenberg*; with a belt of mountainous country between them, nearly twenty miles wide. Following afterwards the inclination of their respective valleys, the first of those rivers bends its course to the north, and loses itself in the *Ixx*, after having washed the walls of Salzburg; while the second, continuing its easterly direction, falls into the Danube beyond *Essek*, among the *Carnic* Alps.

If a semicircular line be drawn through Brixen, Glagenfurth, and Leoben, beginning at Munich and terminating near Vienna, the alpine region I have alluded to will be strictly defined and encompassed. The apex of this semicircle, bent towards

Italy, is the *Noric* crest, which is south of the Drave, and north of the Tagliamento. It is within the area of this semicircle, that the two rivers in question, the Salza and the Drave, are to be found, with their valleys formed by the gradually diminishing chains of mountains, some of which rest, like mighty buttresses, against the main range, while others descend at right or acute angles to it, into the plains of Germany at the north;—just as similar branches shoot downwards into the plains of Lombardy and the Venetian territory to the south.

On the northern face of this *Noric* chain, among the descending masses towards Germany, within the parallels of, and midway between, the Salza and the Drave, and on the highest pinnacle of one of the ranges of mountains which slope down towards the valley of the Salza, is seated the *BATH OF GASTEIN*, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea. Thither I was now directing my slow and clambering steps, with my face turned towards dear Italy, between which and myself there rose but one mighty and snowy barrier, to screen the fair aspect of that fatherland.

As I proceeded, my eyes remained fixed on the goal of my journey, which was only distant from me six or seven English miles, with no intervening object to obstruct the full view of it, amidst the rocks, in midway air, on which it is perched.



Thanks to the recent improvements made in this part of the road, it is not at present necessary to waste three hours; as was the case not many years ago, in order to reach BAD-GASTEIN, as that Spa is more generally called; but half that time is quite sufficient. The road itself, partakes of the character of that of la Klamme, but the country here is more open, the valley much more expanded, and the mountains by which it is surrounded, higher and graver in their aspect,—as become the offsprings of the parent Alps, to which they stand one degree nearer in affiliation. In ascending the acclivity of the hills, by the side of which the narrow and winding road that leads to the village is cut, I noticed in several places, a jutting terrace, made to allow of one carriage waiting out of the road while another is passing, should two of them meet. A slight hand-railing guards one side; and far below it the *cul-de-sac* of this green valley looks quite delightful. The *Ache*, with quiet surface and noiseless course, is seen to advance through the flat centre of the valley, receiving the occasional streams which rush down the hills, where the naked kneiss presents a compact inclined plane for them; and they either pass under the road, or precipitate themselves into deep ravines across which a wooden bridge has been thrown. In parts, the side of the hill below the edge of the road, towards the valley, is either almost perpendicular and naked, or covered with a forest of tall pines;

and as the road is neither so well guarded, nor so well constructed, as the road of la Klamme, it must be even more dangerous than that to pass at night.

The object which soon calls the attention of the traveller, as he approaches nearer to Gastein, is the impetuous *Ache*, rushing down between two almost vertical mountains above the village, — where, having once reached its centre, it divides into two streams, presenting, at the distance of six miles, the aspect of a gigantic inverted  $\Lambda$ , made of silver, and stamped on the mountain side. To this one object the eye of the stranger is directed and fixed. The ear has not yet, at this distance, discovered the sound, nor the eye itself distinguished the foam, which proclaim that striking feature to be one of the principal waterfalls in Europe. But as he ascends higher and higher, and approaches nearer to the level the region on which Gastein is seated, the figure of that object changes with the windings of the road and the position of the carriage, and he catches, at last, the distant roaring of the water, and perceives distinctly the boiling of its falling surface, so as to leave no doubt of the reality. The thunder-like noise of the successive leaps deafened the ear, as we were entering the upper part of Gastein, and the dense, mistlike spray which enveloped us while we rapidly dashed over the bridge thrown across this majestic waterfall, hastened the conviction of

our senses. In passing over this bridge, called the Badbrücke, we seemed to cut in twain this mighty cataract, the upper portion of which, on our right, is seen to descend nearly vertically from a shelving rock, 650 feet above us; while that on the left, after dashing under the Badbrücke, precipitates itself, in two branches, through the body of the village. The rubicon passed, the britzsehka is instantly stopt in front of Straubinger's Hotel.

Sixteen hours and a-half had elapsed from the time of my leaving Salzburg, and during that period I had not tasted food. My first care, therefore, immediately after dressing, was to call for refreshments; after which, in company with a young patient, whom I had sent to Gastein for the benefit of his health, and who had called on me on hearing of my arrival, I waited on the inspecting physician of the Spa. We caught him, *en demi-chemise*, tête-à-tête with his son, eating, at twelve o'clock, his dinner, which lay in the most patriarchal style, partly on his knees, and partly on the only other piece of furniture that appeared to be in the room, besides the chairs. With his mouth full, he welcomed me to Gastein, on hearing my name, and hastened to resume his coat and waistcoat, smiling, at the same time, with an ineffable grin of black-teeth demonstration. But we retreated hastily, making our apologies for the intrusion; being well aware how ticklish a matter it is to touch a German at his *mittag* meal. He

offered to call on me. “ By all accounts ( I read in my notes ), I shall find him a character. I am sure he looks like one ; and the previous intelligence respecting him which I received at Salzburg, is not likely to prove inaccurate.”

Dr. STORCH, for such is the name of our Esculapius,—*conseiller de S. M. Impériale*, and knight of some Austrian order,—is the *Médecin ordinaire* de Gastein, and has been styled the Nestor of the Spa-physicians in Germany. He has practised in this place for upwards of forty years ; and no one can be more thoroughly acquainted, or more earnestly in love, with its springs and their effect. During the sojourning of my young patient at Gastein, Dr. Storch used to visit him occasionally, as he does most of the invalids who frequent that place. The reason for which Mr. —— had been recommended, as the result of a consultation between the celebrated Dr. Kreisig of Dresden and myself, to go to Gastein, was a great liability to inflammatory attacks in a portion of the lower intestines, accompanied with obstruction, occasioned by the slightest exposure to cold. This fact had been stated to Dr. Storch, who undertook the management of his bathing, and who used to send him to bed for an hour or so after the bath, ——which was generally taken as early as at half-past five o'clock in the morning. On these conjunctures, the *Stadt-Bath* would enter Mr. ——'s bed-room, and after a salutation, proceed to

say, in his Germanie French pronuneiation, “ Monsieur, nous allons à présent visiter les *entrailles*; ” and forthwith he would pass on to palp and palp the abdomen, looking grave and concentrated during the operation, until the following exelamation would burst from his lips :—“ Schönst! les *entrailles* sont libres ! ”

Odd notions he had for so keen a metaphysician in physies — (for he too is a *Homœopathe quoique parmi les montagnes*). He was asked by a lady of rank, with a delicate English nose, “ Pourquoi avec tant d'eau on n'en faisait pas entrer dans toutes les maisons, afin de les nettoyer complètement, pour empêcher les odeurs affreuses qui s'y répandent journellement? ” — “ Ah, partōu, mātām (was the answer), eela n'irait pas! Les mauvaises oteurs sont tres pons contre les epitemies. Car voyez-vous, mātām, dans les epitemies il-y-a dans l'atmosphère une acidité, et cette oteur, dont vous vous plaignez, est de l'aleali volatil, qui se combine avec et detruit cette acidité. Ainsi eela est fort pon pour les epitemies.” Her ladyship was not aware how very near to the truth the Stadt-Rath was in his doctrine. Had she perused the report of the faeulty of medicine to the French government, on the progress of the cholera in Paris, she would have there learned, that the only class of work-people who escaped that scourge altogether, were those whose daily and *nightly* occupation compelled them to be for



ever immersed in the “odeurs affreuses” of which se complained.

Dr. Storch, I believe, resides at Salzburg in the winter, and receives but slender appointments from the Austrian government, for his yearly superintendence of the baths during the season. Nevertheless, he is considered to be a man of wealth, who, like many other philosophers, loves self-denial and the practice of frugality; in which virtuous calling, I understand, he is cordially supported by his helpmate. The lady, however, never visits the baths, as her presence might distract the Stadt-Rath from his more serious occupations.

I protest that I found the worthy doctor with a much better furnished cranium than I had been led to expect. My disappointment in that respect was very delightful, and the facility with which he spoke both the Latin and the Italian languages, in both of which our conversations was carried on, gave me a juster idea of his acquirements, and enabled me to judge correctly of his other and more important qualifications.

But the good doctor has one fault. He is, or professes to be, a follower of HAHNEMANN, the principles of whose doctrine are perfect Sanscrit to him: else would he be a Spa-doctor? But of this more anon. His conversion to the new creed was quite sudden. It came by inspiration, when the government, very anxious to divest so grave a personage (as a *Stadt-Rath* is, who practises in

the character of an M. D.), of the drudgery of dispensing also the medicines he might have occasion to prescribe, sent a young *pharmacien* from Vienna for that purpose. By this measure there was cut off, at one fell swoop, no slender portion of the worthy doctor's bill of charges, annually sent into the Aulic Chamber for payment. The apothecary once appointed, his arrival at Gastein, with as neat and complete a pharmaceutical collection, as Vienna and some hundreds of florins could produce, was the signal for the conversion of my friend Storeh to Hahnemanism or INFINITE-SIMOPHYSICALISM \*. The apothecary was to have a small stipend, and make the rest of his income out of the produce of his drugs. But of these the Stadt-Rath prescribed none; for he had himself brought from Prague one of those convenient portable chemist's shops which Hahnemann, for very substantial reasons, has invented and brought into fashion, eight inches long, six inches wide, and an inch and a half deep, wherein is to be found every article of the poisonous *Materia Medica* which belongs to the new system. Under the form of infinitely diluted tinctures, contained in tiny phials, these divers articles served every possible purpose of the doctor,—who, by letting one drop of any of them fall into a watch-glass,

\* I hope I may not be deprived of the honour of this *neologism*.

over a few little globules of *sugar-of-milk* (not larger than millet seeds) prepared those mystic doses by which lords as well as ladies are certain to be cured. The first result of this “new light” on the Stadt-Rath was the ruin of the young *pharmacien*, with whom I conversed, and whom I found to be very intelligent and well instructed. The next result was likely to be—his decamping, at the end of the season, with bag and baggage, back to Vienna, *minus* his time, his money, and the remuneration for his trouble!

A lady who had come all the way from dingy London to Gastein in hopes of finding in its baths the means of recovering from an obstinate and singular affection of the knee, having mentioned her case to Dr. Storch, the latter, forgetting all at once the virtues of the water of which he is the *Naiad* and the *Pan*, ventured upon recommending these infinitesimal medicated globules to her ladyship. “Ah! si *mātām* voulait seulement prendre deux gouttes d'*arnica* sans une grosse pouteille de vasser, et en boire une *kleine* partie, pentant qu'elle ferait des frictions au genou avec le reste, *mātām* guerirait *befestigt*.” *Mātām*, or my lady, however, stuck to the baths, and laughed at the doctor.

Although I generally prefer spontaneous impressions, when searching for new information from natural objects, I thought it could do me no harm to be accompanied by a confrère, such as I

have described Dr. Storch to be, in my visits of investigation to the several springs at Gastein. I knew that all his enthusiastic effusions in behalf of his *bains chéris* would not bias my judgment of them; and I therefore suffered myself to be led by him, in my first tour to the several sources; listening to all his peculiar notions and ideas respecting them. Having obtained all the topographical knowledge I required, I soon after repeated my visits alone, taking more time to examine each separate source, its locality, quantity and temperature of the water, and its distribution to the different establishments for bathing.

I stated that on my first arrival at Gastein the carriage stopped before Straubinger's hotel, situated in a sort of *platz*, or open place, the only one of the kind in Gastein. Opposite to the hotel there is a moderately large building, to which the sounding title of Schloss is given. It is by the side of this edifice that the *Fürsten Quelle*, — which issues through a passage fourteen fathoms deep, cut into the rock of the Schreckberg, — descends at the rate of nine and a half cubic feet per minute, with a temperature of 115 degrees, and, uniting with the water supplied by the next source, called the *Doctor's-Quelle* (which latter is forty-four feet lower than the first spring, and sixty feet distant from it) is driven, by means of a machine, up to the Schloss, and into the series of bathing rooms placed behind it. The water

from the second spring just mentioned is nearly two degrees warmer than that of the first. It issues from a cleft in the rock, near the ruins of the house of a former physician, by whom it was originally discovered; and besides supplying the cisterns of the Archduke John, whose house is in the neighbourhood, it sends water also to the private bath of the Schloss, to the surgeon's, and to the public bath, as well as to Straubinger's *douche* bath.

Following the same line of road, we soon came to the third spring, formerly called *Straubinger's*, but now called *Franzens-Quelle*, in honour of the Emperor Francis, by whose order it was restored to a comparative state of useful application, and its waste prevented. This spring issues from another mountain called the *Reichberg*, with a temperature of 116 degrees of Fahrenheit, and at the rate of from four to five cubic feet of water every minute. Before the late alterations in the spring, the temperature of the water was two degrees higher, and the quantity of it more considerable. At present it supplies the Straubinger and the Schröpf baths. Lower down this same mountain, ninety feet distant from the last-mentioned source, and thirty-nine feet below its level, we find what is called the *Spital-Quelle*, which yields more than five cubic feet of water per minute, at a temperature of 118° and a half of Fahrenheit.



These four principal sources of hot water at Gastein are situated on the right bank of the *Ache*, in the centre of the uppermost waterfall of which, there rises a fifth hot spring, which mingles its water with the cold river stream, as it is precipitated from the high cliffs, and rushes through the middle of the village. The existence of this last spring is made manifest during the winter, by the visible steam which rises from it, through the water of the river.

Mineral hot water, indeed, rises in many other places, and almost in every direction; as is the case, for instance, in the Kitchen of the Schloss, and in some meadows below the lower waterfall of the *Ache*: but all these minor veins are neglected. From time immemorial one hundred thousand cubic feet of hot water have been springing from the bowels of the earth in this mountain village every four-and-twenty hours. After supplying the wants of the inhabitants and their invalid visitors, both here and at Hof-Gastein, lower down in the valley, this quantity of water is either dispersed, or goes to swell the current of the *Ache*.

It seems to be the opinion of geologists that the Great Grankugel, the principal mountain-feature of Gastein consisting almost entirely of granite, is the great reservoir whence all these springs rise. But in that part of the Grankugel, whence the springs descend, called the *Badberg*, beside gran-

ite, kneiss in thick pieces, like slate, is found, with large crystals of feldspar, a greenish grey mica, and a little quartz. It is principally over beds of kneiss, covered with many pebbles, over which there is sometimes also a stratum of clay, that the hot water makes its way, rising to the surface through these superstrata.

The clefts in the rock, through which passages have been made for the water, are kept sacred, and locked with massive doors. One of these being opened at my request, I entered a passage 128 feet long, preceded by a guide, bearing a small torch to light the way, and show the source. The concentrated heat and vapour of this cavern, reminded me of the Russian baths I so much enjoyed at St. Petersburg, and produced precisely the same effect; so that, by the time I emerged into daylight again, I was dripping wet with vapour and perspiration. The friends who accompanied me to the spot, ventured not within it. In entering the cleft, I had another object besides mere curiosity, and the desire of examining the spring. I wished to collect, as I had promised Dr. Werncek I would do, some of the *schlegm* or slime which adheres to the rocks around the source itself, where no daylight penetrates; and also a few specimens of the slender tubular stalactitious depositions which hang from various portions of the same rocks; in addition to the green, grassy, slippery *conferva* found at the bottom of the chan-

nel of hot water, near to the entrance, but never within the cavern, of the spring. I brought away with me a large specimen of each these curious objects, to which the attention of naturalists has been of late years earnestly directed; as I shall probably explain hereafter. They are, even now, in my possession, apparently without any alteration.

The *Spital-Quelle* ( the source of which I also visited within the bowels of the *Reichberg* ), being the one which supplies the hottest water, — a shaft 108 feet high has been raised over it, which serves as a funnel to convey its vapour into the interior of a small building above, not far from the *Franzens-Quelle*. Into the chambers of this building the vapour is admitted, through holes made in the stone floor; and as at Baden-Baden, it is applied, by means of more than one appropriate apparatus, either to the whole body, or to individual parts only, according to the nature of the case. Dr. Storeh assured me that in cases of deafness the application of the steam, by means of a pointed tube, which is made to enter the external ear, had proved of essential service, and had cured many patients. The steam, as I tried it on my own ears and eyes, with the apparatus in question, seemed to exert considerable influence on those parts. On the latter organs the effect was unpleasant, and lasted some little time, — confirming Storeh's opinion, that it is bad for the eyes. The inhalation of this steam into the throat or lungs.

is considered by that physician as wonderfully curative in cases of tracheitis and incipient consumption. A visit to the interior of the spring (the *Spital-Quelle*) I found not quite so agreeable as that to the *Fürsten*, or the *Doctors-Quelle*, considering that there is no other mode of access to it, but by a crazy single-plank scaffolding, running along the vertical side of the mountain for some distance, and presenting the bottom of the valley below, without any parapet or hand-railing between! But this contrivance for reaching several other nearly inaccessible spots on the hill's declivity, is by no means uncommon at Gastein.

It is the surplus of the water from this spring that is conveyed, by means of wooden pipes, to supply the bath establishments of Hof-Gastein. The remainder rushes down the perpendicular rock, and is lost in the *Ache*.

My own personal inspections enabled me to learn the physical characters of the Gastein mineral water. In the first place I noticed that it rises without the smallest noise, and without forming any air bubble, and I found it to be as bright and as pure as the finest distilled water, the transparency of which it almost surpasses. The white glass bottle full of it, containing the tubular concretions before alluded to, which I have still in my possession, has never suffered the slightest change in its transparency or purity. In the baths or reservoirs, it never deposits the smallest trace of sediment,

nor does it acquire any disagreeable smell. I should be puzzled were I called upon to define the difference in taste between this and distilled hot water — so trifling it is, if any really exist. If I found any, I think it was more an *après-goût* (perhaps saltish), than a taste. Smell it has none, yet on entering the deep caverns of the two principal sources I visited, I was sensible of a certain peculiar odour which I could only compare to that which a *fresh and sweet egg*, boiled hard, gives out when the shell is removed. I need not say that the inhabitants of Gastein use this water in common for every domestic purpose, and that when cold they drink it in preference to the spring water of the country. It is  $\frac{1.5}{1000}$  parts specifically lighter than the latter at equal temperatures.

Of the chemical composition of such a water, it might fairly be supposed that little can be stated; yet such is the precise and delicate manner in which mineral waters are tested and analyzed in the present day, that even in the Gastein mineral spring, chemistry has detected not fewer than twelve ingredients, weighing in all two grains and 7182 decimal fractions of a grain, (nearly 4-5ths of a grain), in a pint of sixteen ounces of its water, according to Professor Hünefeld's analysis. But of many of these ingredients there are only slight traces; as will be seen in the table at the end of the work, to which I refer, once for all, such of my readers as may be desirous



to know the complete and most recent analyses of the mineral waters described in the present work. The sulphate of soda, or glauber salt, is the substance present in the largest proportion, being more than one-half of the whole; and next to it are the carbonate of lime with the muriates of soda and potash. There is not any, even the most minute particle of iron present.

Experience having proved that the internal use of this water is followed by no sensible effect, few persons drink it, except as a common beverage after it has become cold. In that state, indeed, many of the visitors at Gastein prefer it to the natural cold spring water from the mountain; thinking by that means to escape the goitre and serophula, which are so generally attributed to the use of mountain water.

Dr. EBLE, a Vienna physician, who has occasionally frequented this Spa, and has published a learned work upon it, states, that the opinion of those who imagine that, when drunk warm, the Gastein water checks the action of the intestines, and that, on the contrary, it assists that action when drunk after it has cooled, is incorrect. "I can only assert," he observes, "that the water, when drunk warm, does not weaken the digestion or cause flatulence; that it, for the most part, passes off by the kidneys within a few hours; and thirdly, that it neither particularly relaxes nor obstructs."

The mineral water, then, has been used only and principally for baths; and in that form the reputation of its success in the cure of various disorders, dates from the fifteenth century; when the Duke Frederick of Bavaria employed it to heal an obstinate wound in his foot. The same fable of a wounded stag, pursued by hunters, falling into the hot springs, and causing their discovery, which is applied to almost all the other hot springs in Germany, is made likewise to precede the history of those at Gastein. But what imports the date and the manner of their discovery? It is sufficient to know, with a view to inspire confidence in them, that Gastein, which from being a prosperous, mining district, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with a population of 6,000 souls, had become a depopulated village at the latter epoch through religious persecution, because the inhabitants had preferred protestantism to the church of Rome, — rose again to some degree of importance through the reputation of its baths, which, formerly inconvenient and imperfect, have been so much improved of late years, that they bid fair to rank soon among the best medicinal baths of Europe.

Reckoning the private as well as the public baths, there are at Gastein twelve establishments of that sort. In the Archduke's house, in that of General Provenchère, and in the interior of the

château or palace (Schloss), there are more splendid baths for private use, one of which, in the latter building, is of serpentine. Behind that same building there are five other baths, called the *Gesellschaftsbad*, and four others called *Separatbäder*, which are not equally magnificent. The former holds twelve persons, and each of the latter from three to four persons at once. The baths are all three feet and two inches deep. There are separate dressing rooms for the two sexes in the *Gesellschaftsbad*. Next comes the *Straubinger-Bäder*, the largest and I believe the best establishment in Gastein. The *Fürstenbad* is one of the baths of this establishment for persons of rank; and the *Capucinerbad* for the commoner class of people. The former is adapted for seventeen persons; the latter, which is divided into two compartments, one for each sex, is somewhat smaller. The Straubinger baths, seven in number, are situated in a kind of hollow, not far from the waterfall, and access is had to them by a stair of forty-two steps. Straubinger has erected a new building of stone within a few years, to which he has added a public and four private baths, the descent into which is somewhat more convenient than those in the old house. The *Mittenwirth*, or Landlord baths; the baths of the *Grabenwirth*, the *Grabenbückerbad*, the *Schröpfbad*, for poor people; the baths in the hospital; those in the house of the surgeon; and the Ge-

*meindebadhaus*, make up the number — including the building for the vapour baths.

Altogether, supposing people to submit to the general practice of the place, of bathing in public baths, one hundred and seventy-two persons may bathe, at one and the same time.

One very great inconvenience in the baths at Gastein, is the length of time required to fill them. This has induced a very unsatisfactory fashion, of seldom emptying the cisterns in the course of the day, after they have once been filled over-night. Few persons, therefore, get a really clean bath. A pure bath falls only to the lot of him who first comes. Aware of this fact, in consequence of my previous examination of the structure and arrangement of the establishment at Straubinger, I took care to order at night a bath for five o'clock the next morning, and had the satisfaction of finding the water in its primitive purity, I had directed the hot and cold mineral water to be mixed, so as to produce a temperature of 98° of Fahrenheit.

“ I am just returned ( I find it written in my note book ) from taking a bath in the house and in one of the private bath-rooms : their thermometer at 29° R., my own marking 97° Fahrenheit. I remained in the Bath from a quarter past five till six o'clock. It did not quicken the pulse, but produced fulness and rotundity of it, to a remarkable degree. I watched the feelings in my head .

without discovering any change. The impression, as to warmth, at this temperature, is not sufficiently agreeable to my feelings; that at Wildbad was most delicious. The effect produced by the water, on the skin of the hands, during the first ten minutes of being immersed in it, was curious. The bath corrugated and crisped it as if I had held the hands in very hot water for a considerable time; and on passing my hand all over the body, previously to the skin of the fingers becoming crisp — in fact, almost immediately after going into the bath — instead of gliding smoothly and oilily down it, as at Wildbad, it felt ruvid, and the two surfaces seemed to meet with resistance, as if a third body, slightly rough, like the finest sand or powder lay between. I returned to bed and felt very much soothed and inclined to sleep, but not from any sensation of heaviness in the head or oppression. My breathing was somewhat interfered with, while in the water, sitting upright during the first ten minutes; but this symptom soon vanished. The body did not appear so buoyant in the water as at Wildbad.

“ Although the baths are here constructed with a great deal of care, there are yet many inconveniences, particularly in those at *Straubinger's*, which are not supplied direct from the best or hottest source. The cooling of the mineral water over-night, and the mixing it with that which has been kept some time in reservoirs, so as to ob-



tain the desired température, render the bath scarcely equal to a bath of the natural water from the spring. Then the arrangement of the baths and dressing-rooms calls for improvement, — like all the other baths of Gastein, with the exception of the princes' bath made of serpentine and the private baths before mentioned. The bath-rooms at Straubinger's are built of wood; they are from sixteen to twenty feet in height, and consist of a square cistern, likewise of wood, sunk five or six feet into the ground, around the inside of which there are two rows of small benches or steps. A wooden gallery stretches along two sides of the bath, with a door to it, by which the attendant has access to the room. Another door leads, up a few steps, to the dressing-room, from which there is an open window looking into the bath. In the roof, a square hole, with a covering, allows the steam to escape when too plentiful; and, lastly, a front window serves to light the bath-room, which in the present case, happened to open exactly level with the great waterfall. Now all these things are as many sources of cold air, and draughts of wind, of which, I felt, for a time, the ill effects. ”

“ I am describing these feelings immediately after my return from the bath, and an hour's nap (which, by the-by, is in violation of the notions of my friend the doctor), sitting at the window under which the Ache, with deafening noise,

plunges , almost vertically , into the valley . The day is most lovely ; the air soft , pure , genial , balmy .

Opposite to me , under a lofty hill , is the house of the Archduke John ; and on the left of it , another building , called General Haus , with a terrace on arches and two small gardens in the rear , facing the valley . Between these two houses is the entrance road into the Upper Village ( Ober-Gastein ) , which crosses ( as I said before ) , the great waterfall , over a bridge , and leads into the only square or open place in the village , formed by the chateau and the two dwelling houses of the hotel in which I reside . This consists of a large house built of stone , parallel to the fall , and of another , the more ancient of the two , composed of many and various portions , very picturesquely grouped , perched on the middle rock , at right angles with the former , so as to overlook the whole Valley of the *Ache* .

“ Its position and appearance are well marked in the view of Gastein , drawn purposely for me by the young patient before-mentioned , now on the spot , in which Straubinger’s wooden house , with all its Swiss or mountain character , may be seen to occupy the middle of the picture . From the balcony at the back of this building the Grau Kugel is descried on the right , covered with firs , and surmounted by its loftier horn , the Thronegg ; at the foot of which are ranged , on some of its

lower eminences and crags, the several buildings which constitute the principal part of the village. Among these the little hospital, Moser's Hotel, and the church near it, overtopped by the clergyman's dwelling, ) a very neat building, ) are the most conspicuous. A little beyond and in front, the Gams Kerr-Kugel spreads its wide arms, so that one of them seems to touch the stern hill on the left called Salesernberg, and completes this magic circle; leaving a space for emerging from it, only in imagination, towards the direction of two still remoter mountains, whose summits are just visible in the horizon, and bear the name of *Wetterwand*.

“ The view of this panorama at evening, when, from the small easements of the wooden buildings, and the more pretending windows of modern built houses, lights glimmer in all directions; when the moon tips with silver their wooden or slated roofs; and the peaks of the mountains around; and when the deep darkness of the lowest basin of the valley is made visible only by the white foam of the torrent-river which precipitates itself into it — is very impressive and pictorial. I twice stood to contemplate it last night, as I returned from the Countess of ——'s, where I had dined and passed an agreeable hour in the evening.

“ While thus absorbed, the possibility struck me of converting this amphitheatre of the lesser

hills, placed at the foot of the great Bergrs, into Italian terraces, with good-sized houses of pleasing architecture. The place might be changed from what it now is (a very indifferent village with scanty accommodations for strangers who visit it) into an important little town, with plenty of comforts, and more than one road of easy access to it for light carriages. But the concourse of strangers is not sufficiently great to encourage such a speculation; nor is it of that class of persons who can afford to spend much money. The remoteness of the situation, the toil to get at it, and the expense of posting — although there are eil-wagens during the season — are objections or obstacles which will confine the use of the place to purely invalid people; and these do not make the fortune of a bathing-place. ”

Such were the *memoranda* written at the time and on the spot; but on the subject of making anything of Gastein, as a better place of residence, I learned afterwards a little anecdote which would show the hopelessness of the case. The Archduke John of Austria, who has derived great benefit from these baths, built a *maisonnette* (of which I have already made mention) at an elevation nearly opposite the middle part of the waterfall. Another somebody immediately erected a similar house, with some terraces, in advance of his Imperial Highness. The Duke waxed wrathful at this act of presumption, and

instantly bought up all the purchaseable tracts of land around him, upon which he fancied that speculators in houses might hereafter build, as they had done for some few years past at Baden-Baden. Information, however, which I afterwards obtained in another part of the Austrian dominions, and from good authority, respecting the measures which the minister of finance of that country had taken, to enlarge and place on a highly respectable footing the accommodations at Gastein, whether in regard to lodging-houses, bath-rooms, assembly-rooms, or roads, — lead me to hope that this act of the Imperial Prince will not have the disastrous consequences that were anticipated from it.

The prices of the baths are fixed by the government tariff at the following weekly rate, in Austrian money (*convention geld*).

In the Chateau, a private bath for a single person, once a-day, is charged, weekly, a crown, or two florins and forty-two kreutzers (*4s. 2d.*); for two persons, in a small bath, each two florins, (*3s. 4d.*); for three or four persons in a separate bath, one florin and thirty-six kreutzers each; and in the public bath a charge is made of one florin weekly for each person. These prices are doubled when the patient takes two baths daily. At all the other bathing establishments the prices are half a florin, weekly, for each person in the public baths, and two florins and forty-two kreutzers



(4s. 2 d.) weekly for a separate bath. Charges are made separately for attendance, for washing the bath-linen, and for warming the dressing-rooms. The former amounts to half a florin for the whole of the period of bathing, if the patient takes one bath only, and to forty-eight kreutzers if two baths are taken daily. For warming the room three kreutzers daily (1d.) are charged; and the washing is twenty-four kreutzers (8d.) weekly. From this statement it will be seen that the expense of bathing daily at Gastein is sufficiently moderate.

The medical effects of the Gastein water, applied to the human body at a temperature varying from 90° to 98° of Fahrenheit, have been too long known and ascertained for any one to deny their reality, on the ground of the apparent simplicity of its chemical composition. I have no more doubt of the power which this mineral spring possesses, in the diseases for which it has been recommended, than I have of the effect of bleeding in subduing inflammation. In all complaints which are not connected with increased action of the heart, or with excitement, or (as the German physicians properly term it) with a *morbid eleration of vital activity*, the Gastein baths, judiciously and sufficiently used, will not disappoint the patient. Universal debility, dependent on a derangement of the nervous system, without any apparent inward disease to account for it

— depression of spirits and general languor of the constitution, from anxiety of mind — paralysis, in young as well as aged people, consequent on repeated rheumatism, gout, or apoplectic attacks, and such as is produced by irregularities of every sort — affections of the spine — hysteric attacks, and other sufferings owing to sexual disturbance in females — erotic diseases, imperfectly cured — contractions in the muscles of the limbs, or in the joints, and the hip-disease — premature old age — chronic ulcers or eruptions — genuine gout and rheumatism — lastly, derangement of the digestive organs, accompanied by laxity or inactivity of the stomach, or following obstinate diarrhoea and dysentery; — these form the catalogue of disorders in which the Gastein water has evinced its marvellous power.

Dr. Storeh pointed out to me several such cases in the progress of cure, and others which had completely recovered, among the patients who, as they returned from their morning airing, passed through the square, and came up to him, to report the progress of their complaint, as he sat on a bench outside of the Chateau. I sat by his side, discoursing upon the various diseases he knew to have been cured by the use of the Gastein waters alone, during a period of nearly forty years' experience as physician in ordinary to the Spa; and I had the satisfaction of hearing him state, that in the annual reports of

his practice, public (in the little hospital of the place, which we had visited together), as well as private,—which reports he is bound, by virtue of his office, to forward to the Austrian government, he had generally entered more than the half of the patients treated as completely cured within the first year; a large proportion of the remainder as cured in the course of the second or third year; and the rest as benefited, though not quite recovered. He particularly alluded to cases of gout, diseases of the spine, and general exhaustion, treated in the space of the last six years. Of these nearly six hundred of the first, one hundred of the second, and one hundred and thirty-six of the third, were completely restored to health. Dr. Storch added, that several medical men from different countries had visited Gastein, to study the nature and effect of the water and he introduced me to one of them, a Dr. Wolff, from Bohemia, who had come thither for that purpose. “No physician from England,” my friend added, “has ever been seen in these parts, before your arrival.”

Some of the patients who thus passed in review before me, offered striking instances of the power of the Gastein water. A strong, well-made cavalry officer, in the Bavarian service, about thirty years of age, having been engaged for some days on shooting excursions in the marshes the year before, had become perfectly lame, and his limbs

were so contracted, that he was wheeled about, lying on his back. No medical treatment proved of avail to him, and he was driven to take refuge at Gastein this season. Dr. Storeh assured me that, when he arrived, his appearance excited commiseration. In about two months afterwards he was able to walk with two crutches, and in ten weeks more with one only, until the day on which I saw him, when with a smiling face he stood before *our bench*, without any artificial support whatever—his servant following him behind, and carrying the last crutch *par précaution*.

A priest from Linz, aged sixty-five years, next appeared, leaning upon the arm of his attendant with one hand, and resting on a stick with the other. He had just taken his twentieth bath that morning, and came to report progress. “That man,” observed my colleague, after, he was gone, “arrived here *double*; — his head hanging and fastened to the right shoulder; his lower extremities pendulous,—so that when walked about by two attendants, who lifted him under the arms, the feet would sweep the ground, like dead men’s feet. You now perceive the effect of our water upon him.”

“You will see presently” continued the communicative physician, “enter that travelling-carriage, which stands before Stranbinger’s, a young man from Hamburgh, who, from exhaustion, brought on by excesses and anxiety of mind, had

lost the use of the right arm and leg. When he arrived at Gastein, a servant was obliged to dress him and undress him, and support him on going out. His clothes were so made that he could, with the assistance of his sound hand, put the infirm one into a sort of pocket or resting-place, in various parts and positions, where it remained powerless till its position was changed. No expense had been spared to rescue him from this miserable state. He tried all the baths in Bohemia; and was at last recommended to take animal baths, that is, to plunge into a tub filled with the skins and entrails of recently-slaughtered animals: — but all in vain. Here he took thirty-five baths—and he is about to quit us in perfect health.” True enough, this was the case; for, presently, I perceived the individual in question spring into his *calèche* unassisted, and with all the appearances of a man in perfect health, and quit the place where he had found that blessing.

In this manner my worthy colleague went on descanting on the merits of the Gastein baths, of which he himself never failed to take *two* in the course of the season; and he was a fair and plump specimen of animal vitality.

The appearance of the *Wundarzt*, or official *chirurgien* of the baths, interrupted our colloquy. This personage, who looked more like the *conduc-teur* of an eil-wagen than a surgeon, approached the Stadt-Rath, cap-in-hand.—which, for a long



time, he could not be prevailed upon to restore to its right place, though pressed to do so by the doctor, who kept his seat. He wore a *bouquet* in his cap, and had sundry other vestiges about him of that primitive appearance, which men of his class must have borne, when the *tonsor* and the *chirurgus* were “two in one.” This simpleminded personage came to inform the doctor, that he had seen a most wonderful sight, that same morning, among the high peaks of the *Nassfelds*, in the shape of a gigantic lizard, with a truncate tail, a foot and-a-half long, making leaps to the distance of eight or ten feet — which so frightened the poor man, that he actually fainted away. The news of this extraordinary apparition in the neighbourhood set agog more than one party, who, glad of every excuse for a distant excursion, started the next day in search of the monster, armed with guns and other weapons. The doctor and his son formed two of the parties, and thus I lost my eicerone. The leader of one of those parties informed me afterwards in London, that their expedition had proved quite fruitless.

The ease of this gentleman, by-the-way, who derived all the benefit that was expected from Gastein, is another instance of its power, in restoring strength, and correcting the tone of the abdominal organs. I have seldom seen a more manifest change for the better, wrought by the use of mineral waters, on a constitution liable to

frequent attacks of disease, which were always followed by debility and emaciation. Every anticipation formed by me in this case, touching the good effects of the warm mineral baths, after a course of alterative mineral waters taken internally, in another part of Germany—has been completely fulfilled.

I shall not enter here into the details of the number of baths required for each patient — the hours at which they ought to be taken — and the length of time each bath should last. The rules respecting these points are as nearly as possible the same here as at all the other hot baths in Germany, and consequently the same as those I have already given in speaking of the warm springs of Wildbad; which latter, I freely confess, I consider in every respect equal to those of Gastein, much more convenient, and infinitely superior to them in the comfortable and delightful sensations they produce. The diseases which the Wildbad waters have cured, are of the same class, and of the same character and importance, as those said to have been benefited by the Gastein baths; and recoveries equally wonderful have been recorded, and have come to my knowledge as having been obtained, in the one place as in the other. But I cannot too much insist on the great fact which renders Wildbad so superior to all other warm springs, — namely, that there we plunge into the spring itself, ready prepared by nature with the

requisite temperature ; whereas at Gastein the latter can only be regulated by artificial contrivances.

The Gastein water, I can conceive, might be found superior to that of Wildbad, in such cases as are likely to require a much higher temperature than is to be found in the latter place ; and I am convinced that such cases exist, and would and might be cured, were medical men on the spot daring enough to order a higher temperature for their removal. In all such cases of course, Wildbad could not, and Gastein could, be of service ; but so far from ever using the latter spring at a higher temperature than that found at Wildbad, Drs. Storeh, Eble, Streintz, and others, apprehend danger even from the protracted use of the bath at the ordinary degree of heat at which it is more generally employed. They say, and I admit that one or two of my patients confirmed the statement, that morbid irritability of the whole nervous system — exaltation of the sensorium—an itchy sensation in the skin,—and other symptoms of over-excitement, injurious to the patient,—have followed either too great a heat in the bath, or too protracted a stay in it, or too lengthened a course of bathing. In corroboration of this assertion, I may mention, that on reading over again the notes written in the afternoon of the day on which I had taken my bath at Gastein, I find myself complaining of being particularly

nervous at the time, although no one could have been in better health than I enjoyed in the morning. The state of inward thrilling and agitation which I experienced for several hours after the bath was new to me, and quite distressing. No such effect had followed my bathing at Wildbad, either on the day of using the bath, or on the day after. Hence, the *two* waters can only be said, on the authority of these physicians, to be medically of use when at nearly equal temperatures. In such a case, I repeat, that the one at Wildbad will be found infinitely preferable.

And what is it that imparts so powerful an agency on the diseased frame of man, to the water of both those springs,—which, as we have seen, in a whole pint, contains only two or three grains of solid matter in solution, with no gas, and with no difference but heat to distinguish it from common spring-water? And that water, too, not drunk—not taken into the stomach,—but applied externally only? Dr. Eble supposes that, in the course of an hour, about four pints of the Gastein water, used as a bath, might be absorbed; and he knows from experience that such an absorption, continued for some days, will produce all the well-known effects ascribed to that water. But if the same quantity be taken instead every day, into the stomach, no such effects, nor anything approaching to them, are produced. He made the comparative experiment in his own case, and he never found that

four pints of water drunk produced as great an excitement of the vital powers, as he always experienced even after half-an-hour's bathing. The doctor says that he cannot explain this difference; but if the facts which he adds be accurate, methinks the explanation is easily found in them. Dr. Eble states, and I myself found the case to be so, that a great part of the water drunk quickly passes off by the kidneys. Now, as after bathing in the Gastein water no such effect has been noticed, it follows that the sejour made in the latter case, by the absorbed water, in the human system, must be the real source of its agency on that system.

Still we are not a whit farther advanced in the explanation of what the parent or exciting cause of that agency, or power of the water, may be. Can it be a peculiar mode in the combination of the minute doses of saline matter contained in it? — or a play of electricity? — or magnetism? (as it is the fashion to think now of every thing inexplicable) or lastly, heat? Will common water heated to  $94^{\circ}$  or  $98^{\circ}$  degrees, produce, as a bath, the effects of Wildbad and Gastein? No. Will it produce those effects if we add two or three grains to the pint, of the same saline substances which are found in those mineral springs? — No. And why, I may ask also, should the water of Gastein at  $96^{\circ}$  act as an astringent and excitant to the skin, — when the same degree of heat in the Wildbad water



softens, lubricates, and soothes the cutaneous system? On the other hand, has the Gastein or the Wildbad water ever been known to produce any of its peculiar effects when employed at a temperature below  $50^{\circ}$  or even  $60^{\circ}$ ? — No. Has either of those waters been tried at its ordinary and natural temperature, after having been, by a large chemical experiment, discharged of its saline contents, and the free water passed into a clear reservoir? — I know not that such an experiment has been made; but it is a feasible one, and ought to be undertaken; — though I confess I expect the same negative answer, as to the result. Hence then we see, that it is not *simple* heat, nor is it the presence of the salts, that gives virtue to these waters. I leave the problem as I find it, unresolved; but I will risk a conjecture towards its solution.

The question of *thermality*, in mineral springs, is involved in mystery. That the heat developed in those springs is of volcanic origin, there is every probability. To say that such cannot be the case, because in the instance of some of the mineral springs, as at Gastein, for example, there are no vestiges of volcanic crust in the neighbouring formations, — is only to say that the *foyer* of a volcano may exist in the bowels of the earth, without being suspected from outward signs. If it exist, however, and the heat of the *thermal* mineral waters be borrowed thence; might we not suppose that heat, so produced, is different from *common* heat, in its

physiological effects on the human constitution, although our thermometers may rise or fall alike, when exposed to either? I attach no importance to such a conjecture or its originality; but I think the present the best opportunity of recording it, once for all; as I shall have, in the course of the present work, to speak of other warm springs, and I wish not to return to the consideration of the abstract subject of their thermality. Look at electricity and magnetism: what happens with them? does not either of those principles, fluids, or whatever they may be, measure, at times, an equal degree of *quantity*, with a very different state of *intensity*? and do they not consequently produce very distinct phenomena in each case? Then why not view heat in the like manner?

A new hypothesis to explain the effect of Gastein on diseases, has been started lately by Dr. Hofrichler, and has met with no favour from his countrymen; but I confess I do not think it so laughable as they have considered it. That physician says, “Gastein, a poverty-stricken Naiad, effects cures which would be impossible for her, did she not act in connexion with the air. She has built her temple nearly three thousand feet above the surface of the sea. Must not the air of this place press the body of a patient,—who has lived in a place, for instance, only 433 feet above the sea,—3,060 pounds lighter than before? Is this nothing? Or is it an indifferent circumstance? It

must occasion important changes in the organism of that body. If the patient also bathes, at a depth of two feet, the pressure is 3,100 pounds, and if at the depth of three feet, then it will be 3,150 pounds, lighter than before. If this change of pressure be repeated for weeks together, once or twice a-day, is it wonderful that the most obstinate obstructions of the belly should be removed, that the pores of the skin should be opened, and that the intestines should be stimulated to new life? These effects are improperly ascribed to the tasteless waters of Gastein alone."

But such are not the only general effects obtained from using the Gastein baths. It would seem from all accounts, that a succession of different revolutions occur, in the whole system of those who use the baths with perseverance; which changes show, more than anything else, that they have a material, and not imaginative influence on the human organism. The venerable Marshal Prince de W—, — whose favourable experience and opinion of the Gastein baths are worth quoting — admitted to Lady D——, a patient of mine, who had, like the Marshal and many of their friends, experienced the revolutions in question — that the patient experiences lowness of spirit or depression during the course of bathing and residence at Gastein; that at his departure thence, irritability, excitation, over-energy follow; that in a month or two after his return home, languor and exhaustion

succeed ; and that these are, in their turn, displaced, after another month or so, by the conscious enjoyment of invigorated health. At Wildbad the preliminary lowness of spirit and depression, noticed at Gastein, never make their appearance.





## CHAPTER V.

### Gastein — Concluded.

#### HOF GASTEIN.



Straubinger Hotel—The SCHLOSS—Private lodgings—Want of accommodation—Great Inconveniences—Expenses of living at Gastein—PETER STRAUBINGER—Lord of the Alps—*Grande Salle de Conversation*—Miss B—and the Baronne de \*\*\* — Morning Concert—An English girl and the Tyroleans—BOOK OF ARRIVALS—Austrian police—Statistics of the Gastein visitors in 1836—Bivouacking—Abundance of supplies—Swarms of flies—Tyrolese band—KING OF WÜRTEMBERG at Gastein—Dr. VON LUDWIG—The Grandees—Count de PREYSING and his Spa-jubilee—Want of society—Pleasurable excursion—A village walk—TOPOGRAPHY of Gastein and its valley—St Nicholas—The village church-yard—Plous relatives—Youthful affection—Expeditions to the Alps and the Glacières—HOF-GASTEIN—The Baths—Hotels—Church—Pictures—Castle of WERFEN—*Les Poëtes de la Salza*—Visit to them—Description of the defile called PASS-LUEG—Modern fortifications—The great waterfall at GOLLING—BERCHTESGADEN—*Königsee*—Echo—The *Kessel-fall*.



STRAUBINGER'S is a sort of village inn, with strag-



gling rooms and corridors, all open to the winds of heaven, for any one to enter, without any particular notice being taken of him. Yet very little room to spare was found in it on my arrival; and very often there is none at all; as is the case during the season, in all the other inns and lodging-houses of the place, amounting in all to about sixteen. The Schloss is the head-quarters for strangers, and the principal building in the place, and it contains twenty-three apartments. Next we find an equal number of rooms in the new house, and twenty in the old house, of Straubinger. *Monsieur le Curé* disposes of four rooms in his own house; the schoolmaster of an equal number in his; the *Wundarzt* of three also. The situation of the house of the former is beautiful, and to be preferred, and the apartments are in excellent condition. Three or four shopkeepers let small and uncomfortable rooms; and a few more like these, are to be met with in other parts of the village. Altogether it would be difficult to find house-room for more than two hundred people at a time in Gastein, while the season lasts. As the course of bathing seldom exceeds twenty or thirty baths, the lodgings change hands at least three times in the season; so that about 600 visitors are accommodated during the season at Gastein.

It has often happened that invalids who have arrived without having adopted the precaution of

securing beforehand a *pied à terre*, were compelled, notwithstanding their precarious state (made worse by the fatigues of a harassing journey), to depart again, and take refuge in the neighbouring villages, particularly at Hof-Gastein. I am told that the sight of many of these individuals arriving in succession, and in a pitiable condition, for whom no shelter can be found, has often excited commiseration and clamour. Let those, therefore, who may feel inclined for a trip to the Gastein mountains, be aware of this fact. Dr. Streintz, whom I have quoted before, has given so striking a description of one of these *lamentabili scene*, that I shall take leave to transfer it, in his own French, to my pages, as a warning to my readers.

“ Toutes les chambres, jusqu’aux plus petits cabinets, étaient occupés, au point que le nombre des locataires excédait la capacité naturelle des logements. Cependant il arriva tous les jours plus d’étrangers, sans avoir pris la précaution de faire aucun arrangement d’avance, et sans que ceux précédemment arrivés eussent l’air de vouloir faire place aux autres. Beaucoup de ceux qui étaient venus dans l’intention de prendre des bains, furent obligés de chercher des asiles dans les endroits circonvoisins, et d’y attendre le moment favorable. La plupart s’établirent à cet effet au bourg de Hof-Gastein, à une lieue et demie de Gastein. Ce fut là qu’une princesse russe avait pris un logement pour elle et sa nombreuse suite. Le même

jour y arriva un officier d'État, du premier rang. Le lendemain un Suédois de distinction, et une famille française qui arrivaient, furent obligés de se contenter de cet asile. A midi, le même jour, un négociant, avec son épouse et sa fille, venant du nord de la Prusse, et après un voyage long et pénible, eut toutes les peines de trouver quelque mauvais logement dans un cabaret. Un moment après arrive d'Odessa un prince, avec la princesse son épouse et son fils, malade depuis longtemps, pour opérer la guérison de ce dernier aux bains de Gastein, après avoir essayé en vain tous les moyens pour son rétablissement ailleurs. Il leur fut impossible d'y trouver le plus petit cabinet, et ils risquaient de rencontrer à cet égard les mêmes difficultés à Hof Gastein. Des heures se passaient que leur carrosse y était encore arrêté sur la place, et ce ne fut qu'après beaucoup de soins, qu'on parvint à trouver deux petites chambres pour y loger ces illustres hôtes, avec leur suite. Encore la chambre à coucher du prince et de sa famille n'avait-elle d'autre vue que sur le cimetière, et l'on fut obligé d'y faire transporter dans des tonneaux l'eau minérale nécessaire pour les bains. Deux autres voyageurs venant des Pays-Bas, et arrivés le même soir, ne trouvant absolument plus de moyens de se loger, étaient contraints de s'en retourner sur-le-champ. ”

If it be difficult for the visiters to find lodgings at Gastein, they can, at all events, live in it, for

the time of their cure, at an expense so moderate, that it need not amount to more than twenty florins a-week, — including a furnished room in the Schloss of the best description, dinner and supper, with wine, at Straubinger's, the charges for the bath and attendants, and lastly, fire, servants, and washing. An invalid may even do all these things for fifteen florins a-week (1*l.* 5*s.*), if he submit to have an apartment in the Schloss at three or two and a-half florins a-week, and dine and sup at the ordinary table for forty-five kreutzers (1*s.* 3*d.*) per day altogether. At Straubinger's, however, — where the rooms are neither so comfortable nor so well furnished as in the Schloss, and where the attendance is indifferent, although the master be a very civil person, — the price of the apartments not being fixed, as is the case with those at the Schloss, it occasionally happens that they are charged more than in the latter place. It is better to make a bargain with the landlord beforehand. For my part, I had no reason to complain, as I paid but fifteen-pence a-day for my room on the rez-de-chaussée.

Master Peter Straubinger, *bürgerh Gastgeber*, or purveyor-general and landlord at Gastein, is the descendant, in direct line, of sundry ancestors of the same name, who have exercised the useful calling of *restaurateur* in this Spa, for a period of more than three hundred years. They have, during that time, contrived to fill their exchequer to

overflowing, and like all the innkeepers at the German Spas of chief resort, everything around belongs to them. Straubinger quà—Straubinger là—Straubinger, Straubinger, once and for ever. One might suppose them to be the lords of the place. And well they might be—for half the country, and the best *prairies* on the summit of the mountains, belong to them or bear their name; and they have an *Alp* of their own. But their *cuisine*, nevertheless, is tame and indifferent; their Austrian and Hungarian wines are only so-so; and their female attendants, with their hats *à la Tyrolienne*, are but sorry waiters.

I had a specimen of these things on the morning of my arrival, when, urged by an appetite of sixteen hours, I transferred myself, under the guidance of the Hon. Mr.——and Lord F——, well acquainted with the localities, from my chamber in the New, to the grand *Salle de Conversation*, in the Old Straubinger hotel,—where those gentlemen left me to try my luck at a breakfast. This *salle*, which is a sort of general assembly-room, was just made ready for the expected guests, who, placed before three long tables, arranged in the shape of the Greek letter II, *table-d'hôte* in this place at *meridiem*, for fifty kreutzers a-head, sans façon, with good humour, and a positive determination to put up with the same eternal “*quatre plats*” with which Master Peter supplies them every day.



Who would have expected a piano-forte in such a locality? Yet there it was, sure enough, in a corner of the room; and although not an Erard's, it seemed to harmonize well enough, under the fingers (unpractised I suspect) of Madame la Baronne de —— (as I ascertained on inquiry afterwards), who was accompanying a young lady singing. There were but few guests in the room, when I broke upon this interesting pair; and they were variously engaged in different parts of the *salle*, evidently not captivated by the *sotto voce* and sweet accents of the fair Engländer (for such I instantly recognised the young lady to be). Not so I, who under the plea of taking a late breakfast, at which I lingered with unusual procrastination, placed myself as near as might be, without incommoding the minstrels, to listen, during the whole of the time of my morning repast, to Miss B——, modestly running over German and French romances, Rubini's cavatinas, and Ivanoff's celebrated notturno, “Or che in ciel splende la luna,” etc. etc...

There is something inexplicably charming in the *manières* of a pretty English girl who, to her innate *naïveté*, adds a little, not exaggerated, continental civility; particularly when she endeavours to be on an equal footing with a well-born and well-bred German baronne. Such a scene is quite refreshing to witness: and when it comes upon you amidst the crags of one of the wildest parts of Tyrol, filled with groups of native women, clad

in their soiled and coarse garments, their greasy and heavily-tressed-up dark or flaxen hair surmounted by a round hat, *à la Brigand*, bearing the heron feather — Oh! the gladness of heart at the sight of it is great;—for it recalls home, wife, and child — whom one can leave behind, but never forget.

The book of arrivals at Straubinger's stood open before me, and I amused myself in analysing it, so as to form some notion of the number as well as the class of people who frequent Gastein. There is no keeping your secret at a German Spa, with the keen vigilance of the government and the police; although I must admit, that the power or influence of either, is seldom or ever visible in those places, or interferes with your enjoyments. But *the book* is there; and in it your names, and your movements, and even your age, and your condition in life, and what not, must be distinctly entered, in order that the authorities may know who comes and who departs. In the Austrian dominions, these registers are even more minute and inquisitive than anywhere else; and that seemed to be the case with regard to the one lying open before me, and from which I gathered, that patients began to arrive at Straubinger's as early as in the first week in May last year. They were all Germans, from Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia, about thirty-four in number, all men under fifty years of age, with the exception of two or three, who

were older, and one eighty-three years old. In June, again, thirty-nine came, also all Germans, with four exceptions—a French count, a person from Dörpt in Russia, and two gentlemen, the one from Venice, the other from Turin. Most of these, also, were young people, one or two only being more than fifty, and four of them between thirty and forty. Vienna, Dresden, Augsburg, Berlin, etc., supplied these individuals. Forty-three arrived in July, among whom were Madame Pecchio (the lady, I presume, of the author of “*Le mie Prigioni*”), and Mrs. Bowring. Again, the largest number of these were from remote parts of Germany. It seems that this is the month when the older invalids venture out to Gastein. One of them was eighty, another seventy, thirty of them above sixty and less than sixty-five, and the rest between twenty and thirty years of age. The month of August had contributed thirty-six visitors to Straubinger’s, among whom I read the names of Captain Montague, Lady Louisa B——, Miss B——, and Mr. Davenport B——. With these exceptions, the rest were all from Germany, and few of them older than fifty years.

The number of persons mentioned in this list, were not the only visitors from England at Gastein. A few others there were, distributed in the sorry lodgings of the place, dining with black-handled knives, and steel forks, and odd plates, and bearing the contrast between their present humble

bivouacking and the splendid mansions they had left behind, with perfect good-humour and gaiety. I witnessed a family circle of this class of visitors, consisting of a lady of high rank and her daughters (none of them in the least invalids, by-the-way), who had accompanied a son to the Spa, and who had contrived to make themselves perfectly happy at the house of Moser near the church, one of the principal lodging-houses in the place. The dinner, massive in joints, and plentiful as to quantity, showed that, at all events, Gastein lacks no *mangeaille*. The beef seemed finely flavoured, and the milk and butter excellent. I can praise equally the white wheaten bread, and must not turn up my nose at the beer, which was something like the Bavarian—perhaps some of the latter imported,—for I do not suppose that there is, as yet, any Meux or Barclay at Gastein. But there are more guests to devour such a dinner than the invited, and the millions (no exaggeration) of flies which, like swarms of locusts on the corn-fields of Egypt, leave devastation and defædation behind, would preclude all chances of enjoying any meal, were it not for the ingenious process employed to destroy them in part, some time before the hour of repast. I never beheld so astounding a number of these insects, congregated together in any building before. The face of the guests appeared at times to be suddenly and completely covered by them, so that scarcely a feature of it could be

recognised. They may fairly be set down as one of the “plagues” of Gastein.

While at tea at the Countess ——, a Tyrolean troop of minstrels, men and women, in the costume of their highlands, came to entertain us with their strains in the narrow passage between the entrance and the sitting-room. The performance was highly creditable, particularly as to the harmony of voices and time. They ran over various ballads of their country, in which the final and guttural yea-ooola, yea-ooola, was, as usual, predominant and characteristic.

Many illustrious personages have occasionally paid a visit to Gastein. I have already mentioned his Majesty the King of Würtemberg, who had used the baths this season. Other princely invalids had either preceded him or had followed his example. I am of opinion, however, that his Majesty will soon discover, from the experience of his skilful and talented physician, Dr. Von Ludwig, that there is in his dominions a warm mineral spring, which yields in nothing to that of Gastein. Should his Majesty continue his royal efforts to enlarge, improve, and render more comfortable the Spa of Wildbad, I entertain not the smallest doubt, that it will supersede almost every other warm mineral bathing place in Germany, in the treatment of many important diseases.

In general, the yearly arrivals at Gastein seem to have amounted, one season with another, to



nearly one thousand; and among them there have been several distinguished characters, whether for rank or reputation. Scarcely a season passes without some exalted personage appearing at Gastein in search of health. Could they but find accommodation at the same time, an excellent opportunity would exist for establishing not only a more general intercourse among the visitors, but also those social entertainments which are now so much wanting. Unfortunately, these *sommités aristocratiques* can only find room in succession; so that one must wait until another has taken his leave. Thus Prince Louis of Würtemberg appears only after the Archduke Regnier is gone; and the beautiful Princess Narischkin waits to occupy the apartments of the Princess Dowager of Schwartzberg; while Prince Gallizin cannot procure a suite of apartments until they have been quitted by Prince Wallerstein and his lovely Princess. Some, I take it, have an affection for the place, and cannot help coming to Gastein every season. Count Gaspar de Preysing, for instance, celebrated, in 1828, his fiftieth season at Gastein, and began *da capo* from that time. What a jubilee!

My readers may readily conjecture whether any, and what sort, of society and amusements are to be expected at this watering-place under such circumstances. “ Il n’y a pas de spectacles, de bals, de concerts, ni feux d’artifice ou illuminations (observes Dr. Streinz), ni diners ou soupers ma-

gnifiques, ni divertissemens bruyants ou fêtes éclatantes, inventées par le raffinement de la vie sociale, et dont le monde est si avide, qu'il semble qu'il lui est impossible de s'en passer. — Mais on y est dédommagé par des jouissances bien plus sublimes, et dont l'homme blasé sur tous les autres plaisirs même ne peut s'empêcher d'être touché. Elles ont d'autant plus de prix, ces jouissances-là, qu'elles peuvent s'acquérir sans dépense, sans beaucoup de peines, sans efforts et sans gêne. Elles procurent les plaisirs les plus purs, donnent de la vigueur au corps et de la force à l'esprit, adoucissent les chagrins, font oublier les soucis, et raniment la bonne humeur. " This panegyric belongs as a matter of right to supping at half past eight, going to bed at ten, getting up at five A.M., and taking long walks, and scrambles, either on horseback or foot. *Voilà les plaisirs*, and half the secret of the curative virtues of Gastein, I trow.

But in serious earnestness it may be admitted that, both near and far, Gastein offers to the invalid, during his sojourn in it, an endless succession of pleasures, derived from the contemplation of nature's magnificent beauties. A walk through the village alone, in order to form a correct notion of its position and romantic features, would suffice for a day's amusement. I selected one for myself, endeavouring to bring in the great cascade in the many landscapes I composed, as I varied the rela-

tive situation of the objects around me while proceeding along.

Arrived in front of the little hospital, on the lower road of the village, a very striking view of that cascade is enjoyed. An upright rock forms the background of the picture, and the more distant and lofty mountains crown the waterfall. In the centre the Schloss appears with its whole façade. A little on the right of it is seen the modern stone-building of Straubinger, below which appears the older Swiss-like cottage of the same name. Farther to the right, placed high the entrance-road, on a grassy hillock, is another building of wood. The bridge connects these, and seems to form a straight line over the waterfall, as if the latter began only under it. The upper portion of the cascade in this view lies concealed. But as we quit our station, and after passing under the wooden arch of the gallery, which connects the wards of the hospital with its baths, stop our course a few yards farther, and lean on the parapet which guards us from a still lower road, the waterfall presents a different aspect. It is now magnified in its character, by having other features added to it. Above the bridge, the great cleft in the kneiss mountain, which separates the two Gams-Kerr-kagels, exhibits its two higher leaps of the impetuous *Ache*; while below the bridge, its cataract has expanded into double width, and spread its foaming and roaring water over the shining slaty rock. The road,

which has here quitted the village, takes a gentle sweep a little farther round to the right, and divides, after a short descent, into a lesser path, which returns towards the lowest part of Gastein; while the principal road keeps gradually ascending, and proceeds to the farthest and extreme outline of the foot of the lofty Thronegg on the right, where it reaches, at last, a small church with a pointed spire.

The stream of the *Ache*, which, in descending, has all along accompanied us on our left, in this walk, here relents its course. It is now narrow and very tortuous, struggling through mazes of broken masses of granite and kneiss, either lying loose in the middle of the current, or jutting from each bank, formed by the worn and scooped-out rocks of either side. Towards the farther valley a perspective opens of a rich and cultivated country, as far as the eye can reach, and the fields seem to creep up the Chamoisberg. The lovely azure of the sky paints the outlines of these rocks sharply and most distinctly. At every step onwards, a new feature presents itself, until at last the whole of the valley as far as Hof-Gastein lies broadly before the spectator.

In the course of such a walk, the skilful artist would find bits to enrich his album, which no imaginative creation could invent. The view of the village of Hof-Gastein, seen from the lowest point of the last described road, half-way before I

reached the little church, — with the *Wetterwand* beyond it, the champaign country in front, and the grotesque rocks and groups of fir and cedar-trees for a fore-ground, — would, of itself, form a delightful landscape.

This view is more open, but not so picturesque, when seen from the threshold of the little church before-mentioned, dedicated to St. Nicholas, which looks towards the valley. A small church-yard surrounds the lonely edifice, in which taste, fancy, and devotion, have arranged a great number of *memento* crosses. Some of them are gilded, bearing the figure of our Saviour, skilfully carved; others are decorated with ruder ornaments, and most of them decked with ranunculi, geraniums, roses, and violets, which are also planted on the green sward of each narrow tenement. A solid or trellis border surrounds these divisions, painted in fanciful colours, calculated to banish the sombre idea of dissolution and annihilation, by the gay tints that speak of life. The humble mountaineers, particularly the women, often accompanied by their children, enter the churchyard by a wicker gate, at which stands a huge crucifix. They touch reverentially the nailed feet of the Redeemer, cross themselves with devotion, and then proceed towards the church. But ere they enter that sanctuary, they dip their fingers into some one of the cups containing holy water, of which one is suspended from each cross, and sprinkle the blessed fluid over



the graves of those whose memory is dearest to them — of some departed relative, perhaps a lover, or a cherished son and then pass through the door into the church. I stood watching the decrepit and gray-headed as they performed this holy operation, and followed them through the tiny forest of woody monuments, as, with their fingers dripping with the blessed water, they searched, amidst many, the tombs of their beloved. A throng of women and children passed me at this moment, and they all omitted this ceremony before they entered the church, save a young stripling, barely ten years old, who, after many anxious looks, chose one lofty cross, and with difficulty having reached the holy cup on tip-toe, drew back from it, and proceeded to a distant grave, and there threw the pendant drops from his fingers over the last home of his father.

The more remote excursions; — the *glacières* of the Nassfelds — the mines and great lakes on the higher peaks of these Alps — the large and luxuriant *prairies* at the foot of the icy pinnacles — the highly interesting field of inquiry offered to the geologist and the botanist; — all these objects of equal attraction, and instruction, and diversion to the visitors of Gastein, I must leave to Dr. Eble and Dr. Streinz to describe. It is high time that I should be away to Hof-Gastein, and back to Salzburg; to rejoin my sons; for the season is advancing, and my task is not yet half performed.

HOF-GASTEIN is a considerable village in the plain, within sight of Gastein, and owes its fame as a Spa to the circumstances just alluded to — of want of room for the visitors who frequented the latter place. It possesses no springs of its own, but receives, by means of an extended line of wooden pipes, the mineral water direct from the *Spital-Quelle*, at the rate of fifteen cubic feet of it per minute. The temperature in this *trajet* is only lowered two degrees; so that more heat is retained than is required for the purpose of bathing. There are several establishments for this purpose in the village, and almost every decent house affords lodging-room to the surplus visitors from Gastein. The post-house is one of the principal bathing houses. Many people, after trying the air of the mountain at the real spring, have preferred coming down to Hof-Gastein for a change of climate, and have found the baths here equally efficacious.

Such travellers as think it necessary to read the history of a place in its sepulchral monuments, will find the church of Hof-Gastein rich in inscriptions recording the deeds of extinct barons and wealthy miners. The pointed arch of the building tells its own date, and the various paintings hung in some of the little chapels and along the three aisles of the church, carry us back to the fifteenth century. I will not say with the author of a guide-book I met somewhere, that these paintings (principally on wood) are “*Des tableaux qui méritent*

d'être vus ; " but I admit , that to find in such a sequestered spot any tokens of the fine arts, though their merit be but scanty , must be a matter of surprise. Even in the smaller and humbler church of St. Nicholas , previously alluded to, perched on the mountains , I observed numerous paintings , by no means so discreditable as one might imagine. The religion of Rome is unquestionably the parent of this art, and seems to extend a fostering influence on its productions, even where black bread alone supplies the wants of life.

To those who are desirous to pass from Gastein into Italy , and descend through the Italian Tyrol to Venice , one of the most magnificent roads , of recent construction , and due to the Austrian government , lies not far remote. In returning to Saltzburg the same road I described on coming to Gastein need not be taken : for there is another and equally magnificent route in point of natural beauties , over the Pinzgau , which in the summer is said to be very practicable. It is only partly so, however , for carriages , and the rest must be travelled over on foot or on horseback. Practised travellers admit that the road is not wholly free from dangers.

My object, however, was not to loiter among the Alps , but to see, by prudent deviations from the main road through which I had come , such interesting objects as I had not had an opportunity of contemplating before. Among these I will only

mention, as appropriate to the intention of this book, the last cataract formed by the Ache, where it plunges from a height of 200 feet into the Salza, near Lendt; the ancient baronial castle of Werfen, perched on an almost perpendicular rock, which rises at one of the extremities of that market town, and a visit to the interior of which amply repaid me for the trouble and time employed in going over it; and next, the celebrated *Pass-Lueg*, a narrow defile between two chains of limestone mountains, at the entrance of which the Salza seems to struggle with the same violence with which it must have directed its course in primitive ages against the obstacles that still impede its way, in order to make to itself a passage between the Tanneugeberge and the Hagenberge.

Such are the maddening efforts of the checked waters in this part of the river, that they seem to boil into and out of deep gulfs, like the hot springs of Iceland—dashing their white foam against the rocks with a noise that sounds like thunder, to those who look down into these cauldrons (*Les Poêles de la Salza*), as they are termed. Rocks upon rocks have, at different epochs, fallen from the projecting ledges of the loftiest parts of the mountain, — and being arrested in their downward course by the narrowness of the deep ravine, have arranged themselves in such fantastic shapes as to form, over the foaming river, various natural and solid bridges, from which the traveller is

invited to behold this imposing and almost terrific spectacle. Such is the depth of this boiling gulf, that no ray of sunshine has ever reached its gloomy and sombre region.

No one who is not a stranger to the eventful history of the last half century, can have forgotten the interest connected with the contemplation of the Pass-Lueg, situated a short distance from Golling; nor can the geologist cease to admire the curious appearance of this district, which reminded me of similar defiles made by the Elbe among the calcareous mountains of Saxony. How many thousands of lives have been sacrificed to the defence of this strait, in the French revolutionary and imperial wars! Every vestige of its once formidable fortifications—its bastions and turrets perched on the pointed peaks of part of the mountain—and its drawbridges boldly launched across the defile, from the crest of the rocks on the one side to that of the side opposite, as if in mockery to ride over the profound abyss below—had disappeared a few years since; and a commodious, wide, and excellent road was substituted, along the right bank of the Salza, to the tortuous path which formerly used to wind round the mountain side. But the Austrian government has lately begun to re-erect, on more solid and approved principles, the fortifications on both sides of the Pass. Here I suspended my course for a time, to witness the perilous office of the engineers, and men employed



in their endless task. The effect—in this stern and still region — of the heavy hammer, and pointed pick-axe, forced into the resisting rock, which split asunder, and suffered its disjointed masses to tumble down the precipitous declivity of the mountain into the wide river stream, was quite thrilling. As the sound of each stroke echoed from one mountain side to the opposite, and reverberated along the banks, imagination might have peopled the soaring cliffs above with ten times the number of artificers that were actually at work in raising bastions and parapets, and cutting paths into the solid rock.

A picturesque and smiling road, at this point, branches off from the main road, and leads the curious traveller to the spot where the *Schwarzbach* (black rivulet), a stream which traditionary opinion imagines to be flowing through a subterraneous passage from the König-see, precipitates itself from a height of three hundred feet, forming one of the most remarkable mountain-falls in this district. The *water-fall of Golling*, as it is also called, is one of the principal temptations which the postmaster at that place has to offer to the traveller, to induce him to loiter a-while at his inn.

But these are not the only objects of attraction which the visiter who is returning from Gastein, and desirous to explore some of the numberless beauties of that region, will find, by deviating a

journey or two from his straight path. An excursion to the fairy land of BERCHTESGADEN, — besides its mines of rock crystal, which deserve particular attention, and a descent into which seems more like a romance than reality — presents the magnificent spectacle of the blue-green surface of an immense lake, at an elevation of upwards of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by the extended arms of two of the loftiest mountains in the country, which give it a dark and dreary appearance. This lake, which now bears the name of *Königsee*, was formerly known under that of Lake St. Bartholomew. A well-kept road leads to its precipitous shores from the Bavarian frontier, which it is necessary to recross from the Austrian province of Salzburg, in order to reach the lake. The steep and naked pinnacles of the Watzmann, rising a thousand feet higher, above the level of the lake, seem to touch the clouds on the one side; while on the other, the less dreary Göllgebirge, of nearly equal elevation, affords an alpine path full of danger, and interrupted by frequent and precipitous ravines. The guides in this fairy region conduct you to the little island of *Christ-liegen*, to hear your name seven times repeated by the mountain echo; and afterwards draw you insensibly towards the more rocky gulf near the *Wallnerhalbe-insel*, where a pretty hermitage invites the traveller to rest in front of the imposing Kesselfall, — a mountain stream which throws

itself, foaming, over the projecting cliffs into the lake.

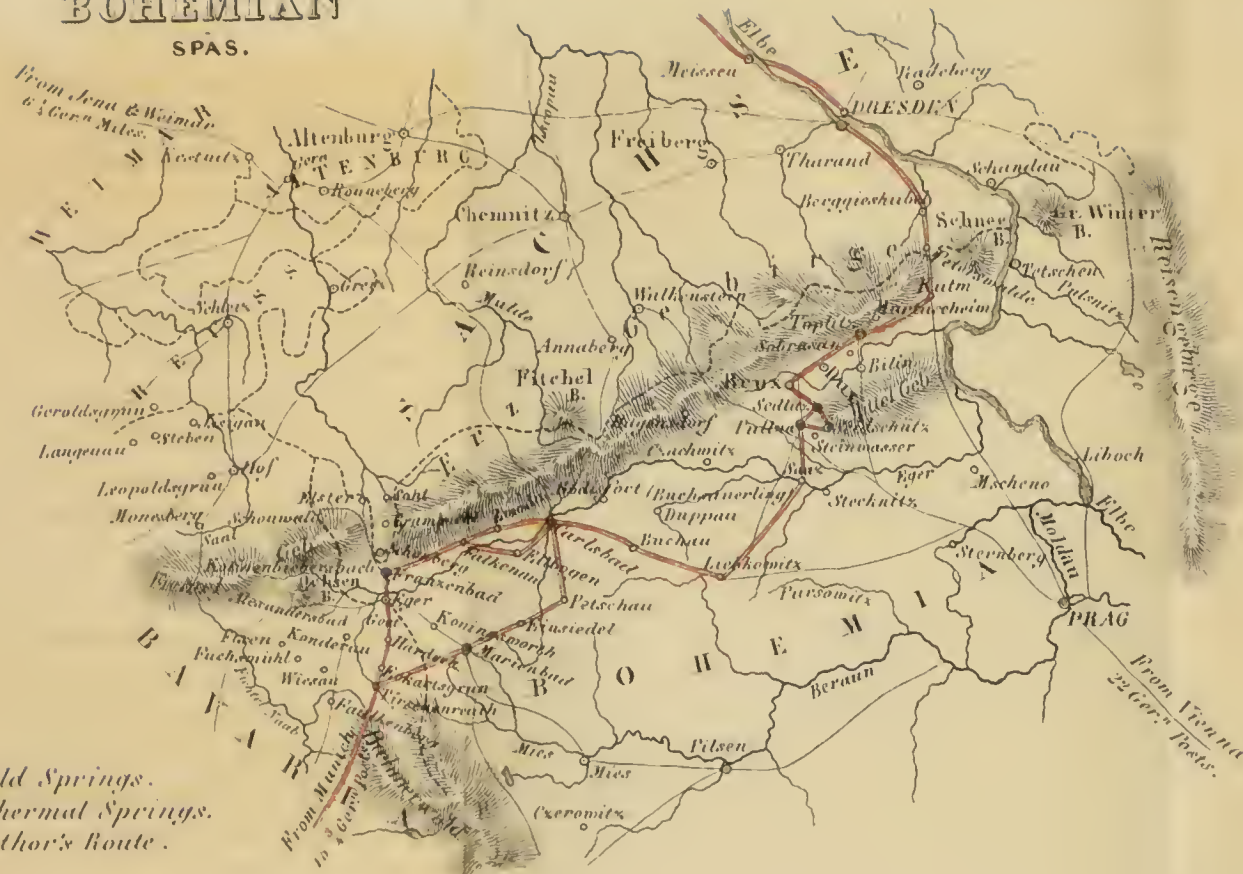
About this time the King of Bavaria was making a tour through this romantic portion of his dominions, and all the post-horses for miles around were engaged in his service. Fortunately, I did not suffer any inconvenience from this sudden scarcity of the means of conveyance, owing to the arrangement I had made beforehand; so that I was able to accomplish another of my objects in this excursion — that of examining at leisure the state of the rich and highly productive territory which, in many parts of this region, appeared before me, on my way back to Hallein.

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# BOHEMIAN

SPAS.



Blue Cold Springs.  
Yellow Thermal Springs.  
Red Author's Route.





## CHAPTER VI.

### Gallein.

#### ROAD TO THE BOHEMIAN SPAS.



THE DURRENBERG—Entrance into the Salt Mines—Presence chamber of the miners—Mysterious preparations—Mrs. TROLOPPE—First Gallery—First *Rolle*—A short soliloquy—Precipitous descent—The second, and other Galleries, and *Bergs*—The great subterranean salt Lake—Illumination—Surprise—L'INFERNO—Crossing the Lake—Quick exit—Effect of the light of day—Prodigious quantity of salt produced every year—Geology of the mines—The Brine-lake used as a Bath—Doctor WERNECK—Microscopic observations—*Animalculi* of the Gastein water—Movement in crystals—Dr. Werneck's opinion of the Gastein water in some diseases—ROAD to Ratisbon—Parting adieu to the SALZA—REGENSBURG—Day of fatal foreboding—The *Regen*—Crossing the INN—LANDSHUT—State of the roads—The frontier of Bohemia—Population—Agriculture—Line of communication from the frontier to the Bohemian Spas of Eger, Carlsbad, and Marienbad—Austrian Custom-house—Bohemian language.



I reached the celebrated salt-mines in the neigh-

bourhood of the small town of Hallein, after having ascended the steep and winding road of the Durrenberg. Once on the summit of that mountain, I made my way into the beautiful little church, built of white marble in the sixteenth century, which marks that spot, and ascended to its belfry, whence a most extended view is obtained of the luxuriant garden in the centre of which Salzburg is seated. The tortuous stream of the Salza, from this elevation, resembles a wide ribbon of white satin, stretching in serpent-like or undulatory spirals on the plain below, from Hallein to the capital. Few panoramas of equal extent offer so many interesting features as that which I enjoyed from the tower of the Durrenberg Kirche.

Armed with the necessary order from the inspector of the mines, I knocked for admittance at the gate of the *Manipulation-Hof*, and was received into a large square room, hung with pictures of the ancient and most renowned miners, some of whose descendants stood before me in reality, with their stern countenances,—thick-set, square-shouldered, robust-looking, and clad in the trappings of their order. There was something sinister in the sight — mysterious — and eleusinian : or to speak nearer the truth, the view reminded the already initiated, of the imposing ceremonies by which the fortitude of the candidates for admission into the craft of freemasons is tested in the several lodges of Germany.

A register of the visitors was presented to me, and by a mere token of the extended finger, *sans mot dire*, I received directions to inscribe my name in it. While doing this, the names of Dr. Child, of M. Burmester, and of Mr. Bunbury (who took the trouble to designate himself, to this sturdy race, as “ of Angher Castle in Ireland ”), — and lastly, of the fair Mrs. Trollope, caught my attention, as having visited the mines a few days before. But I was soon recalled from my readings, by the brusque handling of one of the miners, who set about decking me in the upper garment of their calling, while a second supplied me with the nether one, and a third buckled around my waist the broad belt, within which he fixed a stout right hand glove of leather, as if to prepare me for a share in their laborious work.

To what purpose was I thus arrayed in this white, coarse, and picturesque costume? Was it merely to render my visit to these subterranean regions more impressive? or would its use become manifest hereafter, in the course of my explorations? The sequel will show. I was then perfectly ignorant of the smallest circumstance connected with these mines; for although they have, no doubt, been described a hundred times, and I have since perused the little account of them, illustrated by lithographic prints, which the chief miner put into my pocket in exchange for forty krentzers, — it had never fallen in my way before to see any de-

scription of their interior. My mind, therefore, was prepared for every fresh impression; and the idea of penetrating into the deep and dark caverns, under mysterious ceremonies, of a lofty mountain, on the summit of which I then stood, splendidly lighted up by a noon-day, and almost tropical sun, excited feelings within my bosom which added to the interest of the occasion. As I surveyed myself, on quitting the presence of the taciturn chief, to follow the guide he had assigned me, — I could not resist tempting him to break his silence by asking, whether the fair lady whose name was last inscribed on the register, and who, I explained to him, was a renowned English traveller, had also submitted to wear the garb of the miner, with the characteristic nether part of it: “Even so,” was the reply.

LITNER, a robust-looking man, full of intelligence, and, as I afterwards found, of information also aged fifty-four years (twenty-four of which he had passed in the dark recesses of the Durrenberg, with the rank of an *Arbeitsführer*), was the conductor whom I followed to the low arched entrance (*Einfahrt*) of the mine, over which was this inscription, “Ober Steinberg, 1450.” This is the name given to the fifth of the nine stages or stories into which the internal mine is divided, reckoning from the highest, or the one nearest the summit of the mountain. Having entered the dark passage of *Freudenberg*, lighted by a short

candle carried by the conductor and by myself, we walked through it, in a straight line, for a distance of nearly two thousand feet, the first four hundred of which presented a wall on each side of white *Untersbergen* marble. This, like all the other passages or galleries through which I passed afterwards, called *Haupt stollen*, runs horizontally into the mountain, and meets the shafts. These galleries are generally two feet wide near the floor, with two parallel rails, on which run a kind of low-wheeled waggons, conveying the ore and mineral salt from one part of the mine to another. The rails admit also of a species of car, placed on four low wheels, in which the visitors who prefer that mode of conveyance to walking, are drawn by one or more miners with astonishing rapidity. The walls of these galleries approach each other nearer at the ceiling than at the floor, and are supported either by piles of wood or by masonry. As it was discovered that, where the wood was most exposed to the action of the salt-earth, it became harder and harder, and was scarcely ever after liable to decay, all those piles which, when fixed, are not necessarily in contact with the salt parts of the mountain, are previously soaked in brine. Now here is a hint for a rival company to Kyan's monopoly, which I am convinced offers no greater security against the decay of wood than strong brine would. It will be found on trial that the *bichloride of sodium* in this respect is as efficacious



as the *bichloride of mercury* employed by Kyan.

How ventilation is carried on in these passages, it is not easy to discover. The entrance of the external air is carefully prevented, by several doors called weather-doors; and so effectually is this managed, that in no part of the mine (which extends nearly four miles, taking all the galleries, shafts, and recesses together), whether I was walking, or riding on the car, did the flame of my candle flicker in the smallest degree. That there is, at times, a want of air, is evident from the fact, that an arrangement exists in some parts for supplying it to the miners, when at work, by means of bellows. In order to facilitate the passage of the miners with their cars when they happen to meet each other, places twelve feet long and four feet wide have been excavated, at the distance of every 180 or 200 feet, on both sides. The native rock on each side, which has been neatly and smoothly cut, exhibited its variegated strata of salt and gypsum, mixed here and there with green and flesh-coloured crystals.

We descended about two hundred steps cut in the rock, at the termination of this first passage, in order to reach another and lower portion of it, which brought us to the brink of what appeared to me a bottomless pit. The "darkness visible" of the place at first hardly permitted a more careful survey; but when the eye became, at last, accustomed to the dingy atmosphere, I

could perceive before me a narrow inclined plane, at an angle of forty degrees the *terminus* of which was left entirely to imagination to divine. On the inclined plane, and in the direction of its axis, two parallel lines, one foot apart, formed of smooth, polished, wooden cylinders (being portions of the trunks of fir trees), six inches in diameter, placed contiguous to one another, are laid down, and secured by short cross pieces. A tightly-drawn rope runs close to and parallel with the cylinder on the right.

LITNER here looked round for the first time since we had entered these singular regions; and pulling from my girdle the glove, bid me put it on my right hand, and follow his example. He grinned at the same time a smile of encouragement, probably because he saw on my pale face the momentary feeling of my heart. Litner next stretched himself upon the inclined plane, keeping his head somewhat erect, and touching with his body both wooden cylinders, across which his legs were thrown slanting. He held his light with the left, while within the palm of the right hand he grasped the tight rope, keeping the thumb free and aloof from it.

There was a momentary pause on my part. Litner had not explained to me the object of this *montagne russe*, as I took it to be; nor where it would lead to; nor how deep it was. The mind of man can, by resolution, encounter the greatest

danger without dismay, if it be but seen ; against a threatening evil that is known , we can put on the armour of courage , and brave the worst ; but to face an evil we know not of, is a task from which the stoutest often recoil. A thousand accidents might happen ; — giddiness might follow the rapid downward descent for which I was bidden to prepare , — my hand might not stand the quick friction of the rope, — or cramp might supervene to prevent its proper grasp. Still , others had gone down before me, and the stern being then lying at my feet had done so a thousand times. The situation was one of my own seeking , and there was no receding without shame. I stooped therefore on the brink of the dark abyss , behind my guide , seated myself on the cylinders, and placed my feet against Litner's broad shoulders , while with my hand , passed under the rope , I strove to gain some security by holding it tight. The moment Litner felt the weight of my person inclining against him , he suffered himself to slide downwards, followed by me ; and down, down we glided at a giddy pace, my breathing held in suspense, so that the dead silence of the dark cavern into which we were thus plunging resounded only with the wind-like hissing of the rope , as it passed rapidly over the rough glove on our hands , and with the distant murmuring and splashing of unseen and falling water. In one minute and a-half , we were again on our feet at the end of this shaft .

called *Freudenberge Rolle*, three hundred and fifty feet deep.

We had now reached the fourth story of the mine, called the *Unter-steinberg*, where a passage, six hundred and fifty feet in length, leads to a second shaft, very appropriately called *Jacob's Ladder*, one hundred and eighty-nine feet deep, and placed at forty-six degrees of inclination. On the right and left of this passage the miners were seen, busy at their toilsome task, in parties of four, working with the regularity of soldiers. It is in the passage at the termination of this steep descent, that we find the most productive salt works. The name it bears is that of *Johann Jacobs*, and in length it measures one thousand two hundred fathoms. Its walls are strongly supported; but between the wooden piles, the stratification of the rock is easily distinguished, exhibiting veins of the flesh-coloured salt in slaty marl.

Two other shafts at an angle of forty-three degrees, the *Königs Rolle*, and the *Konhauser Rolle*, are descended in the like manner, in order to view the *Rupert's Berg*, or the lowest stage but one of the mine. Here the visiter is shown a spacious place like a room, cut out of the rock, called the "Commissioner's Chamber," containing the Austrian arms, and the monument of St. Rupert. In a niche scooped out of the rock, specimens of the different strata which occur in the mine are exhibited, together with some Roman antiquities found

here in 1825, the date of which has been determined by the royal warder of the Salines, who is a great antiquarian, to be one hundred and eighty years before Christ.

Hitherto fear had given way to admiration, and fatigue to the pleasure of witnessing these stupendous works of nature and man. But the greatest surprise was yet to come, and great it was indeed, when upon the throwing open of a door which seemed to bar the avenue we were then pursuing, I suddenly emerged from comparative darkness and a narrow pass, into a wide expanse, lighted up all round by hundreds of tapers. These, being reflected from the surface of a dark and still lake of liquid brine, which spreads widely below them, and from the low and extended ceiling above, which was sparkling with the deliquescent moisture of the salt rock, seemed at first to be of ten times their real number. The sudden appearance, too, of several of the miners in their bizarre costume, whispering in low murmurs to each other; some on the brink of this dismal lake, looking on; while others were pushing a flat bark on its liquid surface to the spot on which I stood, inviting me at the same time, and by mute signs only, to embark on it, added to my first surprise the more intense feeling of interest. At the first glance, one might have fancied himself in a very large square at night surrounded by an illuminated town; and the veins



of salt rock , which were of red , green , yellow , white , and blue tints , mixed with crystals of selenite , sparkled and shone like precious stones.

Notwithstanding this adventitious splendour around the dark lake , the whole scene forcibly brought to mind many passages of the “ *Inferno*,” *nella divina commedia*.

“ L’acqua era bigia molto più , che persa. ”

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“ Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave ,  
Un vecchjo , bianco per antico pelo , ”

who seemed to view me askant , and say :

“ Non isperate mai veder lo Cielo :  
I vegno per menarvi a l’ altra riva  
Nelle tenebre eterne in caldo e’ n gelo. ”

The only way out of this dreary abode , however , was by crossing the lake . This LITNER made me understand , when he found that I hesitated to place my foot on the bark . He then set me the example :

“ Lo duca mio discese nella barea ,  
E poi mi fec’ entrar appresso lui. ”

and the frail bark conveyed us across . where ,

being landed, we proceeded to the almost perpendicular *Rolle*, two hundred and fifty feet deep, which led to the lowest division of the mine, called the Wolf-Dietrich's Berg. This region is one thousand three hundred and twenty feet deep, in a perpendicular line, from the spot on which stands the little church I had visited, near the entrance into the mines.

The length of the gallery of this étage of the mine, the lowest of all, is eight thousand and forty feet, one-third of which is cut through grey limestone. It leads to the gate of egress (*Ausfahrt*), towards which I thought we should now walk without any further interruption. Our progress, however, was suddenly checked, when at about seven thousand feet from the *Ultima Thule*, by a door which barred the passage. This, at the elap of Litner's hands, was mysteriously opened, when two gigantic miners appeared, one placed at each end of a ear or bench, such as I have already described, called a *Bergwurst*, suspended by ropes over a sledge, the grooves of which were locked over the rails on the floor of the gallery. On this vehicle Litner and myself placed ourselves astride one behind the other; when, at a signal, the door behind closed upon us with a deafening noise and prolonged reverberations; and away went the machine, drawn by the miner in front and impelled by the one behind, with such rapidity, that we accomplished the whole distance in *ten* minutes.

Our candles just before this time had begun to verge fast to their last and expiring scintillæ, and finally went out, — leaving us in total darkness, scudding at a fearful rate through a straight and narrow passage which echoed the tramping of the two running miners. This *coup de théâtre* was purposely brought about by calculating the duration of the candles, in order that we might enjoy another and a concluding sight. When distant about two thousand five hundred feet from the egress gate, Litner bid the conductor to stop, and called to me to look over his shoulders and straight forward. I did so, and at a distance, of the length of which I could form no idea, I perceived a minute twinkling star in the middle of the passage. I kept my eyes steadily upon it; the sledge once more advanced with increased velocity, and the star also increased in size; when about twelve hundred feet distant it looked like the rising moon, as round and as bright; until at length it changed into the full glare of the brightest sun. The passage, which is just wide enough to admit of the species of car I have described, felt cold and damp from the deliquescent salt by which we were encompassed, as well as from the brisk fanning of the air through which we darted with so much rapidity. When, at length, our car, by a last effort, was ejected some distance out of the bowels of the mountain into the external atmosphere, the sudden impression of light and warmth was quite delightful.

I found, in a small house at the *Ausfahrt*, the clothes I had left at the entrance on the other side of the mountain, and there deposited the miner's garb, — giving a gratification of three florins-and-a-half to the conductor, for himself and his brethren, and receiving from him in return, a small box containing specimens of all the varieties of coloured salt rock.

I need hardly state, that the mode of obtaining the salt found in these mines, consists in introducing into them, water from the various springs in the mountains, which is made to dissolve as much of the salt as it will take up; and that the great salt lake I have described, called *Werk Kaiser Franz*, is one of the immense reservoirs of the liquid brine thus prepared, which being conveyed, through wooden pipes, down the declivity of the mountain to the bank of the Salza, near Hallein, is there boiled and evaporated, and made into dry salt, packed in barrels, and sent off in barges to various parts of the Austrian dominions. The statistical returns of this mine of rock-salt give, for the last six hundred years, the astonishing produce of 771,428,554 quintals of purified salt, making an average of one million two hundred and eighty-five thousand seven hundred and fourteen quintals of salt per annum.

The salt mines of Salzburg, a name by which these mines are also known, like all those in the Tyrol and in Styria, are found in calcareous moun-

tains. The whole country around consists of primitive calcareous rocks. This class of rocks forms the summit of the highest mountain of those districts, with masses of considerable magnitude superimposed upon them of secondary rocks, also of a calcareous nature, containing shells. It is in the great cavities formed in the centre of these mountains, that these salt mines are found, at a very considerable elevation above the level of the valleys, and at no great distance from large quarries of gypsum.

I feel a sort of moral conviction that these briny reservoirs in the interior of the Durrenberg, which were known and used in the earliest ages, must have been often employed for the recovery of patients, especially those afflicted with palsy, extenuation, and bodily decay. We have direct evidence of such an application of mineral salt water in other parts of Germany, at all epochs, and to this very day. Many people frequent the neighbourhood of Kissingen, for instance, that they may use the water of the salt springs, near that place, as a bath. I remarked that all the miners looked robust and healthy; and Litner informed me that he had never ailed anything during the many years he had spent in these innermost recesses of the earth, nor was he aware of any complaint among his fellow-labourers that could be fairly attributable to a sojourn within the mines. He knew, on the contrary, that some few of them, who, -- from a



sudden transition into the external air, after having worked their task and become heated, had contracted rheumatism, — required only to return to their occupation with the pick-axe within the bergs, so as to get into a perspiration while surrounded by an atmosphere impregnated with the emanations of deliquescent rock-salt, in order to recover their health.

About two hours and a-half were passed in the interior of these mines; and in two hours more I found myself once again at Salzburg, enjoying the hospitality of Dr. Werneck, before whom I produced my specimens from the Gastein springs. Dr. Werneck is staff-surgeon to the Austrian forces, stationed in Salzburg, and a practitioner of considerable eminence in that city. He has devoted much of his time to scientific inquiries, and has made himself very favourably known throughout Germany, by his minute microscopical researches. These he has extended to the many curious bodies of vegetable, as well as of animal origin, found in thermal waters; and upon them Dr. Werneck has published some interesting remarks. Three or four microscopes stand generally before or around him, on different tables. Two of these, by Pleyssel, of Vienna, are of such extraordinary power and distinctness, that I do not recollect ever having looked through the like in England.

To one of these, Dr. Werneck submitted a portion of each of the three specimens, of schlegm,

green conferva, and stalactitious deposition which I had brought with me from Gastein. In each he most distinctly demonstrated either life or motion. Although the portions employed on the occasion were as minute as possible, the objects spread on the field of the microscope became so large and distinct, that with ease a coloured drawing of them could be made, and one such having been accomplished by Dr. Werneck's own daughter, a very intelligent and scientific young lady, I brought it away at his request. The schlegm, as I once before mentioned, is that curious, loose, fungoid, slippery deposit which is noticed within the dark recesses of the warm springs of Gastein. It is never found in thermal springs, if any light has access to the place. Its colour is sometimes white, sometimes brown. This substance is not of animal origin, Dr. Werneck thinks, but of a vegetable and cryptogamic nature. On diluting the smallest portion of it on the glass, I could observe several pear-shaped capsules, standing in groups, upon a slimy felty pericarp, formed of several suctional vessels, which are the real receptacles of the seed. The second, or green substance, on the contrary, called *conferva thermalis*, is never found in hot mineral waters where light has no access. It is deposited at the bottom of channels and open reservoirs, wherever a rough body or obstacle to the course of the water exists, to which it may attach itself. At the entrance of the *Spital-Quelle*

in Gastein, it may be seen on the very threshold of the door, but even a quarter of an inch farther in, where no light is habitually suffered to pass, from the door being generally closed, no such deposit is noticed. In its appearance, this *conferva* might be compared to a green silk plush, the hair of which has been pressed and smoothed down in one uniform direction, so as to appear shining and slippery. A portion of this substance taken from my bottle, as large as the head of a pin, exhibited two classes of beings endowed with motion and of striking and many-varied forms, some of which Werneck looks upon as vegetable infusorii, while others he considers as animal infusorii or animalcules. The latter find food and nest in the former, which are alone the constituent parts of the green colour of the substance in question.

One is really lost in amazement at the spectacle of these moving beings, some oscillating from side to side like a pendulum; others rearing one of their extremities from the prostrate to the vertical posture, like the head of a snake—while a gigantic bino-gastric creature, disentangling himself from the trammels of many green fibres, advances majestically into the field of the microscope, with a figure not known among the common *infusorii* of our waters, and swallows with marked gluttony the *monas*, and the *atomus*, and the *guttula*, and many other *infinitesimals* that appeared in succession.

As to the third specimen I had brought from Gastein, the stalactitious *tubuli*, from within the cavern of the hot *Spital-Quelle*,—whenever the smallest imaginable portion of them was broken into powder, and subjected to the strongest microscope but one, that instrument showed it to consist of most beautiful and delicate crystals, distinctly defined, and the ultimate molecules of which (when each crystal was farther pulverised) appeared to my eye to be endowed with movement. I profess to be quite a novice in this question, which has engaged, among the modern philosophers, not only my friend Dr. Werneck, but also the enthusiastic Prussian traveller, whom I have likewise the satisfaction of knowing, Professor EHRENBERG; as well as the Swedish AGARDT, and very recently Mr. CORDA, keeper of the National Zoological Museum of Prague, the latter of whom has published an essay on the oscillatorii of the warm springs of Carlsbad, with a great many figures.

In the hurry of taking my notes, I may have misrepresented or misunderstood what Dr. Werneck detailed to me. If so I crave his pardon. The more I saw of that physician and very learned man, the more I liked him. He appears to be a truly conscientious lover of science and recondite nature. I believe he follows the Israelitish faith, and he is unquestionably another of the many honourable examples of talent in that race.

His experience of the Gastein waters, as a medical

man, enabled him to speak very highly of their virtues, especially in some particular diseases, among which he singled out with greater emphasis, the diseases proceeding from the use of mercury. It is a striking fact, that this peculiar disorder of the constitution, which is known as the *mercurial disease*, is invariably cured by the Gastein water; whereas the equally *peculiar* disorder, for which mercury has been used, will re-appear with renovated violence, by using the bath, if the mercurial course happen to have produced only its own specific disease on the constitution, instead of having effectually cured the original complaint for which it was prescribed. Dr. Werneck supplied me with two very extraordinary cases of this kind, from his own practice; and I shall avail myself in future of this curious and highly useful mode of testing any doubtful case of the complaint in question, that may hereafter come under my consideration, if I can prevail on the patient to visit Gastein.

I now became impatient to reach the principal Bohemian Spas, and towards them I soon directed my steps; passing at first over wretchedly-paved roads, and through indifferent-looking villages, until I again got fairly into Bavaria, after quitting the Saltzburghian province. Lauffen, a neat town, trading with the Danube, by means of the Salza, on the bank of which it is seated, detained me a couple of hours, on account of some inquiries I had to make. It is the first stage on the road to Ra-



tisbon, or, as the Bavarians call it, REGENSBURG. The next stage made amends for the uninteresting tract we had just left; for the richest champagne country presented itself, watered by the Salza, with occasionally a gently-rising hillock or eminence, and sometimes a tiny forest of fir-trees. The plain displays a number of well-grouped and happily-located villages and hamlets, and the whole aspect of the country is once more changed to a fertile district, cultivated with the utmost care. The Salza meanders playfully through it — its stream, now placid, and its surface smooth — occasionally expanding into a wide reach — or, by means of trenches, serving to irrigate the pasture lands, which are sown with every species of useful grass. The road having been but lately constructed (for a few years back no direct post-road existed between Salzburg and Ratisbon, except through Munich), was at times heavy and rutty, and at others rough from the fresh materials laid upon it, out of the bed of the river. Fast travelling, therefore, would, at all events, be out of the question; but as to that, the postilions in these parts, true to their reputation as German drivers, do not hurry in the least over any road. They drive *cautiously* down hill, *carefully* up hill, and *tediously* between.

At Titmanning, twenty-six English miles from Salzburg, the Salza again enters for a short time into a hilly district, and its banks once more as-

sume a picturesque character. We shall be loth to part with it, as part we must soon—when, at a short distance hence—having accomplished its destined course, its waters will mingle with those of the INN, a little way on our right, beyond the next or third station, called Burghausen.

There is, even in this sort of separation, something affecting. For whole days together we have never been one minute asunder; each following our allotted course by the side of each other. Its stream we traced nearly to its first source, and viewed it in its narrow bed, approach with eagerness, even at that early part of its career, the shelving rocks over which it took its terrific leaps into the abyss below. Its roaring announced to near and distant travellers the accomplishment of this feat, which, far from curbing, added to the strength of its career, — which, instead of diminishing, increased its expanded bed, — which, far from relenting, only seemed to goad it on its course. In our quicker progress it accompanied us through and down the open valley. It broke the dismal silence of the terrific gorges and defiles we passed; to the horrors of which it added its deafening thunder. We saw it swiftly carrying, on its broad surface, bound for many a league between two parallel and verdant banks, the produce of the forest, which the wood-cutter had precipitated from the Bavarian alps into its bosom. In one part it formed a pleasing feature in the

landscape we were admiring; which, but for its sparkling water, would have probably remained unknown. In another part it enlivened the prospect of a distant range of alluvial hills, clad with verdure, at the foot of which it glided silently in zigzag lines. Lastly, we have hung over it from our veranda at Salzburg, as it swept by the lofty wall of our dwelling, with gentle rippling, sparkling in the moonlight, which made every surrounding berg cut with its sharp edges the intense azure of the sky. Now, at length, we trace it to its last home; lovely even in its closing moments; embanked within high forested hills, which mark the course of its concluding usefulness,—that of enlivening and watering to the latest period, ere it be swallowed up by the Inn, the charming and delightful neighbourhood of Burghausen.

We crossed the Inn at *Neu-Elting*, over a handsome bridge, constructed partly of stone and partly of wood, after traversing some fertile plains, and crossing the *Isar* at LANDSUT. A ravine-like descent into the latter town, steep, tortuous, and irregular, and a road laid across with timber, did not dispose us amicably towards this once fortified and often disputed city. There was a fair in it as we passed through, which enabled us to see gathered together, at one view, the many district people and costumes of their rich and fruitful country, — one particular feature of which is, that it breeds the finest horses in Bavaria. Of my several stoppages

on the road, and conversations with citizens and soldiers, with the high and low, the landlords and the tenants, the innkeepers and the waiting-men, I shall say not a word, as I fear I might be accused of detaining my readers on the road to the fashionable Spas of Bohemia, just as we were detained by our drivers. Interesting only in an agricultural sense, and to me, therefore, very important at that time,—the whole of this part of the Bavarian territory, from Ratisbon to the frontier of Bohemia, supplied me with materials for voluminous notes. But I must reserve those for another occasion, instead of troubling the heads of my readers with them, who probably care very little to know how land is cultivated in Bavaria, and how it is made to yield its *maximum* produce.

The sight of RATISBON, in the midst of a vast plain sown with corn, now waving in its ripe fullness, but without a single group of trees or a vestige of green, saving in its immediate neighbouring gardens; the total absence of any point of stirring interest; and the distant ranges of barren hills in front and on our right; formed no cheering prospect, after a night of fatigue. They, on the contrary, seemed to fill me with a gloom which lasted throughout the best part of the day.

Alas! it proved a most awful day at home! At the very hour that, occupied with the surrounding objects which, with two of my sons, I was examining in Ratisbon, I thought of those I had left

behind me with a feeling of melancholy for which I could not account, — there was basking in the sun, on the surface of a small bay in England, at the distance of six hundred miles from where I then stood, a light skiff, freighted with my best hope, from which one fatal leap deprived a doting father of his eldest and most cherished son! How inscrutable are the decrees of HIM who bids the gates of life and death alike to open at his will! That most virtuous child had, but nine short months before, been snatched from the very jaws of death, by art and care, and the interposition of Providence, after a painful and lingering disease, and had been restored to the vigour of pristine health. Wherefore had he been spared to me for so brief a period? Why, after he had been almost raised from the lid of the sepulchre into which he was gradually descending by the natural course of disease, was he smitten, within the very first short year of his resene, when full of returning life? Were the inward sensations of depression, and sinking, and humiliation, and falling in of the heart, which I experienced towards noon on the 1st of September, at Ratisbon, the boding of what was happening at that very time in Dampton Bay in England — the dismal news of which did not reach me until sixteen days later at Berlin?

Neither the visits to the ancient council chamber, in which the famous congresses have been held; — to the Rathhaus with its subterranean



dungeon ; — to the old Gothie *Dom*, then undergoing a complete repair under the immediate direction, and at the expense of the King ; — to the extensive palace of the Prince of Taxis, who holds here a species of court ; — to the exquisitely beautiful Saracenic gate of the Scotch benedictine monastery ; — to the fantastical and gigantic figures daubed on the walls of one side of the *Goliath* Strasse ; — nor the view of the stupendous and superb edifice, ealled the Wal-Halla, now erecting by the King of Bavaria, in memory of the heroes of his country — a structure which for size, taste, magnificence, situation, and elevation, will vie with the grandest monuments of Greece ; — none of these objects could for a moment fix my attention in Ratisbon, though I examined them all.

After partaking of refreshments at the Golden Cross, a very comfortable and first-rate hotel, with some excellent apartments, situated in a small irregular square, I proceeded to fulfil part of the main object of my mission, by examining the river-quays, the manner in which the city is drained and supplied with water, and by inquiring into the state of public health and the municipal regulations respecting it. I had also an opportunity of making myself master of the system of cultivation throughout the vast plateau around Ratisbon, the soil of which is not of the best description, though rich enough for the culture of grain.

The sight of the Danube, running majestically wide under an ancient-looking stone bridge of many arches, which divides Regensburg or Ratisbon from the smaller town of Stadt-am-hof, opposite, and over which we passed on our way to Bohemia, — at last roused my imagination. The limpid waters of the Regen, separated at first by a small island only from those of the mightier Danube, are seen near this spot, to run, for a short distance, parallel to that river, as if to retard the moment when their pure and azure stream will be confounded with the muddy and yellow waves of the Donau. But such efforts are vain; and the Regen, after collecting water, under the fourfold denominations of *Weisser*, *Schwarzer*, *Grosser*, and *Kleiner Regen*, from its various sources in the mountains of Ossa, Arber, and Rachel Lusen — the former 4415, the second 5015, and the third, (farthest from Ratisbon, and a part of the famous Böhmer-wald) 4955 feet high — and after running a toilsome and tortuous course, swelled by many tributary streams into a river of some magnitude, terminates its existence in the bed of its powerful rival, a little to the eastward of Stadt-am-hof.

It would be tedious, and by no means interesting, to proceed more minutely with the details of the remainder of our journey to the frontiers of the Bohemian territory — a distance of seven and a-half German posts, or seventy miles English. In the course of it we passed through many poor

and wretched villages and towns , most of the latter walled round , but with open and dilapidated gates , and a pavement so rough , irregular, and neglected , that with difficulty even an English carriage , and the tough bones of the travellers it conveyed , could stand the jolts and the shocks and the frequent ups and downs of the hillocks between which every small town appeared to be situated. It is but fair to state , at the same time , that this road is seldom frequented by posting travellers , as we discovered , to our great inconvenience , at each station , where we had to wait longer than usual for horses. The country , too , in general , is not rich ; the soil is thin , and in more places than one , either left to lie fallow , or used for mere grazing , — two states of lands seldom observed in Germany. The corn crops which I saw appeared rather scanty , and , I should conjecture , just sufficient , and not more , for the population , — which must be considerable , judging by the number of villages we had to go through , and the swarms of children we saw in all of them. Insulated farm-houses occur but seldom , and only two or three seignorial *châteaux* were seen in the whole district. One of these stood upon an eminence , with the aspect and appurtenances of a feudal castle , close to which we passed at sunset , not far from the post station of Schwandorf. It belongs to the Bavarian minister, Prince Wallerstein.

Throughout this remote tract of Bavaria, from Ratisbon to the frontier town of Tirschenreuth, the appearance of the inhabitants presented a fresh illustration of the principle I advanced elsewhere, that “ blood ” and good shape, in the people of any country in Europe, will be found to be in a direct ratio with the supply of food, and not with the mere circumstances of locality and habitation, geographically speaking. For the locality here is neither favourable, nor romantic, nor interesting in any way, and lacks almost every feature to constitute it a “ good situation.” But there is quite enough to eat, of every species of the best and most substantial produce of the earth; without any superfluous abundance; and plenty of springs and rivers to supply the people with good, pure, and wholesome water; — and therefore it is, that the men as well as the women are inclined to be good-looking, and that most of the children are so likewise, having a fair complexion, and a very healthy appearance.

Travellers who visit the Bohemian Spas from the south of Germany, on arriving at Tirschenreuth, proceed generally to Egra, or Eger, and from thence either to Carlsbad or Marienbad. The road to the former has hitherto been the most frequented, and is therefore in a tolerable state of repair. It proceeds through *Mitterteich*, the first post station, crossing the small river Wondress, to Waldsassen, which is the Bavarian custom-

house, and thence to Eger; the whole distance being only one German post and three-quarters, or fourteen English miles.

But within the last few years, owing to the reputation of **MARIENBAD**, and the preference accorded to that Spa over the Egra springs, the influx of visitors to the former, from all parts of southern and western Germany, has rendered it necessary to establish a carriage-road from Tirschenreuth to Marienbad, which road was completed, as far as the government of Bavaria is concerned, last year. Heretofore the communication between those two places, was only calculated for foot travellers or horsemen. It is now what is called an extra-post road, and the **KAISER** (as he is emphatically styled in that country) is following the example of the Bavarian king, by enlarging his own part of the road from the frontier to Marienbad. His Imperial Majesty, however, has not yet done much towards this desirable object, except by establishing a petty douane station, at a place called Kutterplan, which is just half a post from Marienbad.

I took the latter road, being desirous to see Marienbad before any other of the Bohemian Spas; and I know, consequently, all the inconveniences of its unfinished state. As far as Mährring the road follows an easterly course, being alternately hilly and level; sometimes dipping to avoid a hill, and at other times skirting the side of one,



to save going down into a valley. In winter-time or bad weather, I should think the road impassable. The first range of the Bohemian chain of mountains was before us, and we could perceive, among the farthest of them, the road which we should have to take in crossing that chain. English travellers, I learned from mine host at the post-house at Tirschenreuth, have seldom visited this part of Germany. The Austrian custom-house at Kutenplan did not prove so troublesome as the one at Salzburg; and we arrived safely at Marienbad with the same horses obtained at Tirschenreuth; there being no relay on the road. Of the particulars of this road I shall probably say a few words in another part of this work. From Marienbad I proceeded to Eger, thence to Carlsbad, and afterwards to Tœplitz. But this is not the order in which I shall describe those Spas; for the principal of them claims the priority of description, and with it I shall commence the second volume.

In advancing towards the frontier of Bohemia, I could not help noticing the gradual transition which was taking place in the language of the inhabitants, from the real German to the Bohemian, even before we reached Mähring, the last frontier village. The language spoken near and about the frontiers, is a jargon which is neither German nor Bohemian, but something worse than either. Why a better, instead of a worse, dialect should not rather be spoken by the inhabitants,

seeing that they are just as near to Saxony, the Attica of Germany, as they are to the frontier of Bohemia, it is not easy to determine.

German, in Bohemia, is an acquired language. It is the language of the conquerors, who, for the first time, under the sway of their Emperor Joseph the Second, strove to make it the common language of the five different races of people over which that sovereign was called to reign. By a simple compulsory decree of Joseph, it was expected that fifteen millions of his subjects, of the slavie race, would surrender their native idiom, and with it, the dearest remembrances of their country, for another which, without the smallest boast of superiority for sound or accent, must have recalled for ever to the mind of the conquered the bitterness of their fate. Hence the failure of the scheme, and the still general prevalence of the primitive language in Bohemia, — which, as I have already stated, engrafts itself, in no pleasing manner, on the German idiom of the Bavarians bordering on this frontier.











